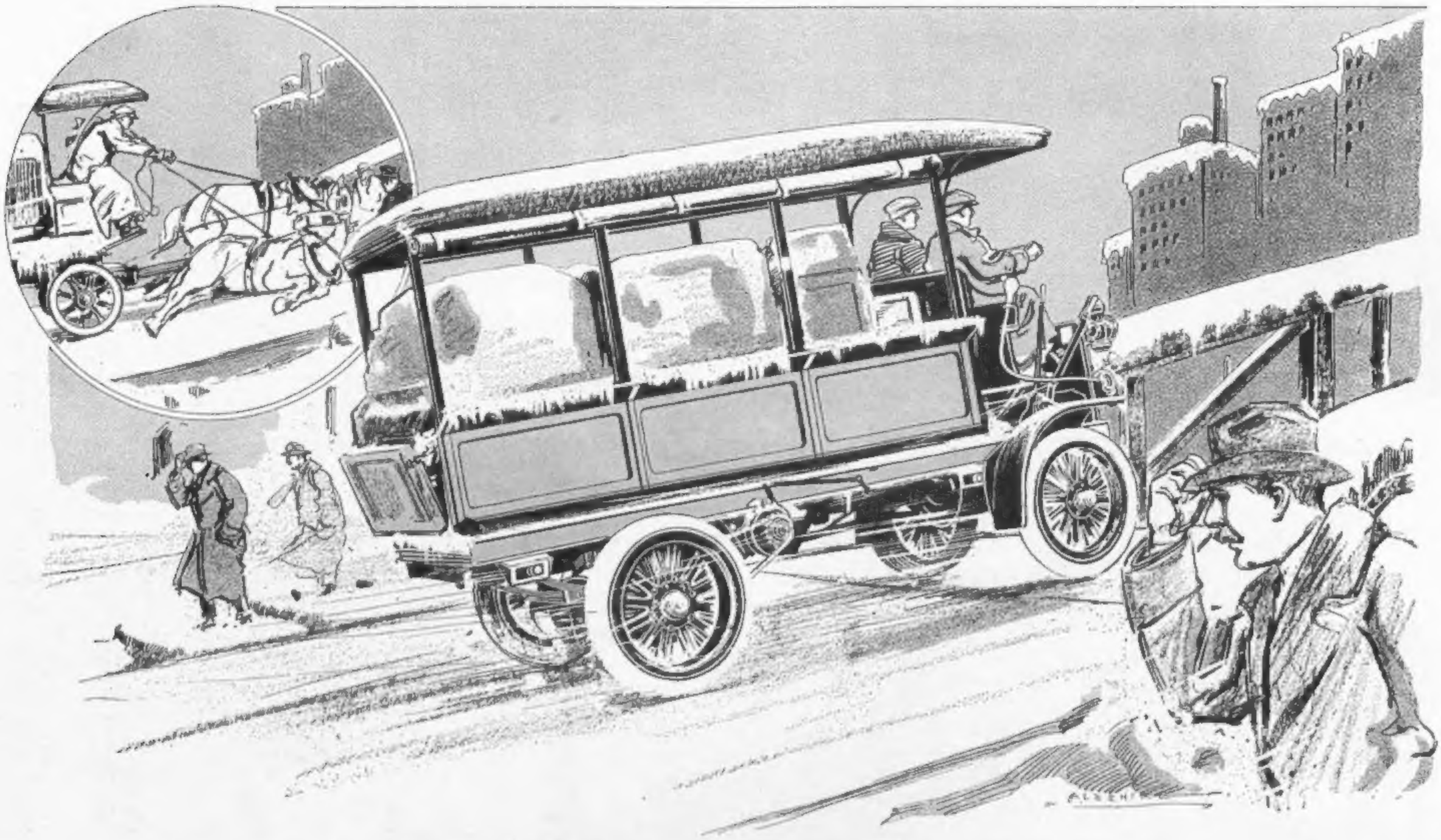
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 28, 1912 — 5 CENTS THE COPY

MORE THAN 1,900,000 CIRCULATION WEEKLY



GRAMM TRUCKS

Anticipate and prepare

WHEN the temperature goes *down* your horse hauling expense goes *up*. The first flurry of snow *forces your horses to work slower than ever*. The first ice coated pavements are responsible for the thousands of accidents, falling horses, maimed horses, and horses that have to be shot.

The piling up of snow in the streets means *fewer* deliveries per mile, *smaller* delivery radius, and *more* out of patience customers. The huge snow drifts that form in the outlying and suburban districts, which your horses are absolutely unable to buck, means a transportation expense, which, in the eyes of ordinary business judgment, *is a rank extravagance*. The cost of hauling merchandise (by horse) in the winter has, in some instances, been found to be greater than the profits on the goods delivered.

Winter, to the horse hauling man, means perishing horses, damaged equipment, costly veterinary bills, and big losses due to dissatisfied customers. Those merchants and manufacturers who still stick to the horse, lose hundreds of thousands of dollars every single winter, *which can be saved*. As you cannot change or control the weather the solution lies in *changing your equipment*.

The Gramm truck is as efficient in zero weather as it is in June. And in June one Gramm truck can do the work of at least three first-class teams. In some cases one Gramm truck can accomplish as much as four and even five teams, but this varies, according to the nature of your business.

Gramm trucks will plow clean through big snow drifts, without a bit of effort; will not be affected by a gale or a blizzard; cannot slip, slide or fall; operate as easily over icy pavements as over asphalt; do thirty miles of work at 10° *below* zero as readily as at 70° *above;* in short, *will make as many delivery stops in the teeth of a terrific snow storm as on the Fourth of July.*

The rapid approach of winter is something every transportation man must face. Anticipate a little this winter. Think *now*, not after the season is too far advanced. Prepare for what you know is *bound* to happen. Be ready for the *most costly hauling period of the year.*

The Gramm truck has been in use for over ten years. It is built by practical truck builders in the largest individual truck plant in America. It is the most highly developed and practical truck built. We have studied transportation requirements and problems for years. What you are up against we can solve.

We will be glad to send you our nearest representative or maybe you would prefer to call. Gramm transportation plans, equipment, facts and figures are worth your most careful consideration.

All advice and information gratis.

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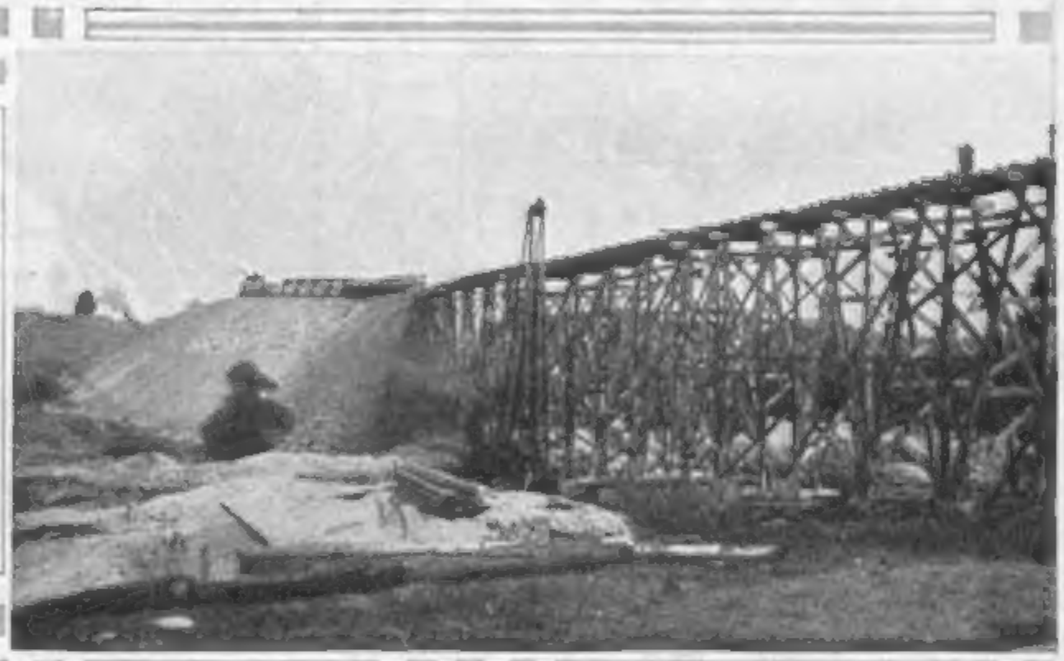
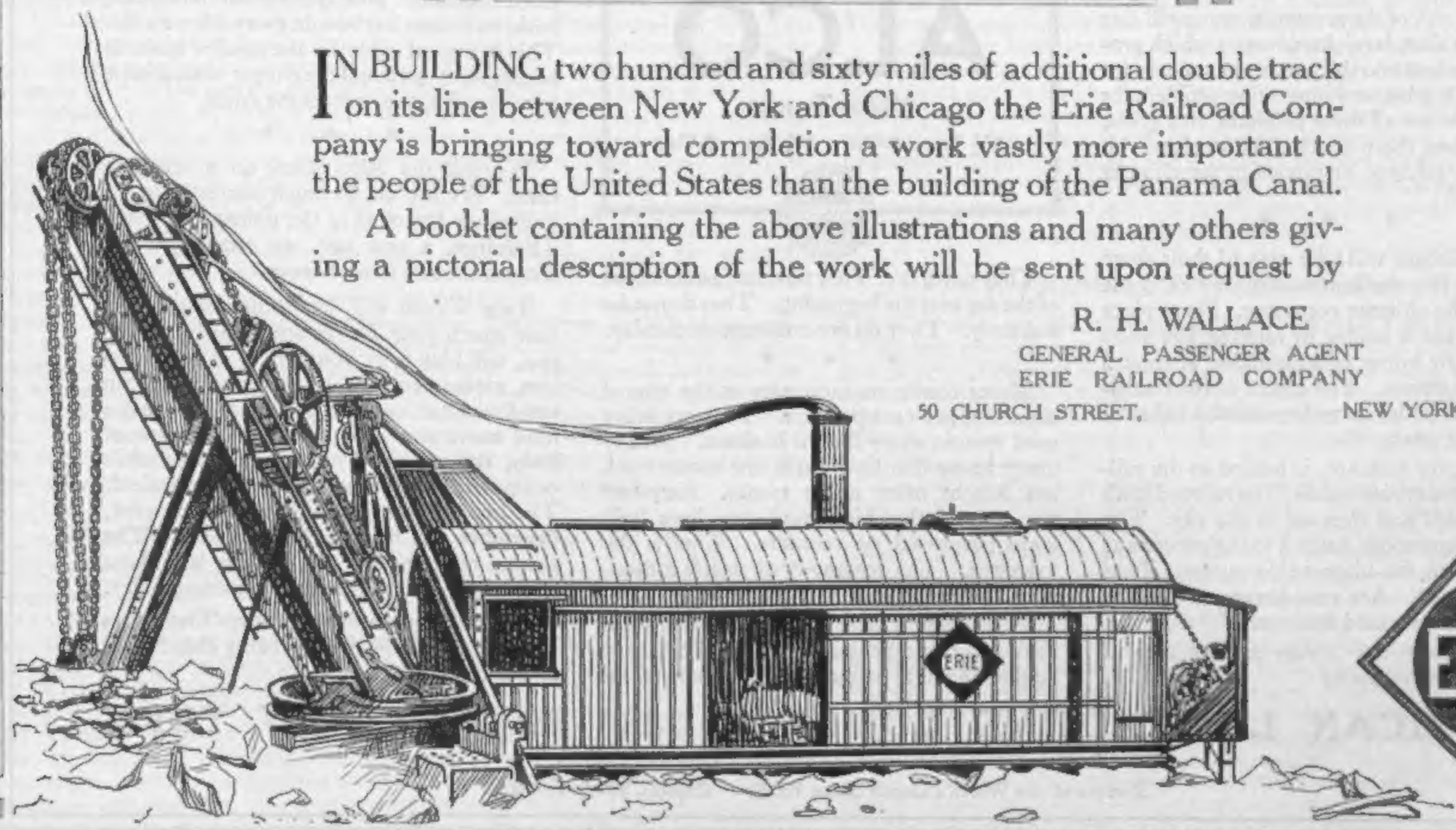
The Gramm Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio

BIGGER THAN the PANAMA CANAL



TO FLOAT the tonnage transported annually by the Erie Railroad the length of the Panama Canal would require nearly five times the tonnage capacity, steam and sail, of all the merchant fleets of all the nations in the world.

THE ERIE Railroad carries millions of tons more freight every year than the Panama Canal will accommodate, and serves more people who are both shippers and passengers than the Canal will ever serve.



IN BUILDING two hundred and sixty miles of additional double track on its line between New York and Chicago the Erie Railroad Company is bringing toward completion a work vastly more important to the people of the United States than the building of the Panama Canal.

A booklet containing the above illustrations and many others giving a pictorial description of the work will be sent upon request by

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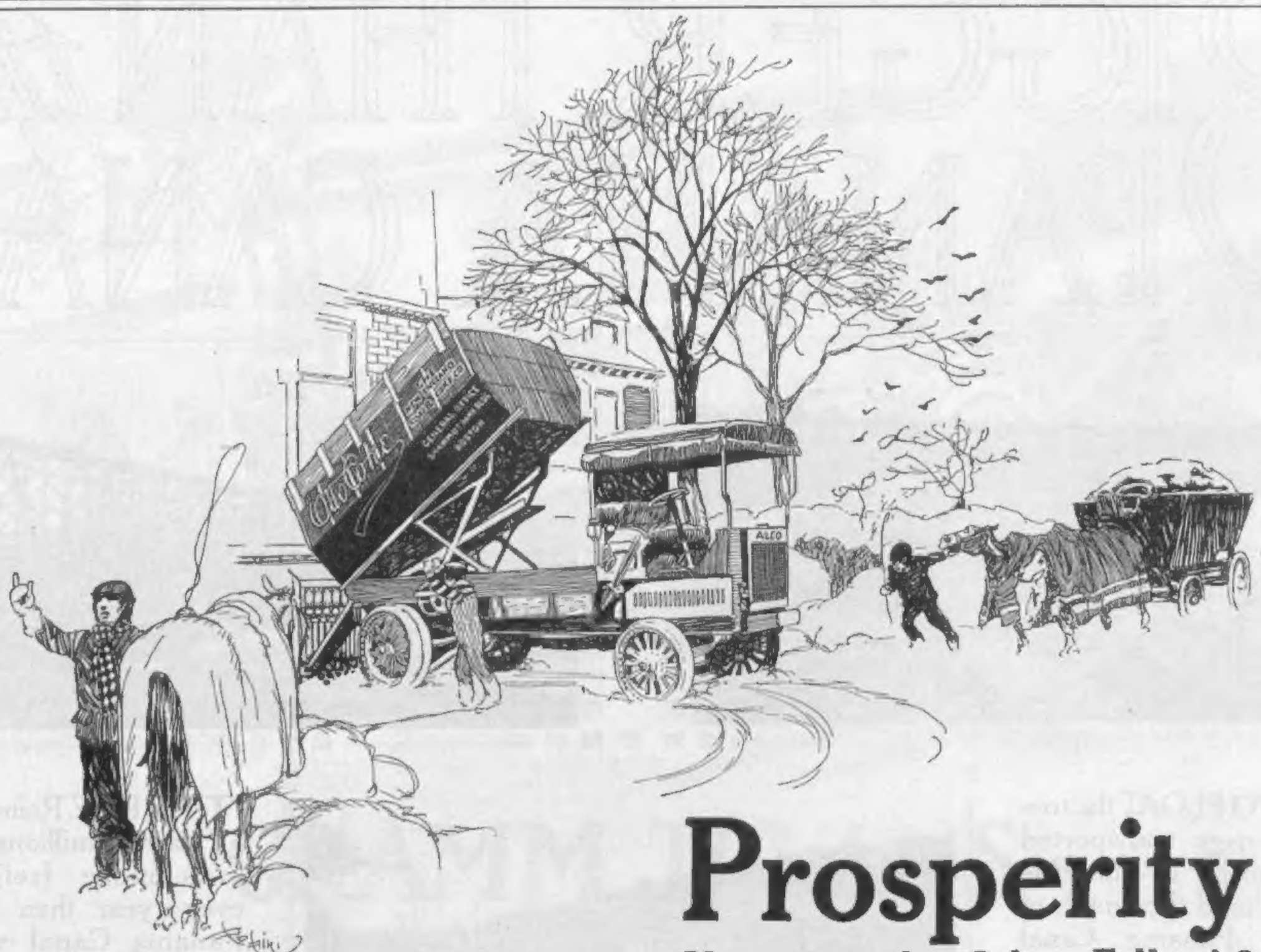

Prosperity

Yours—or the Other Fellow's?

THE dawn of a new prosperity rises today on America. Bumper crops have come from the fields. The farmers' bins are bulging. The railroads are buying. The steel mills are running full blast again. Many believe the American people are beginning the most prosperous era of their history.

On the *crest* of the prosperity wave will ride only those alert, far sighted houses which project themselves into the future and prepare for it. Here is a big and interesting problem for them: how are all these products, this grain, these cottons, these textiles, this steel and this machinery going to be carried to the ultimate consumer?

* * *

The railroads will take care of their share as usual. But the railroads do not carry the goods to the ultimate consumer. Every piece of goods that is hauled by railroad 100 miles is hauled by horse or automobile at least 5 miles over streets. The extent of road transportation is today away beyond the belief of the average man.

Wheat, for instance, is hauled to the railroad by horse or automobile. The railroad hauls it to the mill and then on to the city. The horse or automobile hauls it to the grocer and from him to the ultimate consumer. Thus the story goes. Are your horses *able* to take care of the increased business?

Have you *enough* horses to take care of the increased business?

Don't buy more horses. Buy motor trucks. They can work twenty-four hours a day if necessary. They can haul three times the load. They can cover a greater area of territory. They reach out and get new business.

ALCO

Motor Trucks

6½ Ton 5 Ton 3½ Ton 2 Ton

They never tire. They travel as fast at the end of the day as at the beginning. They do not die suddenly. They do not consume on Sunday.

* * *

Motor trucks are increasing at the rate of about 100 per cent per year. They are being used now in every line of business. Nearly every house that has bought one motor truck has bought more motor trucks. Sixty-two per cent of the Alco trucks we have built were purchased on reorders. That is the evidence. The testimony of nearly a thousand Alco owners is against the horse.

Within a year Alco trucks have risen from sixth to a commanding position. They have behind them a company with a capital of $50,000,000,—a company of 77 years' accumulative transportation experience.

And bear this in mind: sixty-five per cent of all Alco owners are rated by Bradstreet and Dun at $1,000,000 or over. Big business houses are shrewd buyers. They seldom purchase mistakes. Nearly every one of these big business houses has bought more Alco trucks. This is a good guide for the smaller business house, for it can avoid the danger of an unwise purchase if it, too, selects the Alco.

* * *

We sell the Alco truck on a scientific basis. We are not so much interested in the immediate future as in the ultimate business. Therefore, a year ago, we established the Transportation Cost Bureau.

This Bureau will determine for you just how much your horses are actually costing you, will blue print your horse delivery system, reroute your hauls, estimate if you can employ motor trucks to advantage, determine how many you need, the size, the type of body, and will show you what the automobile equipment will save over the horse equivalent. The saving runs from 15 to 40 per cent, depending on the type of business. The service rendered by this Bureau is without charge to you. Write for information today.

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The Future of the Progressive Party

By Albert J. Beveridge

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

OTHER modern nations study the politics of this country with great care. For many years the foreign press has noted the fact that in those public problems we may call the human questions America is almost a generation behind other modern nations, and that our handling of such grave subjects as the tariff and the trusts is almost childish in its crudeness. Yet it was admitted that there was a live and growing movement to take all these things up, as other advanced countries have done; but that movement did not make much headway because it had to work through two old parties, which seemed strangely unwilling to deal with these questions. A system of business in politics and politics in business had come to be by far the strongest power in both old parties; and this system is against taking up these questions at all, or at least in a way to bring about needed reforms.

So when the Progressive party came into being at Chicago, with a live platform that took up all these questions in a sane fashion and proposed practical solutions fitted to the times, the newspapers of rival nations at once commented upon this fact as the most vital development in American public thought since before the Civil War.

That a new party would form itself to do this very thing was, of course, as certain as sunrise; and because only such a new party can do that work it is just as certain that the Progressive party is the party of the future—and of the very near future at that.

It surprised nobody, except such politicians as give no thought to real public questions and such reactionaries as wilfully close their eyes to modern problems, that in three months the Progressive party became the minority party—the second party in numbers—throughout the Republic. For the Progressive party is the organized expression of modern thought in America; it is the first full and satisfying answer in the form of a political party that this country has given to the present-day hopes of thinking and studious people, and to the stern necessities of the American masses now on earth. This fact will give it added strength every day and soon make it the governing party of this country—probably at the next presidential election.

The late campaign makes this forecast reasonable. The vote for Mr. Wilson was made up of—first, those who voted the Democratic ticket as a habit—as a matter of party regularity; second, those who wanted above all things to strike a blow at the Republican party, and who felt that the best way to do it was to vote the Democratic ticket; third, those who said to themselves: "We will give the Democratic party one more chance"; fourth, those who are determined reactionaries, and who have well-grounded hopes that the Democratic party finally will become the conservative party of America in opposition to the Progressive party, which already is the liberal party of America.

Why the Taft Men Stood by Him and His Party

IN EACH of these classes, except the fourth, there are many voters who are really Progressives at heart. This is even true of those who voted for Mr. Wilson as a matter of party regularity. It is more largely true of those who voted for him as a protest against what they feel is Republican decadence. It is almost entirely true of those who, hoping against hope, yet feel that it is only fair to give the Democratic party one more trial in the White House and in Congress.

Speaking by and large, those who voted the Republican ticket did so: First, as a matter of tradition—they were unwilling to cast off the party name that had become so dear to them; and this feeling was only natural, and from some points of view praiseworthy—it had in it something of loyalty. Second, those who are at heart real reactionaries, and who even now say they expect to go with the Democratic party in the end. Third, those whom politicians and organizations could influence. Fourth, those who, praying against knowledge, hoped, though faintly, that after all there was still a possibility of the Republican party being made over into a genuine Progressive organization. These last were very few in number.

Of all these classes of voters who cast Republican ballots considerably more than a majority of the first class believe in Progressive principles; many of the third class have Progressive tendencies; and, of course, all of the small fourth class are genuine Progressives in opinion. But those Republicans with Progressive views were not quite ready at the late election to put aside the party label which they had worn so long—that was all. So we see that among those who voted the Democratic and Republican tickets were large numbers who will come to the Progressive party in due season, when they find that in the Progressive party alone can they express their real views, and, if the Progressive party is successful, be sure that these views will be carried out.

Thus it is that both the Democratic and Republican votes were cast by men without harmony of opinion, without unity of purpose, without a common hope. The Democratic vote was obviously a discordant mingling of opposing beliefs and desires. The same thing is equally true of the Republican vote.

On the other hand, the Progressive vote was a solid vote of thought and conviction. Every Progressive ballot stood for a man who had done such clear thinking and formed so strong an opinion that he was willing to break lifelong party ties and free himself from a party name that had come down to him from his father—a party name of which he was proud with a pride of its glorious history. Thousands of these were the sons of those who had established the Republican party. Indeed, many of the gray-haired founders of that party were among the most earnest of the Progressives. Equally significant, eminent Confederate veterans and other Southern men of the highest standing were vigorous and effective soldiers in this inspiring movement.

The Elements of Strife in the Democratic Ranks

SO IT is that, of these three parties, the Progressive vote is the only coherent vote, the only one that has in it the vitality of a conviction—a conviction which nothing can change. It stood up dauntlessly in North and South alike. It cast off not only party names, but a sectionalism and a tradition rooted in blood. It rose, clean and clear and sweet, to a faith in a reborn American brotherhood, which will meet and master all the difficulties in our way. And so it is that the Progressive party is the party of the future and the hope of America.

It is not worth while to argue at this hour with those who think that the Democratic party under Mr. Wilson may solve our problems. Events will undeceive them. Nothing but a general foreign war, which would stop production abroad and call upon this country to supply the needs of the world, could prevent or rather delay the disruption of that party.

Mr. Wilson stands between two hostile forces in his own party—one led by Mr. Bryan; the other represented by the Underwood-Fitzgerald-Clark machine in the House and a similar combine in the Senate. In all fairness it must be said that it is hard to determine which of these antagonistic forces really stands for the majority of those who voted for Mr. Wilson. It is certain that both do not; for each is opposed to the other in basic ideas. Between these two forces there can be no real peace, unless Mr. Bryan has lost the fighting spirit of youth that has given him such power as he has had in the past. Mr. Wilson probably will try to get along with both. For a time he may; but it cannot last—any patched-up truce will be a false one.

For the difference in principles and purposes between these two forces is just as great as that between the progressive and reactionary forces in the old Republican party—just as great, for example, as the views and purposes for which Mr. Root and Mr. Penrose stand. And though Mr. Penrose and Mr. Root, purely as a matter of political strategy,

may seem to give way to Mr. La Follette for the moment, yet everybody will know that such a partnership is only another act in that playing of politics which has been so harmful to progress in this country and to the well-being of the American people.

Of course there is a chance—though not a probability—that Mr. Bryan may yield to the reactionary forces in the Democratic party. Both progressive and reactionary Democrats already have noted signs that point that way. For example, though Mr. Bryan only a year ago was the loudest herald of the initiative, referendum and recall, yet he did not insist in putting this most vital Progressive idea into the Democratic platform as one of the principles of his party—he yielded to the reactionaries on that. Yet that is a vital article of the Progressive creed. Also, though Mr. Bryan was an earnest supporter of a national law to end child labor, yet he did not urge that as a plank of the Democratic platform—here, also, he yielded to the reactionary forces in his party. Yet that is an important part of the Progressive doctrine. And there are other similar examples.

Again, though no one so clamorously fought the Democratic bosses at Baltimore as did Mr. Bryan, yet when the campaign came on and real fighting had to be done Mr. Bryan took the field in support of candidates notoriously nominated and controlled by these very bosses. Though Mr. Wilson worked with such men as Sullivan, of Illinois, and Taggart, of Indiana, and others like them, yet Mr. Bryan did not object, but upheld Mr. Wilson at every turn. So already the talk is becoming common among both progressives and reactionaries of the Democratic party that perhaps, after all, Mr. Bryan may play politics for partisan solidarity; but such solidarity must be one in name only and, at best, can delay but briefly the inevitable explosion.

Also, students of present-day questions are pointing out that Mr. Bryan is no longer a real progressive, in the sense that he has not kept up with the times. For example, they say that his ideas on the trust question are the same that he held many years ago; he appears not to have read any of the great works that have been published on this subject—or, if so, he disputes the facts set out and the conclusions reached by all modern authorities on economics.

On the Horns of a Dilemma

ALSO, it is pointed out that Mr. Bryan stands on the tariff questions just where he stood when he was in Congress a quarter of a century ago; Mr. Bryan says that any protection whatever is unconstitutional, and he is bitterly hostile to the whole tariff commission idea.

Even worse, Mr. Bryan still clings to the old-time states-rights theory of government, though that theory is fatal to many things Mr. Bryan himself has advocated. With this curious jumble of views the reactionary forces in the Democratic party can get along very well. In short, according even to his student followers, Mr. Bryan appears to be a Progressive out-of-date.

Personally I do not think that this indictment of Mr. Bryan is just. I note it only as a fact of current opinion. The sounder and more probable view is that Mr. Bryan will be true to his instincts, true to his nature; and in this hour of his party's power will fight any compromise of expediency as hard as he will fight open wrong.

It must be remembered when thinking of Mr. Bryan's course that while a man still remains in an old party made up of ancient beliefs and modern thought, of oldtime politicians and up-to-date reformers, he must do many things he would not do if he were free from such a tangle. Perhaps the near future may liberate Mr. Bryan from the shackles of inconsistent action forged upon him by party conditions and time-serving but false friends on the one hand, and the sweep of events and his honest desire for reform on the other hand.

Whatever course Mr. Bryan takes, it makes for the added strength of the Progressive party. For, if he should compromise with the Democratic reactionaries, the scores of thousands of Progressives who thus far have followed him, and who voted the Democratic ticket, will quit that party and join the Progressive party; for they have not followed a man, but an ideal. If, on the other hand, Mr. Bryan refuses to compromise with reaction, then, also, nothing can prevent the falling apart of the Democratic party.

So much for the future, spoken of in the small terms of men and parties in the chess-playing of politics. But what of the real questions themselves? Just exactly what is it that has made this situation which the resourcefulness of the ablest minds in American practical politics has not been able to avert, which all the mighty power of the greatest confederated financial interests the world has ever seen could not prevent?

The Absurdity of Republican-Progressive Fusion

THIS article is written four days after the election. Within two weeks we shall hear from certain quarters words like these: "The Progressive vote and the old-line Republican vote added together was a majority over the Democratic vote. So let us merge the two votes and win over the Democrats." Why is such a thing not only impossible but absurd? For the same reason that any honest union between those who are really Progressives, yet call themselves Democrats, or those who are really reactionaries, yet call themselves Democrats, is impossible and absurd. It is because the difference is one of principle, of fundamental belief. This difference of conviction has to do with the purpose of government itself—even deeper than that, it has to do with the making of the nation; and, getting down to bedrock, it has to do in the final analysis with the whole philosophy of human life.

At the present moment it has to do, of course, with the handling of public questions immediately before us. That we may see these clearly, and why they exist, let us first take up those peculiarly American conditions that have made our curious political tangle of the present day.

First of all, we must fix firmly in our minds the basic fact, which few of us Americans, in our hurry, have paid any attention to. Compared with rival nations, we Americans are very few in number. We have an average of only thirty-two people to the square mile, while rival nations have from three hundred to nearly five hundred people to the square mile. If the United States were as thickly peopled as Germany, this country would have more than ten hundred million people instead of only one hundred millions. And, with our comparatively sparse population, we have more natural wealth than all Europe put together; more fruitful farm acreage than all rival nations combined; more coal, iron and all other minerals than the remainder of the civilized world.

To put this world fact in its most striking form, let us suppose that Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria and Russia were suddenly united into one nation; yet that one vast nation would not equal us in natural wealth, though it would exceed us in population by hundreds of millions of human beings.

So it is plain that those human, commercial and industrial problems that the other countries have had to face, and have faced and solved, should not have faced us Americans for a long time to come. Yet they do face us and we have not solved them; nor do the two old parties seem to know that many of these questions exist.

With the incalculable advantage we few Americans, on account of our vast wealth, have over our rivals, American business men should never know a day of bad business—American workingmen never an hour that they are not employed at good wages. Taking into account the state of the world, the people of this Republic ought to have a prosperity much greater than they ever have enjoyed.

Yet, in spite of all this, we find our business men flushed with what they think is success one day and in an ague of unnatural depression the next day; we find our workingmen able to live fairly well one day and hard put to it to make both ends meet the next day; we find millions of American women driven to become wage-earners at a wage so low that it is hard for them to keep body and soul together; and we find that even our children are not spared, but must give their lives to earn dividends for a capitalized industrialism insane with greed!

For this plainly diseased condition the two old parties propose nothing remedial, nothing constructive. The moth-eaten argument that protection is the source of our ills and free trade the remedy is absurd; because free-trade England is more sorely beset with industrial and social problems than protectionist France or Germany or Belgium, though these protective countries are as much as or more crowded with people than England. "Put us in and put the other party out!" or "Keep us in and keep the other party out!"—are not these counter-cries about all that the old party contests amount to? If not, just what difference does it make, so far as the solution of living problems is concerned, which of the two old parties prevails?

John Hay practically admitted this in his great speech opening the Republican campaign of 1904, in which the best argument that experienced statesmen, even then, could find for the Republican party was that it was "the party fit to rule"—that its members had more aptitude for government and its leaders more experience than those of the Democratic party.

A Land of Individualism

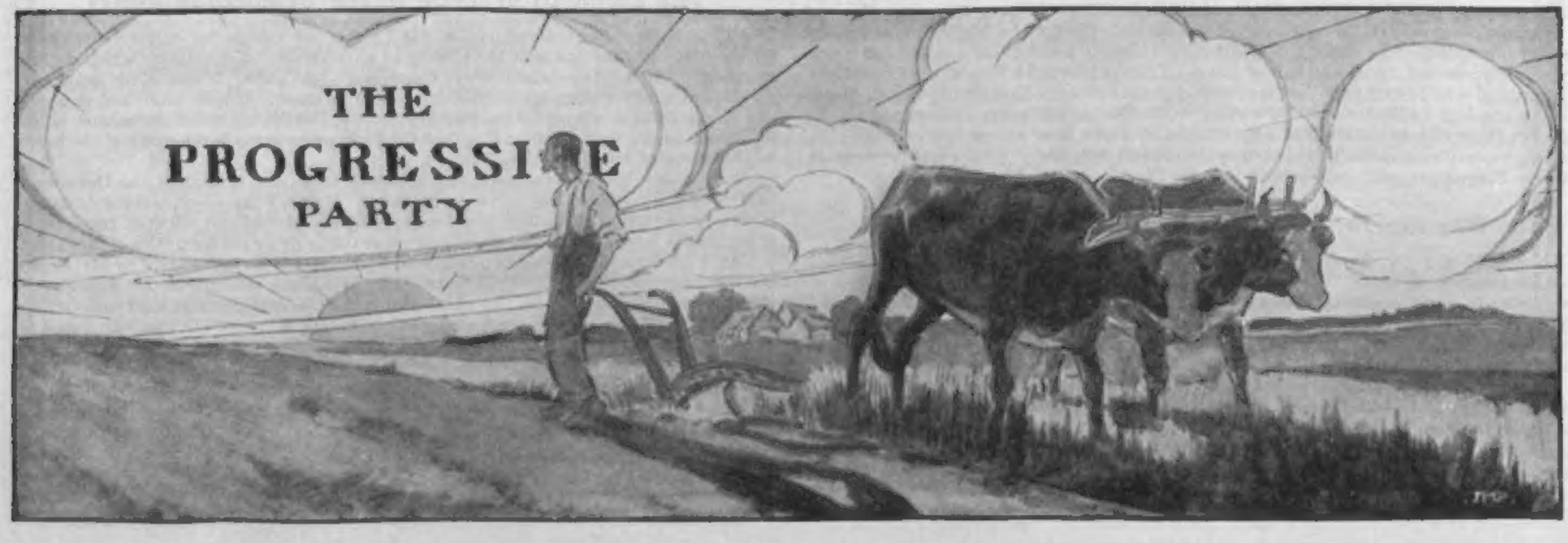
THE truth is, as all of us know and in private conversation have said for years, that the conflicts between the two old parties are largely sham battles, a false clamor of politicians, a surface rivalry of the two old party machines. It is even worse than that, for everybody knows that the Republican machine and the Democratic machine are fellow-workers for the conspiracy of private interests that employ them. Those interests maintain these two old party machines to get laws that give those interests great and dishonest wealth, and to prevent laws that would stop this public plunder.

Why is all this true of us, and yet not true of less favored peoples? Only when this reason is laid bare can we understand our present-day political problems. Yet that reason is so great that it is like a mountain: other nations can see it more plainly than we do; our children can see it more plainly than we do; for, as it were, we are on the mountainside.

It is a common saying that we have peopled the continent in a century. We have not; we have only captured it. As yet we hardly have occupied it. Our forefathers got a foothold. They were the supreme individualists of all history; every man and woman wanted more elbow-room, and they had plenty of it. When a settlement became a village those who felt too crowded moved out a few miles, and beyond there were valleys, forests and plains. And their children did the same. This process kept on until the Pacific was reached.

Thus the idea of individualism was fostered by these abnormal conditions until it became an obsession, a kind of fanaticism. Every man wanted to think of himself as living alone, with no law but his own will. It did not occur

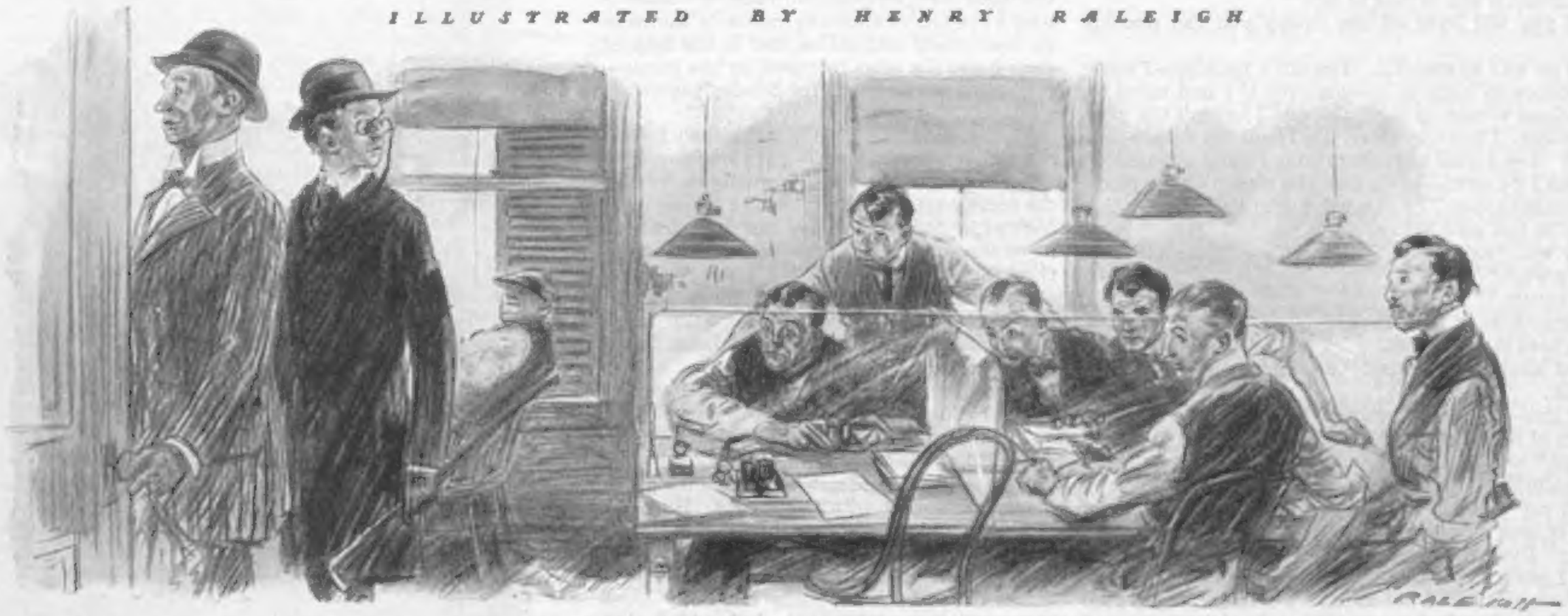
(Continued on Page 36)



THE ISLAND OF ADVENTURE

The Adventure of the Want Ad Signed "Confidence"

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



Young Mr. Jones Noticed a Sudden Silence Behind Him and Saw the Six Operators All Staring Hard at Him

By IRVIN S. COBB

JUDGE," said the young man, "would you mind reading that part over again?—the clause immediately following the bequests to the servants, I mean."

"Certainly," said the elder man; and adjusting his spectacles just so he read from the document he held in his hand:

"All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, which I estimate to approximate in value five million dollars, I give, devise and bequeath to my beloved son, Gramercy Square Jones, and to his heirs forever, providing that, during the five years immediately following the date of my death, he remains constantly within the corporate limits of the city of Greater New York. During said period of five years, or for such portion thereof as he shall obey my wishes and command, he shall be entitled to and shall receive the whole income of my estate not otherwise bequeathed. In event he fails, refuses and neglects so to remain within said limits of said city of Greater New York and departs therefrom during said five years, I give, devise and bequeath all my said estate to the purposes hereinafter set forth, saving only that therefrom an income shall be paid to my said son during his natural life of one thousand dollars a year."

The judge paused and glanced up.

"Shall I read further," he inquired, "or is that enough?"

"Thank you," said the young man; "that is enough. I think I remember the rest. If for any reason I fail to obey this command the property goes to charity—mainly the erection of more of the Jason Jones type of lodging houses and hotels. That's right—isn't it?"

"In substance that," said the judge; and for a long minute the young man and the old one sat there, looking at each other—the one blankly, the other blandly. The elder man might have sat, just as he was, for a picture of an elderly, successful corporation lawyer; but the younger was in his outward form as unlike the average New York millionaire's son as you could well imagine a young man of twenty-four or thereabout to be. He was rather short in stature and of a studious and thoughtful aspect, with a round, smooth face. There was something precise and old-fashioned about him. He was all in black—one black crêpe band about his black derby hat and another about the left sleeve of his black cheviot coat; a black pearl pin in his black four-in-hand; black overgaiters; a tightly rolled black umbrella with a plain ebony handle across his knees. The rims of his noseglasses were of black rubber and the ribbon that dangled downward from them was of black silk.

These glasses added to the bookish, almost owlish, appearance of their wearer; but if you had looked past their heavily convexed lenses you would have noted that the eyes behind the glasses were of a clear and sparkling brown, with little glintings of yellowish light in them.

The pause threatened to grow embarrassing. Judge Pike sought to relieve it.

"H'm!" he said, clearing his throat ceremoniously. "Your father ——"

The heir broke in on him.

"That will of my father's—I suppose it is incontestable?"

"It is," said the lawyer grimly—"I drew it. Eccentric your father may have been—I am not denying that—and hardheaded and stubborn, but he was no lunatic, Mr. Jones; and no honest jury on earth could be made to believe he was. Besides," he added, "if I am any judge of human nature you would be the last person on earth to set up such a claim."

"I should be the last to do that," agreed the young man; "but this will now—this provision that binds me so fast ——" He paused.

"Your father was born and brought up here in New York, and was intensely proud, as you know, of the fact that he was a native-born citizen. He made his fortune here. He married here and here he died. He believed in New York—its destinies and its powers. Manhattan Island was his fad—if an island fourteen miles long, with more than two million people on it, may be called a fad."

"Nobody on earth has better reason than I to know all that," said the legatee. "It is because of those things that I must go through life wearing a comic-opera name. It is true I have managed to hide part of my secret—until this will is probated nobody will know what my middle initial stands for. And that reminds me, judge—isn't there some way in which this will can be privately probated so that the newspapers won't get hold of it and make me the laughing-stock of the country?"

The judge inclined his gray head.

"There are ways," he said, "of accomplishing such ends—sometimes."

"He reared me with the idea that New York was to be my home always and that I must find my lifework here. From the time I can remember anything at all, it seems to me he was drilling that thought into me. And now ——"

The young man got up and, crossing the room to a window, looked outward and downward. Ex-Judge Alonzo Pike's law offices were located high up in the tower of the Metropolitan Building, facing westward. Spread out twenty-odd stories below young Gramercy Jones, the city lay like a great irregular lozenge. With a turn of his head he could see it north and south—to the south the masses of skyscrapers, and beyond their serried, ragged skyline a glint of distant blue that would be the bay; to the north the hotel district, the heart of the shopping district, the club district and the trees of Central Park, set like a green seam in a gray garment, and then on and on for miles beyond until they melted flat like a plain—the jungles of apartment houses, flat houses, tenement houses. In front of him was the North River, crisp and burnished under a bright autumnal sun, and constantly furrowed and plowed and harrowed by every imaginable variety of steamcraft. At his back he knew lay the East Side, where tenement shouldered up to loft building, and the flagpoles and marble porticoes of one street were balanced by the loaded clotheslines and iron fire-escapes of the next. Out of sight, beyond the three rivers that made the island, were the other boroughs—Richmond and Queens, Brooklyn and the Bronx; palace and slum; boulevard and cowpath; shoreline, seabeach, rugged hills; cornfields and the most congested quarters on earth; unbroken woodlands, country lanes and country lands; asphalt, stone, brick; good, fat truck patches—the home and the workshop of nearly five millions.

But Gramercy Jones stood there and looked abroad with a gloomy eye, and saw it all as an ugly prison.

"Five years—in jail!" he said half to himself. He turned and came back and sat down again, nursing his neatly rolled umbrella; and, whatever the inner rioting rebellion of his thoughts, the look of his eyes was clear and steady.

"Judge Pike," he said, "I'll be twenty-five years old my next birthday—and so far as human experience goes I am still a baby in swaddling clothes. I've lived a cloistered life. My father wrapped me in cottonwool when I was a child and I never escaped—not for a single minute. I am the tutorized, specialized, Harvardized product of his jealous care. And yet"—he hesitated a moment—"and yet I think I have concealed about me somewhere the soul of an adventurer and a wanderer."

Over his glasses the old lawyer speared him with a quizzical glance.

"Please don't laugh at me, judge," said the legatee. "Wait until you hear all I have to say. You see, sir, I never had any boyhood—while other boys were being boys I was being educated. Books were my playfellows and I have preserved the illusions of storybooks. I thought when I came of age I might be allowed to cut the leading strings and do something, and see something and be something on my own account; but my father wouldn't have it so. These last few months, when he was failing so fast, he kept telling me that my duty lay here in New York—that here was where I should be content to stay, carrying on his business and his philanthropic schemes. I think he suspected what was in my mind. Then I thought when he died I should be free—not that the thought made my grief over his death any the less—but now I know that he has reached across the grave to tie me to his plans and his ideals.

"Judge, I'm a hothouse plant. I'm as precise in my way of living as an old maid. I have hardly a friend of my own age. Sometimes I'm afraid that I am just a pedantic, academic young prig—and I didn't want to be that. I wanted to cure my future self of my present self. I wanted to go out and see the world—the real world where things happen. And now ——"

"You've been abroad?"

"Yes, twice—with a courier on one side and a hired college professor on the other—Rollo and his tutors. I mean the real world.

"I—I had some plans mapped out in my mind. I wanted to go up the Amazon. There are said to be lost cities in Peru—I was going to look for them. I wanted to go to Siberia and study the Russian convict system at first hand. I wanted to kill a tiger in India. Judge Pike, I'll venture there's hardly a better shot in this city than I am, and yet I've never aimed a rifle at anything larger than the target in a Sixth Avenue shooting gallery, or killed anything more dangerous than a tame pheasant on my cousin's place over on Long Island! Maybe, sir, you can understand how I feel!"

"My boy, I think I can understand," said the old judge; and then in a different tone he asked briskly: "What do you mean to do?"

"What can I do? I speak three languages indifferently well and read two more indifferently badly; but I doubt whether I can make a decent living in any one of the five.

Besides, I venerate my father's memory. I obeyed him living and I'll still obey him dead. Oh, I'll take the money—I'll stay here; but I'll be a prisoner serving a five-year sentence, with no time off for good behavior," he concluded bitterly.

"Five years isn't very long," said the judge—"not at your age."

"I'm afraid it will be long to me."

"And you will have all the money you can possibly spend."

"And no way to spend it. I'm not a rounder—I never had a chance to learn to be one, even if I had cared to. I don't chase women or highballs, and I haven't the gambling instinct. I'm no joy-rider. Do I look like a stage-door Johnny? Yes, I shall have everything I could want except the things I do want—adventure and a peep at the places where things happen," he finished, unconsciously repeating a phrase he had used before.

"Very well," said Judge Pike sharply—"have it!"

"Have what?"

"Adventure."

"Where—here in New York?"

"Yes, here in New York."

"What kind of adventure?" demanded the young man scornfully.

"Any kind—all kinds," answered the lawyer. "My son, this town of New York is the place where things happen."

"Judge," argued Gramercy Jones, "since I came home from Cambridge I've spent more than two years here. I spent all my childhood and most of my boyhood here. I've never seen a fireman rescue anybody from a burning building; I've never seen a policeman stop a runaway horse. I never saw a crime committed or an act of heroism performed. Once I did come on a crowd trying to mob a pickpocket. I pushed my way in too, hoping to see—and a policeman rammed his elbow into the pit of my stomach so that it made me deathly sick; and I had acute indigestion afterward. I was standing in Herald Square one election night when a cab ran over a man; but it didn't hurt him—he was drunk. The most exciting thing I ever saw was a waiter dropping a tray of dishes on a man at the Waldorf. I've read about all the thrilling things in the newspapers, but I never saw any of them happen."

"Nor I, if I must confess it," said the old judge—"not since I retired from criminal practice anyway; but that's not the fault of New York. That's the fault of the people who lead the kind of lives that we—you and I—live. We are like horses in a treadmill—we plod back and forth over a given path. Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive; a club or two; a hotel or two; a few cross streets uptown and a few double-cross streets downtown round Wall Street—that is our New York. But you may take my word for it that things do happen here—they happen every day and every hour. There are more lost cities in New York than there ever were in Peru—waiting for a Pizarro to explore them and a Dickens or a Eugène Sue to write them. There are tigers in New York as dangerous as any in India—human tigers that wear their stripes only part of the time. No need for you to travel to Siberia. Right over back of here on the East Side, not a mile from this office, there are gentleborn women—ladies—who have the everlasting marks of the irons on their wrists and ankles, and in the flesh of their backs the scars furrowed by the knout—or else the sob sisters of the Sunday papers are all liars."

He checked himself, smiling at his own fervor.

"I'm getting eloquent—and eloquence is an expensive commodity that I usually reserve for the courtroom. But the point is, young man, that with your income you can find plenty of adventures in New York—yes, and share in them too, I'll be bound."

Enthusiasm is an infectious thing. Behind the black-rubber-rimmed glasses, little topaz sparks played in the brown eyes of Jason Jones' son and heir.

"I wonder," he said reflectively—"I wonder whom I could get to show me the way?"

"That also might possibly be arranged," said Judge Pike. He reached for his desk telephone. "I've a man in mind now—I'll see if it's possible for him to dine with you tonight. His name is Grist—he's a newspaper man and he ought to be able to help you."

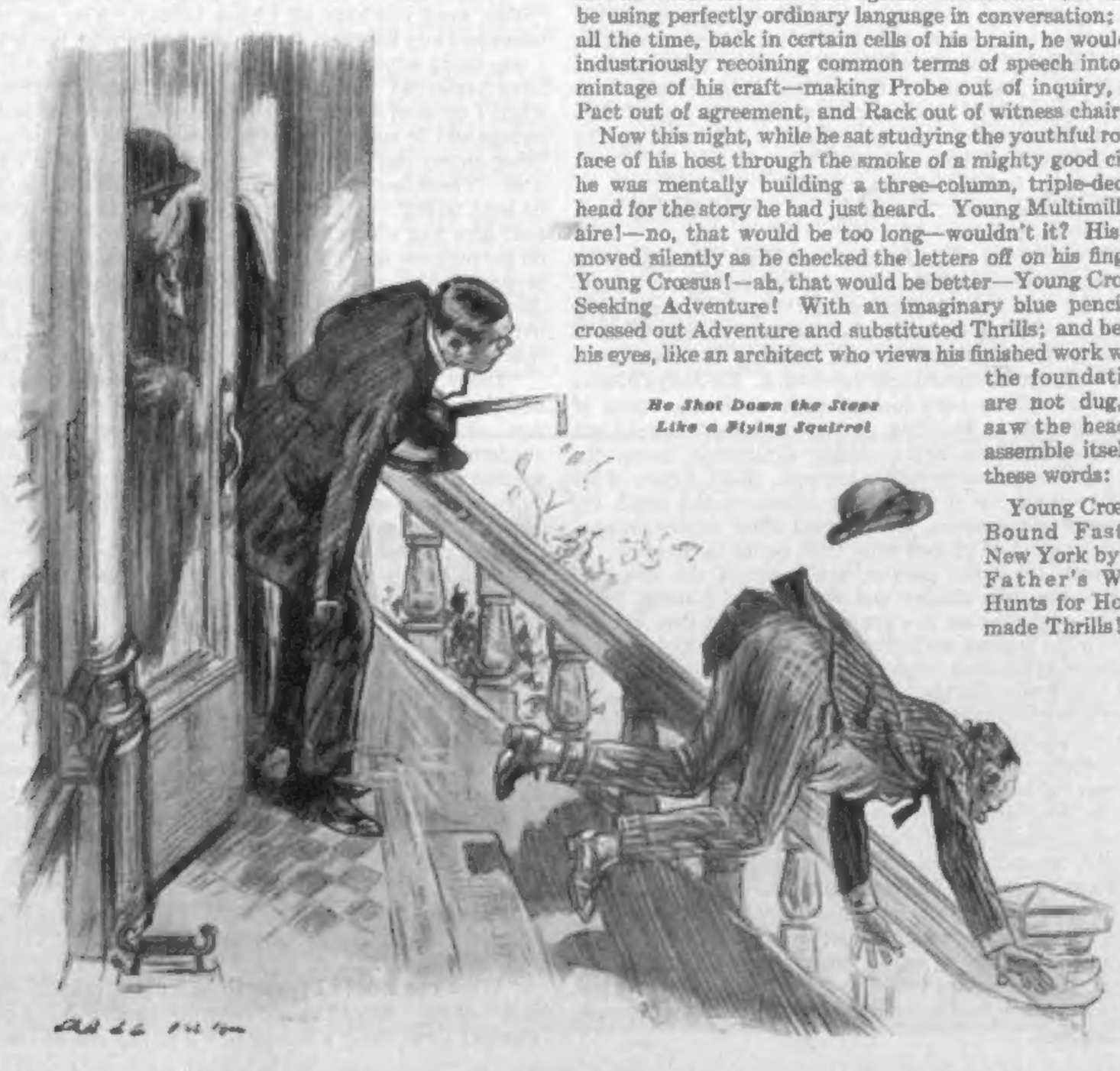
The Slit Being Narrow and the Eye Being Hard and Hostile

The man who sat opposite Gramercy Jones at a small dining table at the Lotus Club that night severely violated all of young Mr. Jones' preconceived notions of how a New York newspaper man should look and should act. He was not Bohemian-looking or long-haired; nor seemingly was he a hard drinker. In age he was nearer forty than thirty, and in appearance nearer fifty than forty. He was quietly dressed, gray-haired, steady-paced—if one might judge by the surface indications—and unexcitable.

Under this unemotional shell, though, Dana Grist carried the secrets of two abiding hobbies—he had one of the finest private collections extant of the eggs of North American birds; and he thought in headlines. To him, inwardly, children were never children—they were either Babes or Tiny Tots, depending on the width of the imaginary head he was erecting at the time; and a young married woman was generally a Child-Bride, though sometimes a Girl-Wife. Instinctively he disliked celebrities with long names and favored those with one-syllable names—wherefore he voted for Taft and against Roosevelt. He might be using perfectly ordinary language in conversation; but all the time, back in certain cells of his brain, he would be industriously recoining common terms of speech into the mintage of his craft—making Probe out of inquiry, and Pact out of agreement, and Rack out of witness chair.

Now this night, while he sat studying the youthful round face of his host through the smoke of a mighty good cigar, he was mentally building a three-column, triple-decked head for the story he had just heard. Young Multimillionaire!—no, that would be too long—wouldn't it? His lips moved silently as he checked the letters off on his fingers. Young Croesus!—ah, that would be better—Young Croesus Seeking Adventure! With an imaginary blue pencil he crossed out Adventure and substituted Thrills; and before his eyes, like an architect who views his finished work when the foundations are not dug, he saw the heading assemble itself in these words:

Young Croesus, Bound Fast to New York by His Father's Will, Hunts for Home-made Thrills!



He Shot Down the Steps Like a Flying Squirrel

For half a minute he contemplated this pleasing creation. Then with an undrawn sigh at the thought that so lovely a news story would never see blackface type, he lowered his cigar and spoke:

"Mr. Jones, I rather like your way of approaching this subject. In the first place, you didn't begin by putting me under a solemn pledge not to print what you were about to tell me. That's a mistake quite a good many people make from time to time. You assumed that, as a gentleman, I would keep the confidences of another gentleman. I'm obliged to you for that. In the second place, I think I know, in a measure at least, how you feel. I felt that way myself twenty-odd years ago when I was nearer your age than I am now, and came down here from upstate—a raw cub of a kid, full of big dreams and big ideals that were subsequently run through a printing-press and flattened out for me. Well, I'm going to do what I can to make you have your wish."

"You mean that you yourself will join me?" asked Gramercy Jones eagerly.

Dana Grist laughed a little, half-regretful laugh.

"Not for me!" he said. "I used to be a police reporter and I flattered myself then that I knew this town from its taproots to its top branches; but I threw a splint in my enthusiasm—I got a mental Charley-horse, so to speak—and now I'm tied to a desk. Why, I'd be lost one block either way off Park Row. Leg men see New York for me now, and rewrite men paint the pictures, and a makeup editor puts the frame round 'em. But I've got a man in my mind who can show it to you—if he will. He knows this town as an eyewitness; I know it only by current rumor."

"Who is he?" asked Gramercy Jones. "And where shall I find him?"

"I'll find him for you," said Grist. "He's a house detective now at one of the hotels, but he used to be a plain-clothes man down at headquarters. And he's on the level—or, anyway, I think he is," he added with a touch of the constitutional skepticism of a veteran newspaper reporter. "He's a lot wiser than he looks, and he's not so awfully stupid to look at, at that. I tell you what—I'll drop down by the Royal tonight and leave a note there for Fogarty, telling him to call on you at your house in the morning. How would that do?"

If Dana Grist had capsized all Gramercy Jones' conceptions of the average newspaper man, so the person who called upon him betimes next morning upset, in an even greater degree, that young gentleman's mental drawing of the average detective. To begin with, he wasn't an Irishman; that was plainly to be seen. Indeed, if manners, voice and physical characteristics counted for anything at all he was the very opposite of Irish, being Jewish. He did not wear a bristling mustache and he wasn't a large, burly

person, though he had a sizable width of shoulders and a sufficiently broad chest. He was, moreover, modestly habited. There were two points, though, whereat he bore the distinguishing marks of his calling, had Gramercy Jones known enough to look for them—his eye and his foot. He had the chilly, disillusioned, appraising eye of the experienced policeman, and he had the broad, flat foot that comes of pounding a beat on hard city paves.

"Let me see now," said the slightly puzzled Jones. "Mr. Grist said, I believe, that your name was Fogarty."

"Well, if he did I guess he didn't mean it that way," explained the caller, "because Grist knows well enough that my name is Max Furst. I used to be a kind of a two-handed, amachure prizefighter when I was a kid growing up over here on the East Side—that's where I got these"—he lifted his upper lip with a blunt thumb to expose a row of gold teeth, and tapped gently a slight depression in the bridge of his nose—"and I fought under the ring name of Young Fogarty. When I quit to go on the force the name sort of stuck. I'm Amurikin, all right; but my old folks both come from the old country. My mother, she don't speak anything but Yiddish yet."

"I understand," said Mr. Jones. "I didn't know that there were many of your race in the police department."

"Only a few more'n twelve hundred—that's all," said Mr. Furst simply.

"May I ask," continued the young man, "what salary you draw in your present employment?"

"Eighteen hundred a year—and pickings."

"On the strength of Mr. Grist's recommendation," said Mr. Jones, "I am prepared to offer you five thousand a year—no pickings—and all expenses paid."

"Boss," said Mr. Furst, "I'm hired." He laid his hat aside with the air of one prepared to begin work right away. "Mister Grist just left word that you wanted to see me," he added inquiringly. "He didn't say what you was wanting in particular."

"I want you," said Mr. Jones firmly, but with a slightly increased color, "to enable me to have a series of adventures here in New York—unusual adventures, you know—and, if possible, thrilling ones."

A thin, small sigh of disappointment escaped Mr. Furst.

"That's the worst of them happy dreams," he remarked, half to himself—"they never come true; but I didn't think Grist would be slipping me this kind of a bunk." He reached for his hat.

"Wait a minute, please," said Gramercy Jones. "I suppose you think I am not mentally well balanced."

"You gotter nice place here, Mister Jones," parried Mr. Furst politely, "and I'd like to visit with you a while if I had the time, but I gotter be getting back on the job."

He backed toward the door, but Gramercy Jones put a hand upon his sleeve and detained him.

"Perhaps my announcement was a trifle sudden," he said. "Read this first." He produced from his breast pocket a copy of his father's will and indicated a certain paragraph. "Please read this, and then I'll explain."

Mr. Furst read as requested. Then he listened to a swift account of Mr. Gramercy Jones' aims and aspirations. Then a smile split his face; then he laid his hat aside again. "Boss," he said, "excuse me. I hired myself to you. Then I fired myself. Now I hire myself back."

"Very good," said Mr. Jones. "When can you start your employment with me?"

"Who—me?" said Mr. Furst. "This minute if you'll loan me your telephone long enough to resign."

"That is better still," said Mr. Gramercy Jones. "And can we start looking for adventure at once—say, today?"

"Boss," said Mr. Furst, "we sure can. What kind of an adventure now was you thinking of?" he asked, speaking with the brisk air of a tradesman who has a full stock and to whom it is no trouble whatever to show goods.

"I rather thought," said Mr. Jones reflectively, "that we might begin by an incursion, as it were, among criminals—into the crime world. Your duties, I assume, have taken you much among such people?" Mr. Furst nodded emphatically. "And I should imagine it might be interesting in the extreme to study the methods and the—er—personalities of criminals at first hand."

"What kind of criminals did you have in mind?" asked his new employee. "There's kinds and kinds of them birds," he explained professionally.

"Almost any kind would do, I suppose," said Gramercy Jones. Then, rather vaguely, he went on: "How about confidence men?—bunco-steerers as they used to be called. I have heard somewhere that they are the aristocrats among thieves, and here just the other day I read in the paper that the town was full of them."

"And for oncet," said Mr. Furst oracularly, "the papers was dead right."

"Could I in some way get in actual touch with a group of these persons—and perhaps witness some of their operations?"

"Could you?" repeated Mr. Furst. "Boss, it's a pipe!" From his side coat pocket he hauled a neatly folded copy of a morning paper and proceeded to undo it. "It ought to be right here," he commented. "Slick's got his little old ad in nearly every day." He turned to a page devoted to small advertisements and ran a well-kept if somewhat stubby finger down a column headed Business Opportunities. "Here she is," he said, and refolding the sheet he passed it over to the intensely interested young man fronting him. "Read that there one," he bade him—"the one that's signed Confidence."

Wonderingly young Mr. Jones adjusted his black-rimmed glasses and read:

WANTED—Person holding important position with large corporation desires to communicate immediately with responsible party who can command reasonable amount of ready money for immediate use. Opportunity to double or treble capital within forty-eight hours, without risk. Guaranty of absolute security given to right party. Answer at once, as time for successful operation is limited. Address CONFIDENCE, care General Delivery.

"I see," said Gramercy Jones, still in no way enlightened, since what he had read appeared to differ in no essential respect from any one of a number of similar notices that banked it above and below. "What shall I do?"

"Answer the ad," commanded Mr. Furst.

"And what will follow?"

"Nothing much—except you'll get your chance to see the inside workings of the meanest and the smartest gang of con artists in the United States—wireless wiretappers I guess you'd call 'em—wire men is what they call themselves. And, unless I miss my guess, you'll also pay a friendly call to Slick Neumeyer's wire store."

"And Yet I Think I Have Concealed About Me Somewhere the Soul of an Adventurer and a Wanderer"

Within the brief passage of the next few days, Mr. Gramercy Jones, under the skillful schooling of ex-Sergeant Max Furst, late of the Central Office, was to learn a lot that he had never suspected regarding those classes of the community who hid in respectability's broad shadow—was to learn, for example, that in the underworld, as in the higher, there were top crusts and lower crusts and, still farther down, lowermost crusts; that the best thieves in New York, which was to say the smartest and the most successful and the best dressed, did not hide themselves away in darkly shaded retreats, but walked the streets boldly like other men, being much given on cool fall days to sunning themselves upon the bright side of Broadway between Forty-fifth Street and Twenty-ninth Street, and also to frequenting in numbers a couple of discreetly run, quiet cafés standing within a short stone's throw of two of the biggest hotels in town; that they mainly knew the police and were to the police mainly known; and that outside the narrow bounds of their own crooked calling they were an amazingly ignorant, amazingly simple race of beings. But first of all, by way of the A-B-C lesson in this his education, he was to meet Mr. Chappy Morelli, head steerer for Mr. Slick Neumeyer.

It all came to pass just as the sophisticated ex-sergeant had predicted—through a letter that Mr. Jones, at Mr. Furst's dictation, wrote on the stationery of the Harvard Club and signed openly, with his own name and his own address, stating in effect that he, Jones, desired to know more of the plan outlined by Confidence in his advertisement in the daily press of current date. Response was most speedy. The letter was posted at noon; at six o'clock that evening a reply came back by special delivery requesting Mr. Jones to meet "our Mr. James K. Moore" at Forty-third Street and Broadway, northeast corner, promptly at ten-thirty o'clock the next morning. Also Mr. Jones was to wear a blue necktie and carry a white pocket handkerchief prominently displayed in his left hand; by which signs being made known to "our Mr. Moore," the latter would thereupon approach Mr. Jones and make himself known to Mr. Jones, and explain to Mr. Jones the nature of the enterprise. But in any event Mr. Jones must bear in mind that secrecy and silence were, so to speak, the watchwords of the hour. In short, the language of the writer was such as to invest the entire transaction with a pleasingly clouded air of mystery.

"'Our Mr. James K. Moore'—huh?" mused Mr. Furst over this reply. "Well, I'm not so wise at rapping to all their monikers as I used to be when I was down at 300 Mulberry; but, unless I'm mistaken, that can't be nobody but Chappy Morelli. Chappy was the outside man for Slick's mob the last I heard, and I guess he still is—the old scrambled-eyed son-of-a-gun!"

"Shall I know him when I see him?" inquired Mr. Jones, now fully committed to the venture.

"Boss, you can't miss him. When you see a party that there ain't nothing about him on the level—not even his eyes—that'll be our old college chum, Chappy. And you don't need to be feeling scared. Just act interested and let him carry you along."

"Which," rejoined young Mr. Jones, "will require no great amount of acting on my part—I am interested. I think I am more interested than I've ever been in my whole life."

In the morning, therefore, at ten-thirty sharp, Mr. Jones, wearing a skyblue tie and holding a white linen handkerchief in the left hand, presented himself at the northeast corner of Forty-third Street and Broadway, directly saw his man approaching, and knew him straightway by reason of the graphic description of Mr. Furst. Truly there was little about "our Mr. James K. Moore" that was on the level. So badly focused were his eyes that he looked at the world narrowly across the bridge of his nose, which nose was slightly skewed off at an angle, and one eyebrow was a trifle higher than the other, thus adding materially to the bias aspect of Mr. Moore's countenance. Indeed a headquarters detective who had been an able seaman in his youth had aptly put it that Chappy's face always looked as if it were getting ready to jibe and go about. This twistification of features appeared to extend to the owner's mannerisms too. He talked out of one side of his mouth—the lower side—meanwhile retaining a cigarette fast in the upper side; he wore his brown derby hat at a slant, and when removing it from his head to gesture with in conversation he did not hold it stiffly by the brim and shove it straight out from the chest, as is the custom in certain circles of metropolitan life—he drew a diagonally downward line through the air with it. However, barring these small personal details, Mr. Moore was like any other habitual boulevardier of Broadway, even to the yellow buckskin gloves.

Moreover, his fashion of addressing himself to Mr. Jones was marked by a commendable and specious ease of manner. It was he who suggested that the matter in hand might well be discussed in privacy, and it was he who led the way to a secluded corner of a small, quiet bar near by.

Here Mr. Jones, being pressed to take something, took a glass of mineral water. Mr. Moore ordered for himself a small beer, and in such thin tipple he drank ceremoniously to their better acquaintance. This formality over, he proceeded by short cuts straight to business.

"This is a very confidential matter, Mister—er—Mister Jones," he began, meanwhile studying his companion; "and before we go any further I'll have to ask you a few questions about yourself. We ain't taking anybody but respectable and responsible parties in on this deal, and mighty few of them. Your name now—Jones—it's a pretty common name."

The younger man caught the hint and his answer was candid—and in the main truthful.

"Well," he said, "I lately came into a rather good-sized property. I've never earned any money though; nor until very lately have I had the personal handling of any very considerable sum. And I imagine that most of the people I know think I am rather incapable of handling large sums—of making successful investments, and that sort of thing. So I saw your ad in yesterday's paper, and I answered it."

Mr. Moore hunched himself a little closer with an oblique motion—and licked his lips with a slantwise tongue. Already he could tell that he was going to care for this serious-looking young man in black—already he felt strangely drawn to him. With his semi-Cyclopean gaze he drew a dead bead on the ingenuous face of the young man, and his next question came forth as softly as a pussy cat's purr:

"You inherited this money, you say?"

"Yes, from my father—the late Jason Jones. He was a wall-paper manufacturer here in New York."

At this moment Mr. Moore could have looked through the smallest known size of keyhole without winking.

"Not the millionaire Jason Jones—not him that put up all these here cheap hotels for down-and-outers?" he asked, almost with awe in his tones.

"That was my father," said Gramercy Jones. "I am his only son."

Like twin yellows in a shaken double-yolk egg Mr. Moore's eyes swam toward each other. It looked as though they meant to override the intervening barrier and riot together in joysome abandon. This surpassed his fondest hopes—this was so good it was almost too good! In all his experience as a big-game hunter this was the nearest he ever came to having the buck-ague. By a stern inward spasm he controlled his nerves, his voice and himself, but not his eyes.

"That being the case," he said heartily, "I can see that this is going to be a fortunate thing for all concerned. You want to prove to these friends of yours that you're able to hop right in and swing a big deal without asking their advice—that's you, ain't it? And you're looking for somebody to put you on to a perfectly legitimate, absolutely safe proposition—and that's me!" His voice sank to a note of hushed and intense confidence.

"Right here, Mister Jones, is where I lay my cards down on the table—so as you can see every move. You know, don't you, that in this state the telegraph companies are supposed not to handle racetrack results—the names of the winners, and all that?"

Young Mr. Jones nodded.

"I think I've heard something to that effect."

"Sure you have—you muster," declared Mr. Moore. "And you know, don't you, that there ain't supposed to be any poolrooms running in this town?"

Again Mr. Jones gave signs of assent.

"Well, you're wrong both ways," continued the informative Mr. Moore. "The telegraph companies handle racing news just the same as they ever did—only it's done under cover. Else how could the newspapers everywhere get the word? You tell me that! And there are more poolrooms running right now in this town of Noo York than there's been any time the last ten years!

"I can tell what you're wondering now. You're wondering how a party like me, who's just a plain business man the same as yourself, comes to know these things. Well, I'm coming to that part now. My cousin is the manager of the private racing bureau of The National Eastern Telegraph—and me and him is just the same as brothers. Seeing us together you'd think we was brothers—that's how clost we are.

"And that's what makes me so sore on the play that's coming off. After him being a faithful employee all these years his company's fixing to fire him—can him out! Yes, sir—next week out poor old Billy goes!" At the thought of the outrage about to be perpetrated upon his so-beloved cousin Mr. Moore snatched off his hat and, with its brim for a weapon, mowed down at least a square yard of imaginary grass.

"Now, then, here comes the main part of it," resumed Mr. Moore, when by dint of this exercise he had dulled the edge of his indignation: "Before he's chucked out Bill is going to get even. He's going to get good and even with them poolrooms, because the poolroom people are the ones that're responsible for him being chucked out thataway, they being sore on him without cause. You know how the first flash of each race comes in—don't you—winner, place and show? Well, inside the next day or two Bill is going to hold back the flashes on certain races until the fellows that're working in with him on the play can get down some big bets on the horse that they know has already won—and then we all clean up big! D'ye make me?"

"I—I don't think I quite understand," said Mr. Jones.

"Listen: We'll say that this café we're a-sitting in now is a poolroom. Acrost the street, say, is a public telephone. Say, it's two-thirty in the afternoon and time for the first race somewhere—Benning or Toronto, or any old racetrack. Well, you and me, say, are in this poolroom. We slip out, go acrost to that telephone yonder and call up my Cousin Bill. Bill he's waiting at the other end of the line with the name of the winner. If it's a long shot we hustle to get our bets down. If it ain't, we wait until a long shot does win. Then we lam right back and get our bets down. Bill allows us five minutes or so. Then he lets the flash go—you see he's been holding it back all this time—and it's sent in to the main office and telephoned out to all the poolrooms at oncet. They call out the winner and we win. Now d'ye get me?"

Mr. Jones indicated that now he got him.

"But," he pondered, "I fail to see why a total stranger to you should be permitted to participate in these transactions."

"I was coming to that. We can't turn this trick more than oncet or twicet or at most three times, because the poolrooms are bound to catch on soon to what's doing.

(Continued on Page 40)

Interest—The Business Mainspring

Making the Work Attractive—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY H. J. JOULEN

A GANG of laborers was dumping wheelbarrow loads of concrete into a big hole in the ground under the direction of an engineer. The hole had been dug for a building foundation. At its bottom was a spring of water. The engineer wanted to get concrete in there fast enough to shut the water off; but it kept gaining. He ran round among the men, saying: "Lively, now, lively!" Still the water gained, and the laborers did not hurry much—they were a typical lot of pick-and-shovel hands, working with the stolidity of men who have to earn a living by sheer muscle ten hours every day.

By-and-by the engineer called a halt and made a little speech. His talk lasted hardly a minute; but when work was resumed the men went at their job at top speed, with shouts and laughing, and in ten minutes the water had been blocked out.

What did he say to them? Not very much. He simply made the work interesting to the gang by letting it see the proposition as he did.

"Boys, that spring in there is an enemy," he explained. "We're fighting it. Now I want every man to fill his wheelbarrow, get in line and rest a minute, and when I say 'Go!' we will try to put concrete in there fast enough to win the battle." That enabled the gang to see what he was driving at with his hurry. Men are only big boys, and the slenderer their education, as a rule, the more quickly they seem to grasp the issue in an imaginary battle like that. Lining them up to wait for the word "Go!" made the battle idea more vivid. When the word was shouted they went like sixty, and every man felt that he was gaining on the spring.

To the business executive work is often the best sort of fun, because he is intensely interested. He sees a broad field of progress and opportunity in his job, and finds even the difficulties absorbing for the problems they give him.

For the boss, all the success and most of the fun in his work is to be thoroughly interested. And the interested man soon finds that the easiest road in management is to transmit some of his interest to others. Today the executive not only tries to communicate his enthusiasm and point of view to those subordinates with whom he is in personal touch, but goes further—he develops and makes plain the points of interest in the work itself so that employees at a distance may be stimulated.

Some time ago the president of a big public-service company found that the cost of small supplies was much higher than the actual quantities needed seemed to warrant. Investigation showed that men in repair and construction gangs were wasteful of bolts, screws, rods, wire, and like material, and careless about picking up small tools. Instead of blaming the men, the boss blamed himself.

"It is my fault," he said, "for I have never taken the trouble to let those fellows see what carelessness costs us. The yearly total as it comes to my desk is plain enough; but the repair man who loses a wrench or leaves half a dozen bolts lying in the road can't be expected to see that total. It's up to me to put the proposition to him clearly."

So average prices were set on each bit of material. Some of the little items, like bolts, cost only half a cent apiece, but the number that had been wasted every year ran into a good many dollars. To make it worth while to look after supplies, each gang was allotted a monthly quota sufficient to do its work without skimping. Records were then kept of all supplies issued to or returned by each gang, and all savings on this quota were credited, prizes being awarded to the gangs doing their work most economically. The scheme worked perfectly.

In another case the manager of a telephone company found costly items of waste in his yearly operating expenses. To cut these down he pointed out to each class of employees definite ways in which they could effect economies. The switchboard operators, for example, often lost revenue from long-distance messages because the party wanted by the subscriber calling was not found. With a little pains, ingenuity and patience many of these one-sided calls could be turned into complete connections. Operators were encouraged in completing such calls, and each girl was told to keep account of the revenue she added weekly in that way, turning it in on Saturday. Construction men were shown how to save supplies, time and travel. Canvassers in the commercial department were impressed with the opportunity given them to save outlay whenever they were sent to interview a complaining subscriber. If they could persuade him to keep his telephone the expense of taking out the instrument would be saved and probably that of putting it back again later. But the prime point in all these economies was not the mere money-saving to the company alone. Each employee was told to keep his or her own personal record of such savings, turning it in weekly, and those records were made the basis of pay and promotion.

Work can be made interesting from other angles. There is speed, for example. One small factory got nearly double the output from the same equipment by logical arrangement of processes and machines, by cutting out waste motions and by sensible coaching of the men. For the employer this meant lower overhead charges and a saving in the purchase of new machinery—less costly production. For the men it meant better pay, less overtime work and steadier employment through the year. Most important of all, perhaps, was the fact that the employer had to study his own plant, see it from the standpoint of employees and do away with everything that hindered good work.

There is also quality of product. In one shop, where a great deal of high-grade steel is worked up into small tools, the men tempering these tools believed that it was normal to spoil at least one in every ten. Turning out an even hundred perfect was possible, they thought, but only in a plant equipped with delicate scientific instruments for measuring heat. The superintendent of this shop cut down the losses with practically no extra investment in equipment. He put the work on a percentage basis and coached the men in fine manipulation. Forges were arranged in a better way. The most suitable size of coal was got for this work. The men were trained to gauge heat by the color of the steel, to apply it more evenly, to use greater care in immersing the tools in the tempering baths. A mischievous shortcoming was found to be at the bottom of half the spoilage. It was discovered that when there was a press of work men accustomed to welding had often been switched to tempering, and being accustomed to dealing with fiercer heats turned out many defective tools. When the tempering was wholly in the hands of a picked, interested force, playing for a high percentage of flawless tools, the losses from overheating and cracking were cut down to less than two per cent.

In another factory, where skyscraper equipment is made, the president has made quality the basis of company spirit. Inspection of the product is rigorous, but quality does not stop there. A man responsible for defective work will bring it to the surface frankly, because he knows

it is better to do that than to risk the company's reputation. What is more unusual, men will report the defective work of fellow-employees, for quality has been made so vital that there is no suspicion of tale-telling. Special attention is given to competitors' goods in connection with good materials and honest workmanship, and the feeling among employees of this concern when the company gets the contract for equipping a big building is that the public will be a good deal safer and more comfortable in that building when it is finished than would be the case if the contract had gone to somebody else.

It is possible to arouse much interest among employees by directing their attention to the little things that cause accidents. One great railroad system gives so many merit marks to the man who reports a broken rail or other equipment out of order. Not long ago the wife of a track laborer reported a broken rail on a curve where serious consequence to a fast train might have followed had it not been located. Her action was due largely to the importance that this subject had taken in her husband's talk at home and the opportunity she saw for strengthening his rating.

Very often the product has points of technical interest that would appeal to employees, provided they could be made to see them as the boss does. In one plant, where interest was at a low ebb, an engineer got up a little exhibition to bring out this technical side of the work. Starting with the crude appliances made by that concern in its infancy, the development of its goods was shown through twenty-five years by means of old models, specimens, patterns and machines. The striking fact brought out by this exhibition was that improvements were a matter of trivial things. Not even men who had worked in the factory for twenty years realized how far development had been carried, because progress consisted of minor changes from year to year. Every employee saw his work in perspective and was impressed with the importance of small improvements. After the show there was genuine interest. The product and processes had been revealed, not as so much inert material and routine operation, but as something alive and continually growing.

Efficiency Through Rivalry

INTEREST may be hung on an apparently minor detail, such as promptness and regularity in coming to work, to the advantage of both employee and employer. A certain factory was losing the output of valuable machines because the skilled mechanics operating them came late in the morning and sometimes did not show up for work at all. Absence on Monday mornings was most common, for drunkenness was the reason for it to a large degree. The superintendent shifted the payday from Saturday to Monday, thinking that if his operators had empty pockets over Sunday they would keep sober. That did little good, and reasoning with the men was likewise of little avail. They thought that all accounts had been squared when the boss docked them for being late or absent, and could not get the capitalistic viewpoint well enough to see that the boss was left with an idle investment on his hand—and they might not have cared anyway.

When the superintendent began keeping records of lateness and absence, however, and comparing one department with another, and posting the departments each week in the order of their records, the difficulty was put to the men in a new light. When the superintendent hit on the scheme of making Monday morning lateness and absence count double, the men were more careful on that unlucky day. Eventually this led to a healthy interest all through the plant in keeping equipment busy and making the work of departments harmonious.

Another factory has a monthly thermometer scheme for showing up lateness and absence. A card hangs in each department, rules for daily entries, with a red thermometer outline printed in the margin. When an employee in that department comes late or is absent without due notice his name goes on the blank and a percentage is assigned his shortcoming. These growing percentages mark the height of the mercury, as it were, and the point is to keep the thermometer as low as possible, for each month the records of all departments are compared, and departments take rank according to their percentages. Such a scheme puts the matter of tardiness in a vivid way. The man who comes five minutes late might not think it much harm and would willingly let the timekeeper dock him; but if his five minutes' tardiness lost his department first place that month, and everybody could see his name on the thermometer form, the situation would be decidedly different.

Efforts to make work interesting are to be found on every hand nowadays. When the old-fashioned trades were broken up by machine processes and specialization, interest began to depart from work. Under old conditions men were interested in their work because they made things that were more or less complete and often had a voice in the planning. When machine processes were perfected, however, these men were put to making detached parts over and over again, with perhaps no idea where their particular bit of wood or metal fitted into the finished product. The object was to turn out as many thousand parts a day as possible at the lowest cost. That was less interesting, of course, and in many cases wasn't interesting at all. For a time employers fell into the error of thinking that work need not be interesting anyway; that it ought to be excitement enough for employees to get their money regularly in their pay envelopes.

Today in every trade and industry it is realized that interest in work must be restored, or rather that it must be created in new forms, for the old-time elements of interest in work have naturally gone forever. Therefore work is now being widely studied, and so are workers, to see where interest may be developed and industrial organizations pulled together on a common platform and the deadly routine of part-making killed. Broader views of the work and shrewd linking up of employees' self-interest are the main lines of development.

Men like to know what the other fellow is doing and to see where their work fits into the whole scheme. More than that, a broad conception of their work is becoming necessary to good specialization.

In the British navy it was formerly the custom to train different classes of officers separately. The executive officer who commanded a ship got his education in one school, and the engineer officer who ran its machinery in another, and the officer in charge of marines in still another. When they went into service there was lack of understanding of each other's work and lack of sympathy, and often downright hostility and false corps pride. When Lord Fisher took charge at the Admiralty he put into operation a scheme he had long contemplated while working under the difficulties of this old system. Under him the executive, engineer and marine cadets were all thrown together for the first four years of their training. They worked together, lived together, followed similar studies and got thoroughly acquainted. After four years they took up their respective specialties. As an outcome, when these young fellows went into the service there was sympathy and understanding between the various branches, and in case of emergency each knew something of the work of the others. The plan worked so well that it was ultimately adapted to non-commissioned officers and enlisted men.

This same general scheme is being applied everywhere in business. Large factories now put apprentices through courses that take them over the whole plant and give them a broad grasp of processes and the technic behind them. Thus the factory makes its own material for foremen and superintendents.

Workmen of more advanced years are also, as far as possible, being made familiar with general processes, and in many cases where the employer does not arouse this interest in his own men he will find people coming in from the outside to do it.

A large concern making lubricating oil, for example, has found that broad ideas about the importance of good lubrication are vital in selling its products. Those products are used by an average class of wage-earners in the employ of companies that buy them. A trolley company is a good customer for oil and packing. The oil concern delivers a high grade of its goods, developed to give the most economical working; but perhaps the trolley company has neglected to instruct the men in its shops who overhaul cars in the economical use of this product. The oil company, therefore, sends round an instructor, who gets the men together some noon and gives them a talk on good maintenance. He has a chart on which are shown all the damage and mishaps that may follow poor packing and careless lubrication. Opposite each item is placed so many five-cent pieces, making clear the number of nickels the company must take in to pay for that particular kind of neglect. He brings a collection of journal boxes, gears and bearings, on which he can point out the results of bad work, and also show what may be done by intelligence and care.

The Appeal to Self-Interest

VERY often one department of a business will invade another for the purpose of showing the nature of its work and getting coöperation. Perhaps it is the accounting department of a large corporation. Accounting is usually looked upon as devoid of human interest, and the accounting department's demand for reports, figures, the filling out of forms and the doing of things in standard ways is often resented; so the accounting department comes into other departments with its little exhibit of aggregates and its reasons for asking certain things. It gives a purely human account of itself and explains its work, and better understanding follows.

Everywhere there is the same trend toward broader knowledge and the same deepening of interest in work.

The appeal to self-interest, whereby men are brought closer to their work and made more skilful, is partly a matter of pay envelope. Many time-worn ideas about the pay envelope are being broken down however; as, for instance, the belief that a man should sell so much time and the boss pay so much a week. Today one is selling and the other buying so much actual production. The workman puts his product in the scales and weighs it honestly like any other seller. Under that scheme it is to the interest of both himself and the boss to study the work, so that his output may be increased as much as possible within reason by better methods. The more he can produce the more he earns, and the greater the boss' output for given plant, investment and overhead charges. And the pay envelope is not the only thing that makes an appeal to an employee's self-interest. There is promotion, the assurance of steady employment, the prospect of establishing a home and bringing up a family, opportunities for the children, comfort in old age, and so forth. All these are being utilized to give interest to work.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth and last will appear in an early issue.

SCAR NECK

By RUFUS STEELE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Scar Neck Stiffened Like a Pointer Dog and Snorted at the Spectacle That Met His Eyes

THEY'RE a thousand yards."

"Not over eight hundred, I tell you."

"Jest as bad. At eight hundred they're out of range. We got to get as close as five hundred, or we'll waste ammunition."

"I can kill any mustang that ever jumped at seven hundred, Matt."

"You lie, Jess! There ain't a man in Nevada can do it, and you can't practice at my expense. Remember, four of them cartridges is worth the price of a drink. We got to crawl till we get to the bunch of little dead cedars yonder."

"Come on then; what made you say a drink?"

The two men bellied through the alkali, shoving the rifle ahead of them. A coyote could not have detected them, except where the low sage petered out completely. In crossing these barren spots they moved swiftly and with no more uplifting than caterpillars. White men could not have done it like this; the halfbreed Shoshonis found it an unwearying method of procedure that fitted their instincts. They talked softly, repeatedly calling each other horrible names and never bothering to smile. Jess, the smaller, stopped, with his head above a track in the soft white crust that almost might have been made by his own round, flat face, and mumbled: "They stood right here an hour ago; they're movin' west." Matt came swiftly to the track and he lowered his face until the broken nose rested upon the print made by an unshod hoof. He sniffed the track as a dog would. "Three hours!" he said contemptuously.

There were nine wild mustangs in the band the breeds were stalking—nine head and a very young colt, with long, gangling gray legs and a gray barrel so leanly rounded as to suggest that this was a rubber horse and not yet inflated. The band was feeding closely in the rolling foothills of the Sierras. The hard winter had written a tale of starvation and suffering across the ribs of the horses. They snipped eagerly the ends of the thorny greasewood and pawed steadily as though they believed the bunchgrass might have retreated under the crust. On the auction block of no market in the West would horses in their condition have drawn a second look or a single bid, yet here in the desert the untamed band, as wild as deer and fleeter, were prizes worth crawling hard for. Hides were hides, whether they covered flesh or merely bound bones together; and nobody ever saw the day when old Jillson, of Smoky Valley, did not have a dollar to fork out for every mustang hide that was poked at him. And a dollar—that would buy a bottle so big you could hardly squeeze it into the gun pocket of your overalls.

Among the four stunted cedars grew up as by magic two branchless stumps. The beautiful palomina stallion leading the band took no notice, though no man attempting to rise up behind one of the tree-trunks could have tricked the stallion's scrutiny.

"We git six," came from Jess' motionless lips, and the rifle began to travel, butt upward, toward his shoulder. "That's three bottles apiece." Matt was fingering his skinning knife and moistening the dried skin on his lower lip. "Wait!" He need hardly have said it, for Jess had noted the same move of the stallion that suggested to Matt that the band was to be led much closer to the cedars. When there was no doubt of it Jess' lips risked a smile and a prophecy. "Nine bottles!" the other hidehunter heard him boast.

The palomina stallion stopped stiffly and his tail began to rise. His nostrils pointed him toward the cedars. He trotted inquiringly toward the clump. The instant his band followed his example the rifle cracked, and the echo seemed to bound along from hilltop to hilltop. The stallion went to his knees, then to his side, as a red spot grew on the creamy hair of his shoulder.

A handsome bay mare fell in her tracks; then a pinto, then a sorrel, then two blacks fell as by one shot. A two-year-old bay stud forsook the leadership suddenly fallen to him, and ran away, with his left hind foot dangling uselessly—the leg was broken at the hip. His retreat was shielded by a stockily built mare that charged after him, her lower jaw torn off by a misdirected bullet.

Last of all a slim gray mare, the mother of the colt, trotted off a few rods, lowered her head and stopped. The blood gushed from her nostrils; her eyes glistened with the shine of death. Her attempt to whinny was strangled by a hemorrhage, but the colt had caught the call and he ran to her, touching her wet nose with his. The mare's back gave way. Her hind legs could no longer support her weight. She struggled, reeled and fell dead.

The Shoshonis leaped from their cover. Rip-p-p! went the skinning knife into the still moaning bay mare. Matt called his partner a terrible name. "You let two git off after you had wasted a shell on each one. Here, now, see if you can blow this thing's head off!" Matt's partner took deliberate aim at the bewildered gray colt that had not left his mother's side, and fired. After the shot Jess brushed the black hair back from his face to make sure he saw aright and crouched, trembling in astonishment. At twenty feet he had scored a miss.

"You that could kill any mustang that ever jumped at seven hundred yards!" scoffed big Matt. "Gi' me that gun!"

The transfer of the weapon set the colt off in the direction the lamed stud and the jawless mare had taken. Resting on one knee, Matt made the heavy-calibered rifle roar, first at twenty-five yards, then at fifty, then at sixty. Rising in dismay, he swore at the gun, at the mustangs—everything.

"Every time I pulled that trigger," he said to his scowling partner, "something knocked my arm and gi' me a queer feeling."

"Same with me," Jess ejaculated. "I've heard of men that couldn't be shot, but damn 'f I knew there was such horses."

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"I saw a yearling gray mustang today that I'd give my eyeteeth for."

Dave Keene, assistant foreman of the BL beef outfit, was unsaddling at the home ranch in Smoky Valley. "He's got blood—this gray one has," Dave went on. "He'll make somebody a wonderful saddle animal—white face, long back, long legs and long neck too. Say, now, his neck had the funniest marking I ever saw. I watched him a while from behind a ridge, and through my glasses I could make out what seemed to be a long scar on his neck. The scar had a head exactly like an arrow, like a flint triangle on a Shoshoni arrow. The gray beauty was with a crippled horse, a bay that dragged his left hind leg. Say, the pair of them were wild! I whistled and the bay got over five hundred yards of ground without touching that bogus hoof once; and as for the gray, he just flew!"

"I know the pair," the foreman answered as he laid down a stirrup leather he had been mending with a buckskin thong. "They are two that got away from the half-breeds who were gathering hides for old Jillson last year. They told me about the bay they lamed, and the gray colt that waltzed off after they had pumped a pocketful of lead into the space he seemed to occupy. They put that scar on his neck though. I had a chance to study him at easy range one day and I was sure no horse that didn't lead a charmed life could have survived such a wound. He must have suffered damnation for a good many months while that wound was making up its mind whether to kill him or heal up."

"Why didn't you take down your rope and chase him?" asked Dave Keene.

The foreman smiled and confessed.

"I did—until he ran away from me as if I was on foot. Why didn't you?"

"Same story," laughed Keene. "Boss, I'm crazy about that gray. I never saw an animal I wanted so much to get between my legs. Now if I took my rope and two days' time and that Jake horse of yours, why, mebbe ——"

"If you get back here day after tomorrow night with that Scar Neck I won't ask you what you've done to Jake."

Dave Keene as a saddle master had no superior in the foothill country. The horse, Jake—big, angular and rawboned—had taken a purse away from real racing stock on the Reno track. All day they moved cautiously in the corners of Smoky Valley without sighting the quarry; but after a night on the ground Dave got up to discover Scar Neck and the bay on a flat three miles away. The vaquero spent eight hours in working along over hills and through coulées to the windward of his prize. He was not two hundred yards away when, hidden by boulders, he cinched his saddle for business, took down his riata and made his loop, carefully doubling the lower half back so it would not catch when he shot through the brush. He crawled up a boulder and gave his eyes a treat. White-faced Scar Neck was prancing about the crippled bay in unsuspecting exuberance. His coat was very dark gray now, almost black, yet his tail was as white as his face. In barrel and limb he pictured saddle perfection. He showed the strain of an ancestor that must have been the product of careful breeding in captivity—captivity in the desert, not of America but of Arabia. The only blemish on the fine animal was the long, light blue arrow on his neck.

The horse, Jake, came out of the rocks, with the vaquero's spurs calling for everything he had. The white-faced yearling was startled to stiffness by the apparition flying down upon him. The seconds he lost would have been fatal to any horse that could not swing round and begin his race at top speed. He went down the hillside rabbitwise, leaping over bushes rather than to vary a foot from the direct line to go round. The crippled bay had all he could do to get out of the way. When Keene came off the hill only thirty yards behind Scar Neck he knew, without stopping to consider the fact, that so far every yard of the going had been at the risk of a bad fall. In the next two hundred yards Keene cut the distance between them to twenty yards. When he had brought the riata three times across Jake's flank without increasing his speed he knew his moment had come. Spurring and shouting, he leaned over his horse's ears and put every ounce of strength into the long throw.

The rawhide landed almost true. The loop fell on the colt's head, but the nose was carried so high that it rode there and did not drop down round the neck. Keene used every trick he knew to gain a yard, so that he could send the quiver along the rope that would make it fall over the nose and inclose the mustang's head. Scar Neck maintained the pace of the last half-mile. Before him was an

immense sagebush. He rose and cleared it. He had put a tension on the rope that swept the loop from his nose.

"You lucky scoundrel!"

It was the tribute of the defeated man behind. Dave Keene reined in his horse, swung down and loosened the cinch, and rearranged the blankets for the long canter homeward. "Don't take it hard, Jake," he said in consoling his mount and himself; "no other horse in Smoky Valley could come so near doing the trick as you did."

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A Nevada wild mustang that attains the dignity of a name becomes an object of frequent pursuit. The mustang that persistently beats out his pursuers becomes a challenge to more valleys than his own. By the time Scar Neck was three years old vaqueros three counties away applied for leave as soon as the spring roundup was over, so they could quietly but hopefully invade the range of the white-faced gray with the strange arrow beside his throat. The despised Indian rises again to the glory of his fathers when he can best the white usurper at some game like this; and Indians without number followed the gray stallion. They set snares and Scar Neck kicked them to pieces.

Matt and Jess, the Shoshoni halfbreeds, boasting their claim to the horse by reason of the hateful mark they had affixed to his neck, often took a hand. They fenced a waterhole so cunningly that the gray actually penned himself inside. Thereupon he rose in the air and cleared the fence, though the three horses with him were unable to follow. The breeds had left a coat at a weak point in the fence, hoping the man smell might keep the captives from breaking out there. The coat was in shreds next morning. It was supposed Scar Neck had tangled his hoofs in it in going over. The theory did not fit well. Hoofprints in mud suggested that Scar Neck had leaped out at the opposite side of the pen, and other prints suggested that before he fled he had come round the outside for no other purpose than to attack the coat—to use his teeth on it, with a fury that few animals ever show except when wounded.

Scar Neck passed his fifth birthday surrounded by a seraglio of eleven admiring mares. His thousand pounds included muscle and nerves and the things a perfect horse should have, with no visible ounces of useless fat. He had the body and legs a horse may develop if he plays in the haunts of the mountain goat and flits over peaks on his way from water to grass. His arrow was no longer his only scar; he bore marks of the triumphant conflicts with other stallions that had yielded him his mares. The mares were no ordinary band. Two were thoroughbred animals that once had enabled old Jillson to boast the fastest roadsters in the county. Scar Neck had enticed them away and now they were nearly as wary and cunning as their lord. Three other mares were bluebloods, brought as colts from the Stanford breeding farm in California. Scar Neck had broken a corral to get them.

"Drat that gray thief!" the late owner of the Californians exclaimed at the roundup. "You professional mustangers are a fine lot not to get your rope on him. Are you trying to force me to save your reputations by laying for him with a gun? Do you boys realize that old Scar Neck is now galloping round with two thousand dollars' worth of mares at his heels, and that any man who can take him can have the whole bunch?"

Two thousand dollars' worth of mares—led by a stallion worth half as much more! That spreading story lured scores of good men who ignorantly supposed sheer perseverance will land anything, including a white-faced gray mustang stallion that advertised his identity by the arrow he wore on his neck. Some of the catchers who came from outside the state returned home to say Scar Neck's mares were worth ten thousand, and that there were men in Nevada who would pay an equal sum for the leader of the band. A party of Texans, going back after a long trip with cattle, lingered to try their roping skill and their splendid mounts against the outlaw. Their roping skill might have sufficed—their mounts could never get them close enough to swing the riata. They carried off nothing but the memory of a white tail shaken often in their faces, and stories of a horse that was more nimble than a goat and more quick-witted than a professor of mathematics.

Illipah Declared Wild-Horse Catching to be a Piute Game

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Illipah, of Ione Valley, a full-blooded Piute, was renowned as a catcher of mustangs. He and his team of five other Piutes worked together in a way that usually created disaster for any bunch of wild ones they decided had ranged long enough without an owner. They had caught hundreds, among them many outlaws that had beaten professional catchers. Illipah declared wild-horse catching to be a Piute game; no other Indians or whites might hope to equal his people. When Illipah and his five silent men came to Jillson's ranch Smoky Valley took a holiday and enjoyed a celebration before the big hunt began.

Illipah turned his attention, not to Scar Neck's latest tracks but to the geography of his range. He studied every waterhole in fifty square and desolate miles. The Piutes seemed to disappear, but Scar Neck himself found they had not vanished. They came at him most unaccountably, first at this drinking place, and then at that. Some of his band were taken, but never was Indian close enough to cast a rope at the marvelously running leader. They took his waterholes away from him; they made him afraid to approach any one of the familiar stone tanks or mudholes, though he circled all night while his mares gave expression to their sufferings in piteous nickering. When it seemed that Scar Neck must surrender or quit the country, the rain came and filled every little hollow and offered the outlawed band drink in any of a hundred unguarded places.

"Now," Illipah said, "we will go after him. We will run down Scar Neck or we will pile the bones of all our saddle-horses along his trail."

The Piutes ran Scar Neck's band in relays, ran the band steadily for a week, and the mares began to change from their sleek form, and some of them to disappear when a niche in the hills afforded opportunity to drop out of the torture. The leader was finer drawn, and the Piutes passed the word that after an all-day run his arrow stood out of the lather like vermilion—that is, they said it became the color of the buttes when the sun set. They took that as an encouraging sign.

One night the Piute camp had two visitors. They were halfbreed Shoshonis. Matt and Jess were jealous of the fame of the strangers; also they were nerved with liquor. They spoke as Indian may speak to Indian, with much sign and few words, and conveyed the news that an evil spirit rode in Scar Neck's heart. They had fired their bullets into him as a tiny colt, and the bullets had done nothing but bring into view the defensive arrow of the fiend inside. The evil spirit was angry at the long pursuit of the horse. The good Shoshoni arrow had flown to them in the night to bring the message: "No Indian will have luck who tries to catch or kill Scar Neck after today."

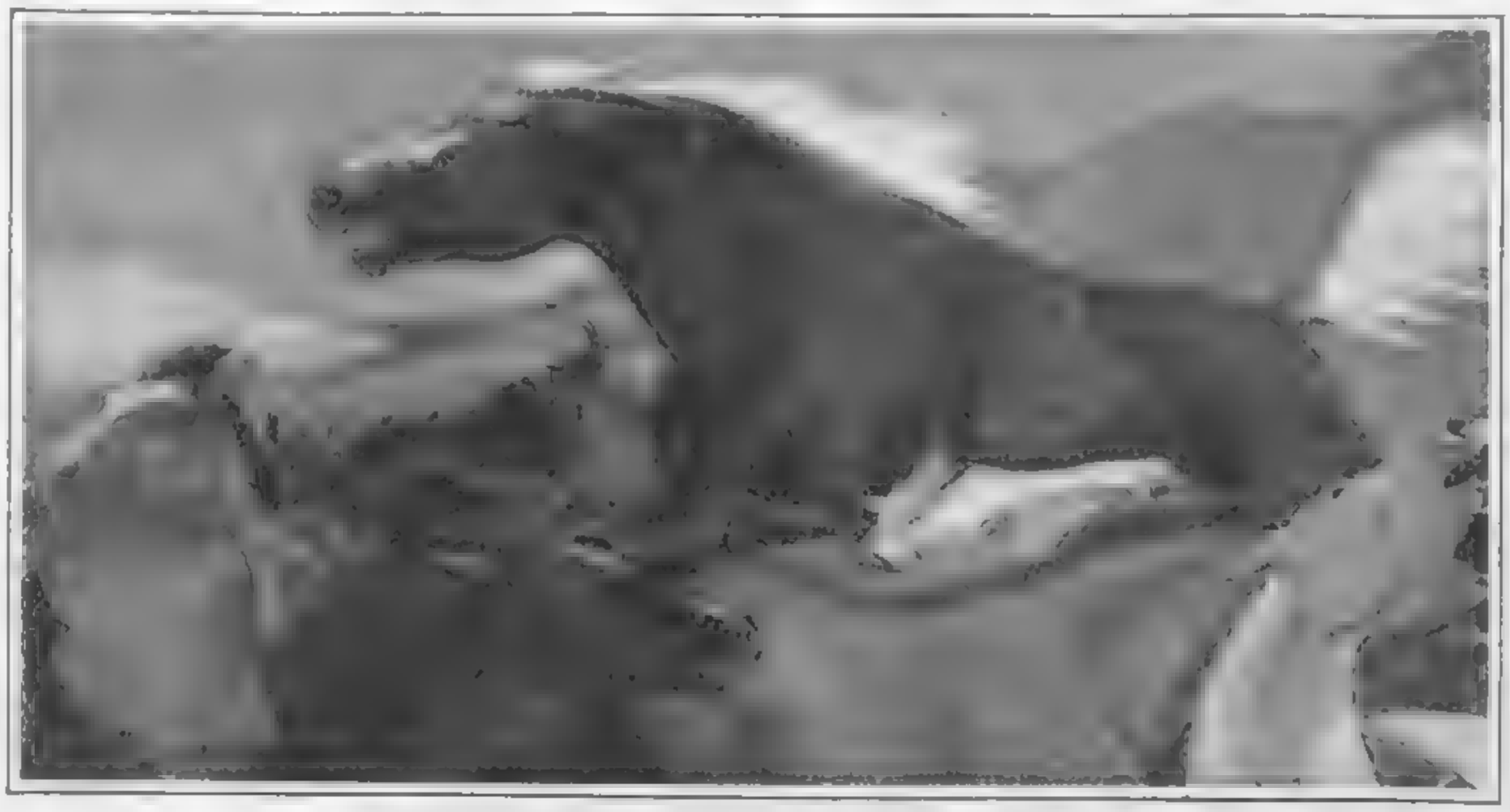
Illipah drove the breeds away. He rallied his men, but it was not easy to rally them. Next day they took heart when they saw that the message-bearing arrow was back upon the stallion's neck. It was planned to run Scar Neck forty miles. Illipah knew the trails and the runs now. He was able to place the relays so that a fresh man and horse took up the unbroken chase at the end of each ten miles. It was desperate going for the stallion. He crossed and recrossed his valley; he crossed and recrossed his ranges; and always, when he was about to leave the worn-out pursuer behind, a new pursuer leaped out of a cleft and gained on him.

Wrinkled old Illipah watched from a mountaintop. His man handed him often the glass, and each time the crouching commander looked he felt the warm pulsing of hope. Far down below and again at his own level on some neighboring top he could see the outlaw making a race that was not the race of a week ago.

Ci-pa, whose rope never failed, was to make the last run of the day. Since morning Ci-pa and his horse had lain in wait in a coulée and at mid-afternoon the race was drawing near them. Illipah lighted a little fire of dried sage, then heaped green chamisal upon it; and Ci-pa saw the white column of smoke from ten miles away and read the message that his chief expected him to take the stud.

Ci-pa's race led him out of sight of Illipah's mountaintop. The veteran waited until the sun sank, in order to see Ci-pa riding in with his prize; men were ready to go to proud Ci-pa with assistance if he showed that he would not scorn it. Darkness brought the old Indian's glass down from his eye. He mounted and started downward

(Continued on Page 30)



He Drove Through Tons of Living Meat and Burst Into the Open

THE FLIRT By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IV

LAURA looked piquantly unfamiliar to her brother as she wrote in her book: her eyes were moist and bright; her cheeks were flushed; and as she bent low, intently close to the book, a loosened wavy strand of her dark hair almost touched the page. Hedrick had never before seen her wearing an expression so becoming as the eager and tremulous warmth of this; though sometimes at the piano she would play in a reverie which wrought such glamour about her that even a brother was obliged to consider her rather handsome. She looked more than handsome now; so strangely lovely, in fact, that his eyes watered painfully with the protracted struggle to read a little of the writing in her book before she discovered him.

He gave it up at last and lounged forward blinking, with the air of finding it sweet to do nothing.

"Whatch' writin'?" he asked in simple carelessness.

At the first sound of his movement she closed the book in a flash; then with a startled, protective gesture extended her arms over it, covering it.

"What is it, Hedrick?" she asked breathlessly.

"What's the padlock for?"

"Nothing," she panted. "What is it you want?"

"You writin' poetry?"

Laura's eyes looked dangerous.

"Oh, I don't care about your old book," said Hedrick with an amused nonchalance Talleyrand might have admired. "There's callers, and you have to come down."

"Who sent you?"

"A man I've often noticed round the house," he replied blightingly. "You may have seen him—I think his name's Madison. His wife and he sent for you."

One of Laura's hands instinctively began to arrange her hair, but the other remained upon the book.

"Who is it calling?"

"Richard Lindley and that Wade Trumble."

Laura rose, standing between her brother and the table.

"Tell mother I will come down."

Hedrick moved a little nearer; whereupon, observing his eye, she put her right hand behind her upon the book. She was not deceived, and boys are not only superb strategic actors sometimes, but calamitously quick. Appearing to be unaware of her careful defense he leaned against the wall and crossed his feet in an original and interesting manner.

"Of course you understand," he said cozily. "Cora wants to keep this Corliss in a corner of the porch where she can coo at him; so you and mother'll have to raise a ballyhoo for Dick Lindley and that Wade Trumble. It'd been funny if Dick hadn't noticed anybody was there and kissed her! What on earth does he want to stay engaged to her for anyway?"

Laura replied rather sharply:

"You don't know that she is engaged to Mr. Lindley, Hedrick."

"Get out!" he hooted. "What's the use talking like that to me? A blind mackerel could see she's let poor old Lindley think he's High Man with her these last few months; but he'll have to hit the pike now, I reckon, 'cause this Corliss is altogether too pe-rin-sley for Dick's class. *Lee roy est mort! Vive lee roy!*"

"Hedrick, won't you please run along? I want to change my dress."

"What for? There was company for dinner and you didn't change then!"

Laura's flushed cheeks flushed deeper, and in her confusion she answered too quickly.

"I have only one evening gown. I—of course I can't wear it every night."

"Well, then," he returned triumphantly, "what do you want to put it on now for?"

"Please run along, Hedrick!" she pleaded.

"You didn't for this Corliss," he persisted sharply. "You know Dick Lindley couldn't see anybody but Cora to save his life, and I don't suppose there's a girl on earth fool enough to dress up for that Wade Trum——"

"You Darling!" She Cried

"Hedrick!" Laura's voice rang with a warning which he remembered to have heard upon a few previous occasions when she had easily proved herself physically stronger than he. "Go and tell mother I'm coming!" she said.

He began to whistle Beulah Land as he went, but with the swift closing of the door behind him abandoned that pathetically optimistic hymn prematurely after the third bar.

Twenty minutes later, when Laura came out and went downstairs, a fine straight figure in her black evening gown, the Sieur de Marsac—that hard-bitten Huguenot, whose middle-aged shabbiness was but the outward and deceptive seeming of the longest head and the best sword in France—emerged cautiously from the passageway and stood listening until her footsteps were heard descending the front stairs. Nevertheless, the most painstaking search of her room, a search as systematic as it was feverish, failed to reveal where she had hidden the book.

He returned wearily to the porch.

A prophet has always been supposed to take some pleasure—perhaps morbid—in seeing his predictions fulfilled; and it may have been a consolation to the gloomy heart of Hedrick, sorely injured by Laura's offensive care of her treasure, to find the grouping upon the porch as he had foretold—Cora and Mr. Corliss sitting a little aloof from the others, far enough to permit their holding an indistinct and murmurous conversation of their own. Their sequestration, even by so short a distance, gave them an appearance of intimacy which probably accounted for the rather absent greeting bestowed by Mr. Lindley upon the son of the house, who met him with some favor.

This Richard Lindley was a thin, friendly-looking young man, with a pleasing, old-fashioned face which suggested that if he were minded to be portrayed it should be by the daguerreotype, and that a high black stock would have been more suitable to him than his businesslike modern neckgear. He had fine eyes which seemed habitually concerned with far-away things, though when he looked at Cora they sparkled; however it cannot be said that the sparkling continued at its brightest when his glance wandered—as it not infrequently did this evening—from her lovely head to the rose in Mr. Corliss' white coat.

Hedrick, resuming a position upon the top step between the two groups, found the conversation of the larger annoying because it prevented him from hearing that of the smaller. It was carried on for the great part by his mother and Mr. Trumble; Laura sat silent between these two, and Lindley's mood was obviously contemplative. Mr. Wade Trumble, twenty-six, small, earnest, and already beginning to lose his hair, was talkative enough. He was one of those people who are so continuously aggressive that they are negligible. "What's the matter here? Nobody pays any attention to me. I'm important." He might have had that legend engraved on his card—it spoke from everything else that was his—face, voice, gesture; even from his clothes, for they also clamored for attention without receiving it. Worn by another man their extravagance of shape and shade might have advertised a self-sacrificing effort for the picturesque; but upon Mr. Trumble they paradoxically confirmed an impression that he was well off and close. Certainly this was the impression confirmed in the mind of the shrewdest and most experienced observer on that veranda. The accomplished Valentine Corliss was quite able to share Cora's detachment satisfactorily and be very actively aware of other things at the same time. For instance Richard Lindley's preoccupation had neither escaped him nor remained unconnected in his mind with that gentleman's somewhat attentive notice of the present position of a certain rose.

Mr. Trumble took up Mrs. Madison's placid weather talk as if it had been a flaunting challenge; he made it a matter of conscience and for argument; for he was a doughty champion when nothings were in question—one of those stern men who will have accuracy in the banal, insisting upon portent in talk meant to be slid over as mere courteous sound.

"I don't know about that now," he said with severe emphasis. "I don't know about that at all. I can't say I agree with you; in fact I do not agree with you. It was hotter in the early part of July, year before last, than it has been at any time this summer. Several degrees hotter. Several degrees!"

"I fear I must beg to differ with you," he said, catching the poor lady again a moment later. "I beg to differ decidedly. Other places get a great deal more heat. Look at Egypt."

"Permit me to disagree," he interrupted her at once when she pathetically squirmed to another subject. "There's more than one side to this matter. You are looking at this matter from a totally wrong angle. Let me inform you that statistics ——"

Mrs. Madison's gentle voice was no more than just audible in the short intervals he permitted; a blind listener would have thought Mr. Trumble at the telephone. Hedrick was thankful when his mother finally gave up altogether the display of her ignorance, inaccuracy and general misinformation, and Trumble talked alone. That must have been the young man's object—certainly he had struggled for it; and so it must have pleased him. He talked on and on and on; he passed from one topic to another with no pause; swinging over the gaps with a "Now you take," or, "And that reminds me"; filling many a vacancy with "So-and-so and so-and-so" and other stencils while casting about for material to continue. Everything was italicized, the significant and the trivial, to the same monotone of emphasis. Death and shoe-laces were all the same to him. Anything was all the same to him so long as he talked.

Hedrick's irritation was gradually dispelled; and becoming used to the sound he found it lulling, relaxed his attitude and drowsed; Mr. Lindley was obviously lost in a reverie; Mrs. Madison, her hand shading her eyes, went over her market-list for the morrow and otherwise set her house in order; Laura alone sat straight in her

chair, and her face was toward the vocalist; but as she was in deep shadow her expression could not be guessed. However, one person in that group must have listened with genuine pleasure—else why did he talk?

It was the returned native whose departure at last rang the curtain on the monologue. The end of the long, sheltered seclusion of Cora and her companion was a whispered word. He spoke it first:

"Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

Cora gave a keen, quick, indrawn sigh—not of sorrow—and sank back in her chair as he touched her hand in farewell and rose to go.

She remained where she was, motionless and silent in the dark, while Corliss crossed to Mrs. Madison and prefaced a leavetaking, unusually formal for these precincts, with his mannered bow. He shook hands with Richard Lindley, asking genially:

"Do you still live where you did—just below here?"

"Yes."

"When I passed by there this afternoon," said Corliss, "it recalled a stupendous conflict we had once upon a time; but I couldn't remember the cause."

"I remember the cause," said Mr. Lindley but, stopping rather short, omitted to state it.

"At all events it was settled."

"Yes," said the other quietly. "You whipped me."

"Did I so?" Corliss laughed gaily. "We mustn't let it happen again!"

Mr. Trumble joined the parting guest, making simultaneous adieus with unmistakable elation. Mr. Trumble's dreadful entertainment had made it a happy evening for Mr. Trumble.

As they went down the steps together, his head just above the level of his companion's shoulder, he lifted to Corliss a searching gaze like an actor's hopeful scrutiny of a new acquaintance; and before they reached the street his bark rang eagerly on the stilly night: "Now *there* is a point on which I beg to differ with you——"

Mrs. Madison gave Lindley her hand. "I think I'll go in. Good night, Richard! Come, Hedrick!"

Hedrick rose, groaning, and batted his eyes painfully as he faced the hall light. "What'd you and this man Corliss fight about?" he asked sleepily.

"Nothing," said Lindley.

"You said you remembered."

"Oh, I remember a lot of useless things."

"Well, what was it? I want to know what you fought about."

"Come, Hedrick!" repeated his mother, setting a gently urgent hand on his shoulder.

"I won't!" said the boy impatiently, shaking her off and growing suddenly very wideawake and determined. "I won't move a step till he tells me what they fought about. Not a step!"

"Well—it was about a show. We were only boys, you know—younger than you perhaps."

"A circus?"

"A boy circus he and my brother got up in our yard. I wasn't in it."

"Well, what did you fight about?"

"I thought Val Corliss wasn't quite fair to my brother. That's all."

"No, it isn't! How wasn't he fair?"

"They sold tickets to the other boys, and I thought my brother didn't get his share."

"This Corliss kept it all?"

"Oh, something like that," said Lindley, laughing. "Probably I was in the wrong."

"And he licked you?"

"All over the place!"

"I wish I'd seen it," said Hedrick, not unsympathetically but as a sportsman. And he consented to be led away.

Laura had been standing at the top of the steps, looking down the street where Corliss and his brisk companion had emerged momentarily from deep shadows under the trees into the illumination of a swinging arc-lamp at the corner. They disappeared; and she turned and, smiling, gave the delaying guest her hand in good night.

His expression, which was somewhat troubled, changed to one of surprise as her face came into the light, for it was transfigured.

Deeply flushed, her eyes luminous, she wore that shining look Hedrick had seen as she wrote in her secret book.

"Why, Laura!" said Lindley in open wonderment.

She said good night again and went in slowly. As she reached the foot of the stairs she heard him moving a chair upon the porch and Cora speaking sharply:

"Please don't sit close to me!" There was a sudden shrillness in the voice of honey, and the six words were run so rapidly together they seemed to form but one. After a moment Cora added with a deprecatory ripple of laughter not quite free from the same shrillness:

"You see, Richard it's so it's so hot tonight!"

V

HALF an hour later, when Lindley had gone, Cora closed the front doors in a manner which drew an immediate cry of agony from the room where her father was trying to sleep. She stood on tiptoe to turn out the gaslight in the hall; but for a time the key resisted the insufficient pressure of her fingertips—the little orange flame, with its black-green crescent over the armature, so maliciously like the "eye" of a peacock feather, limned the exquisite planes of the upturned face, modeled them with soft and regular shadows, painted a sullen loveliness. The key turned a little, but not enough; and she whispered to herself a monosyllable not usually attributed to the vocabulary of a damsel of rank. Next moment her expression flashed in a brilliant change, like that of a pouting child suddenly remembering that tomorrow is Christmas. The key surrendered instantly, and she ran gaily up the familiar stairs in the darkness.

The transom of Laura's door shone brightly; but the knob, turning uselessly in Cora's hand, proved the door itself not so hospitable. There was a brief rustling within the room; the bolt snapped, and Laura opened the door.

"Why, Laura," said Cora, observing her sister with transient curiosity, "you haven't undressed! What have you been doing? Something's the matter with you. I know what it is," she added, laughing, as she seated herself on the edge of the old black-walnut bed. "You're in love with Wade Trumble!"

"He's a strong man," observed Laura. "A remarkable throat!"

"Horrible little person!" said Cora, forgetting what she owed the unfortunate Mr. Trumble for the vocal wall which had so effectively sheltered her earlier in the evening. "He's like one of those booming June bugs, batting against the walls, falling into lamp-chimneys ——"

"He doesn't get very near the light he wants," said Laura.

"Me? Yes, he would like to—the rat! But he's consoled when he can get any one to listen to his awful chatter. He makes up to himself among women for the way he gets sat on at the club. But he has his use—he shows off the other men so by contrast. Oh, Laura!" She lifted both hands to her cheeks, which were beautiful with a quick suffusion of high color. "Isn't he gorgeous!"

"Yes," said Laura gently. "I've always thought so."

"Now what's the use of that," asked Cora peevishly—"with *me?* I didn't mean Richard Lindley. You *know* what I mean."

"Yes—of course I do," Laura said.

Cora gave her a long look in which a childlike pleading mingled with a faint, strange trouble; then this glance wandered moodily from the face of her sister to her own slippers, which she elevated to meet her descending line of vision.

"And you know I can't help it," she said, shifting quickly to the rôle of accuser. "So what's the use of behaving like the Pest?" She let her feet drop to the floor again, and her voice trembled a little as she went on. "Laura, you don't know what I had to endure from him tonight! I really don't think I can stand it to live in the same house any longer with that frightful little devil! He's been throwing Ray Vilas' name at me until—oh, it was ghastly tonight! And then—then ——" Her tremulousness increased. "I haven't said anything about it all day, but I *met* him on the street downtown this morning ——"

"You met Vilas?" Laura looked startled. "Did he speak to you?"

"Speak to me!" Cora's exclamation shook with a half-laugh of hysteria. "He made an awful *scene!* He came out of the Richfield Hotel barroom on Main Street just as I was going into the jeweler's, next door, and he stopped and bowed like a monkey square in front of me; and—and he took off his hat and set it on the pavement at my feet and told me to kick it into the gutter. Everybody stopped and stared, and I couldn't get by him. And he said—he said I'd kicked his heart into the gutter and he didn't want it to catch cold without a hat! And wouldn't I please be so kind as to kick ——" She choked with angry mortification. "It was horrible! People were stopping and laughing; and a rowdy began to make fun of Ray and pushed him, and they got into a scuffle, and I ran into the jeweler's and almost fainted!"

"He is insane!" said Laura, aghast.

"He's nothing of the kind; he's just a brute! He does it to make people say I'm the cause of his drinking; and everybody in this gossipy old town *does* say it—just because I got bored to death with his everlasting do-you-love-me-today-as-well-as-yesterday style of torment, and couldn't help liking Richard better. Yes, every old cat in town says I ruined him; and that's what he wants them to say. It's so unmanly! I wish he'd die! Yes, I *do* wish he would! Why doesn't he kill himself?"

"Ah, don't say that!" protested Laura.

"Why not? He's threatened to enough. And I'm afraid to go out of the house because I can't tell when I'll meet him or what he'll do. I was almost sick in that jeweler's shop this morning, and so upset I came away without getting my pendant. There's *another* thing I've got to go through, I suppose!" She pounded the yielding pillow desperately. "Oh-oh-oh! Life isn't worth living—it seems to me sometimes as if everybody in the world spent his time trying to think up ways to make it harder for me! I couldn't have worn the pendant though, even if I'd got it," she went on, becoming thoughtful. "It's Richard's silly old engagement ring, you know," she explained lightly; "I had it made up into a pendant, and Heaven knows how I'm going to get Richard to see it the right way. He was so unreasonable tonight!"

"Was he cross about Mr. Corliss' monopolizing you?"

"Oh, you know how he is," said Cora. "He didn't speak of it exactly but after you'd gone he asked me ——" She stopped with a little gulp, an expression of keen distaste about her mouth.

"Oh, he wants me to wear my ring," she continued with sudden rapidity—"and

"I Suppose This is Very Clandestine," She Said. "I Don't Think I Care Though"

how the dickens *can* I when I can't even tell him it's been made into a pendant! He wants to speak to father; he wants to *announce* it. He's sold out his business for what he thinks is a good deal of money, and he wants me to marry *him* next month and take some miserable little trip—I don't know where—for a few weeks before he invests what he's made in another business. Oh!" she cried. "It's a *horrible* thing to ask a girl to do; to settle down—just housekeeping, housekeeping, housekeeping forever in this stupid, stupid town! It's so unfair! Men are just possessive; they think it's *loving* you to want to possess you for themselves. A beautiful 'love'! It's so mean! Men!" She sprang up and threw out both arms in a vehement gesture of revolt. "Damn 'em! I wish they'd let me *alone!*"

Laura's eyes had lost their quiet; they showed a glint of tears and she was breathing quickly. In this crisis of emotion the two girls went to each other silently; Cora turned and Laura began to unfasten Cora's dress.

"Poor Richard!" said Laura presently, putting into her mouth a tiny pearl button which had detached itself at her touch. "This was his first evening in the overflow. No wonder he was troubled!"

"Pooh!" said Cora. "As if you and mama weren't good enough for him to talk to! He's spoiled. He's so used to being called 'the most popular man in town' and knowing that every girl on Corliss Street wanted to marry him ——" She broke off and exclaimed sharply: "I wish they would!"

"Cora!"

"Oh, I suppose you mean that's the reason *I* went in for him?"

"No, no!" explained Laura hurriedly.

"Well, it was!" And Cora's abrupt laugh had the glad, free ring fancy attaches to the merry confidences of a buccaneer in trusted company.

Laura knelt to continue unfastening the dress; and when it was finished she extended three of the tiny buttons in her hand.

"They're always loose on a new dress," she said. "I'll sew them all on tight tomorrow."

Cora smiled lovingly.

"You good old thing!" she said. "You looked pretty tonight."

"That's nice!" Laura laughed as she dropped the buttons into a little drawer of her bureau. It was an ugly, cheap old bureau, its veneering loosened and peeling, the mirror small and flawed; a piece of furniture in keeping with the room, which was small, plain and hot, its only ornamental adjunct being a silver-framed photograph of Mrs. Madison with Cora, as a child of seven or eight, upon her lap.

"You really do look ever so pretty," asserted Cora.

"I wonder if I look as well as I did the last time I heard I was pretty," said the other. "That was at the Assembly in March. Coming down the stairs I heard a man from out of town say: 'That black-haired Miss Madison is a pretty girl!' And some one with him said: 'Yes, you'll think so until you meet her sister!'"

"You are an old dear!" Cora infolded her delightedly; then, drawing back, exclaimed: "You *know* he's gorgeous!" And with a feverish little ripple of laughter she caught her dress together in the back and sped through the hall to her own room.

This was a very different affair from Laura's, much cooler and larger, occupying half the width of the house; and a rather expensive struggle had made it pretty and even luxurious. The window curtains and the wall paper were fresh and of a quiet blue; there was a large divan of the same color; a light desk, prettily equipped, occupied a corner; and between two gilt gas-brackets, whose patent burners were shielded by fringed blue-silk shades, stood a cheval-glass six feet high. The door of a very large clothes pantry stood open, showing a fine company of dresses, suspended from forms in an orderly manner; near by a rosewood cabinet exhibited a delicate collection of shoes and slippers upon its four shelves. A dressing-table, charmingly littered with everything, took the place of a bureau; and upon it, in a massive silver frame, was a large photograph of Mr. Richard Lindley. The frame was handsome, but somewhat battered; it had seen service. However the photograph was quite new.

There were photographs everywhere—photographs framed and unframed; photographs large and photographs small, the fresh and the faded; tintypes, snapshots, "full lengths," "cabinets," groups—every kind of photograph; and among them were several of Cora herself, one of her mother, one of Laura, and two others of girls. All the rest were sterner. Two or three were seamed across with cracks, hastily recalled sentences to destruction—and here and there remained tokens of a draftsman's over-generous struggle to confer upon some of the smooth-shaved faces additional manliness in the shape of sweeping mustaches, long beards, goatees, mutton-chops and, in the case of one gentleman of a delicate and tenorlike beauty, neck-whiskers decorations in many instances so deeply and damply penciled that subsequent attempts at erasure had failed of great success. Certainly Hedrick had his own way of relieving dull times.

Cora turned up the lights at the sides of the cheval-glass, looked at herself earnestly, then absently, and began to loosen her hair. Her lifted hands hesitated; she rearranged the slight displacement of her hair already effected; set two chairs before the mirror, seated herself in one; pulled up her dress where it was slipping from her shoulder; rested an arm upon the back of the other chair as, earlier in the evening, she had rested it upon the iron railing of the

(Continued on Page 38)

NO IDLE DREAM

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

Especially for Old Man Bronstein

"IT AIN'T no use talking, Saphir, Leon Schupp wouldn't consider it at all," said Wolf Bronstein as he sat in a secluded corner of the Café Constantinople and reflectively stirred his after-dinner coffee. "If Leon says to me once he says to me a dozen times already he would never get married again."

Here Saphir, the *Shadchen*, murmured a few words confidentially in Wolf's ear, but Wolf only shook his head the more vigorously.

"You could work them things too often, Saphir," he said.

"But that time we fixed it up for Powderman he didn't suspect nothing—ain't it?" Ellis Saphir retorted. "He didn't even know I was mixed up in it at all."

"Sure, I know, Saphir," Wolf Bronstein replied; "but even if the feller would be my own son-in-law, Saphir, he ain't no fool neither. Besides, Saphir, that's *schon* two weeks ago only I had that dream about Powderman, and Birdie is sore at me yet."

"What d'ye mean Birdie is sore at you!" Saphir exclaimed. "A fine thing a grandchild should be sore at her own grandfather! Did you ever hear the like!"

Wolf Bronstein nodded sadly.

"With a regular grandchild, yes, Saphir," he said; "*aber* the way that little girl acts to me since you got me to got Leon he should take her away from that music teacher she got it, and send her to Powderman's Conservatory of Music, is a shame, honest! Actually the last time I was over to Leon's house so soon she opens the door she turns round and hollers to her father. 'Pepper,' she hollers, 'Old Man Bronstein is here.'"

He shook his head and comforted himself with a huge gulp of coffee.

"Old Man Bronstein!" he repeated after cleansing his dripping mustache with his lower lip. "Ain't that a fine way a grandchild should talk to her grandfather!"

"Well, that only goes to show," Saphir declared, and Bronstein nodded again.

"My daughter, Beckie, her mother—*olav hasholem*—was just that way too," he went on. "After my poor wife dies you never heard the like the way Beckie carries on. Honestly, Saphir, you would think I murdered my poor wife from the way Beckie acts. She says I killed my wife from neglect which night after night I am never home or nothing, Saphir, when really and truly I prolonged her life that way, on account every night I was home, understand me, my poor wife—*olav hasholem*—raises such a devil with me that if I wouldn't stick away so much she would have worn herself out *schon* years ago already."

"Aber What Good Would It Do I am Firing Miss Pierkowski?"

A tear rolled down his purple cheek.

"Always I have been misunderstood, Saphir," he said. "Up to the day my daughter dies already you couldn't convince her that I acted right by my wife, understand me, and now her Birdie goes to work and turns against me too."

He wiped his eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief.

"You would think I meant the girl harm when I got that there dream that Leon should take her away from that ignoramus, that Miss Pierkowski she is studying with, understand me, and send her to Powderman."

"Well, you couldn't blame the girl she should be more stuck on having a good-looking young lady like Miss Pierkowski learn her piano," Saphir suggested, "in especially when she must got to take from an oldtimer like Powderman, which he has got a face like an ox already."

"From the face, Saphir, Powderman don't learn his pupils piano spieling. It's the hands what counts, Saphir," Bronstein protested; "and, anyhow, ain't it better, instead she should be learning from Miss Pierkowski at a dollar an hour twicet a week, Saphir, that she should be taking from Powderman at three dollars an hour three times a week? And, furthermore, why should the girl be sore at me, Saphir? What was there in it for me?"

"What d'ye mean what was there in it for you?" Ellis Saphir cried indignantly. "Powderman pays me eighty dollars and I give you the half—didn't I?"

"Sure, I know," Bronstein wailed; "*aber* what is forty dollars?"

"Forty dollars is forty dollars," Saphir replied sternly; "and, furthermore, if you would listen to me, Bronstein, you would make five hundred like turning over your hand already, Bronstein, because all you got to do, understand me, is to got another one of them dreams where your daughter Beckie comes to you and says, 'Popper,' she says, 'you should tell Leon he should marry again, and he should marry Miss Babette Janowitz, which she is got a brother, Harris Jennings, of the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company, stands willing to give her at the very least five thousand dollars.'"

Bronstein turned to Saphir with a disgusted frown.

"That's a helluva way to tell a dream," he declared.

"What is the difference how you tell it?" Saphir retorted. "To a business man like Schupp, Bronstein, the five thousand dollars talks for itself. Furthermore, Bronstein, you are the one which gets the dreams, not me, y'understand; so you should fix it up to suit yourself, because if I could make up a *Shidduch* for Miss Janowitz with Leon Schupp of the Schuppfit Waist Company, understand me, Harris Jennings wouldn't think no more of paying me a bonus of one thousand dollars, y'understand, as I would spend a penny for an evening paper—ain't it?"

"Sure, I know," Bronstein agreed; "*aber* I don't think Leon would stand for another one of them dreams, Saphir,

because, you see, Saphir, that dream which I got it when Beckie comes to me and says Birdie should be sent on Powderman's conservatory, wasn't the first one."

"Do you mean you are getting them dreams often?" Saphir inquired.

"Pretty often," Bronstein replied. "I got one of 'em last year when Leon stakes me two hundred and fifty dollars I should go in the cigar peddling to box trade, understand me, and since then when I am up against it for money I got also a couple more of them Beckie dreams."

Miss Janowitz Seemed by Nature to Have Been Intended for a Judge

He shook his head solemnly.

"So, you see, Saphir," Bronstein continued, "it looks *schlecht* I should go to Leon and tell him I got now a dream where Beckie comes to me and says right out, understand me, the name of the *Kahlo* and that she's got five thousand dollars and her brother is Harris Jennings, from the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company. People which comes to you in dreams don't take it so particular they should give you names and figures exactly."

"Never mind the *Kahlo's* name. What d'ye got to come right out *mit* the name for, Bronstein?" Saphir cried. "Let the name go till later. Plenty time you should tell him the name, Bronstein. All you tell him now is you got a dream where Beckie comes to you and says he should marry some one which you don't know her name, but the least she's got is five thousand dollars and her brother is Harris Jennings, from the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company of Sarahcuse *und fertig*."

Bronstein only shook his head once more.

"A dream is a dream, Saphir," he retorted. "It ain't no report from a commercial agency, understand me, which if I would spring on him such a *Megillah* like you are telling me, with five thousand dollars in it and Harris Jennings, of the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company of Sarahcuse, y'understand, Leon would laugh me in my face yet."

"Well," Saphir suggested, "cut it short then, Bronstein, and say simply you got this here dream and mention the five thousand dollars and all, and that the *Kahlo* is a relation, not his sister, understand me, but just a relation, from the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company of Sarahcuse."

"Leon knows them Pierson-Jennings people is in Sarahcuse, Saphir," Bronstein interrupted; "so what's the use I should say in Sarahcuse?"

Saphir dismissed this protest with an impatient shrug.

"Instead you should be fooling away your time *mit* kvibbles like this, Bronstein," he said, "why don't you go right up to Leon Schupp's and spring this here dream on him?"

"What d'ye mean fooling away my time *mit* kvibbles?" Bronstein cried indignantly. "This here cup coffee is all I am drinking since dinner."

"'S'nough, Bronstein," Saphir interrupted. "Some people you must got to talk to 'em only plain words like signs in a store window, such a knowledge of English they got it. What I am telling you is, you should right away go up and see Leon Schupp, because Harris Jennings wouldn't be in town here longer as two or three days already, and we ain't got no time to lose. The feller is pretty near desperate about his sister."

"Sure, I know," Bronstein agreed; "but on one cup coffee, Saphir, if I would tell Leon I got such a dream, it sounds like nothing already. For such dreams you must got to got a little more to go on as one cup coffee only."

He cleared his throat with a great rasping noise and looked furtively in the direction of the bar, whereat Saphir beat noisily with a teaspoon on the saucer in front of him.

Thus, when half an hour later Wolf Bronstein ascended the front stoop of his son-in-law's house on Seventh Street, his imagination had been lubricated with two glasses of slivovitz at Saphir's expense, and he was resolved that his latest dream should lose nothing in the telling. Before he rang the doorbell, however, he composed his features into what he believed to be an expression of such chilling dignity as would quell instantly any attempt at impudence on the part of his grandchild; and then, after a tremulous exploration of the doorjamb with his forefinger, he pressed the button.

"Why, if it ain't grandpa!" cried a treble voice, and the next moment Birdie clasped him round the neck and pecked him affectionately on the right ear. "Where've you been keeping yourself all this time, grandpa?"

Before Bronstein could disengage himself from his granddaughter's unexpected embrace the head and shoulders of his son-in-law, Leon Schupp, rose above the balustrade of the basement stairs, and all the pleasurable sensations aroused in Bronstein by Birdie's cordiality immediately subsided at Leon's greeting.

"So, Bronstein," he grunted, "you got here at last, ain't it?"

"Bronstein!" Wolf exclaimed in surprise. "What d'ye mean Bronstein?"

"Come downstairs," Leon said, "and I'll tell you what I mean."

II

WOLF stumbled after his son-in-law to the basement dining room and sank with a profound sigh into a chair at the head of the table. "Yes, Leon," he declared bitterly, "first, it is Birdie calls me Old Man Bronstein, and now you says Bronstein, like I would be nothing at all here. Always you are calling me Pop and now you are calling me Bronstein like you would never been married to my poor Beckie—*olav hasholem*. Seemingly you ain't got no heart at all."

"That's all right," Leon retorted. "I got just so much heart as a whole lot of people and a big sight more as some, Bronstein, which when a grandfather goes to work, understand me, and takes away from a music teacher at a dollar an hour his own granddaughter, understand me, and I am getting stuck for three times a week, three dollars an hour, y'understand, then all I got to say is you shouldn't come round here talking about hearts, Bronstein, and expecting I should call you Pop like I always done it. There's a limit to such things, Bronstein, and that's all there is to it, understand me."

"What are you talking about, there's a limit to such things?" Bronstein protested. "You didn't got to take Powderman if you didn't want to, and now you are kicking yet. Furthermore you are acting like it would be a terrible misfortune that Birdie leaves off taking from a *Schlemiel* like Miss Pierkowski and goes on Powderman's conservatory, which everybody knows that when it comes to learning some one they should play the piano, understand me, Powderman is a genius already."

At this juncture Leon lifted his chin and, wrinkling his nose, he sniffed the air so ostentatiously that Wolf could not suppress a guilty blush.

"Furthermore," Bronstein went on hurriedly, "if you think a young girl thirteen years of age is the best judge of who shall learn her piano, Leon, you got funny idees. Supposing she was stuck on this here Miss Pierkowski—supposing she even loved her like a mother even—is that a proof that Miss Pierkowski knows how to learn piano spieling?"

Leon glared at his father-in-law, and the dilation of his nostrils became fixed in an indignant sneer.

"I ain't disputing you when you are knocking Miss Pierkowski, Bronstein," he declared, "even if you would be smelling like a slivovitz factory already."

"Then what are you kicking about?" Bronstein repeated, discreetly overlooking Leon's innuendo. "I always told it you, if it's worth one dollar an hour when Miss Pierkowski learns Birdie piano it's worth ten when Powderman learns her."

Leon had begun to stride angrily up and down the room, but he paused abruptly.

"If Powderman learns her, all right," Leon cried, "*aber* if his assistants learns her, Bronstein, that's another thing."

Wolf Bronstein's jaw dropped. "His assistants!" he cried, taken off his guard. "Does Powderman got assistants already?"

"What d'ye think, Bronstein," Leon demanded, "a feller has got in his conservatory a hundred pupils and he could learn 'em all himself? Certainly he's got assistants."

"Well, then, his assistants also," Wolf insisted, quickly recovering from the effect of this information. "If he's got assistants, Leon, you could bet your life they're pretty near as good as he is."

"And they're a whole lot better as Miss Pierkowski too, I suppose—ain't it?"

"Certainly they are better," Wolf declared stoutly; "like diamonds is better as paste already."

"And if Miss Pierkowski is worth one dollar an hour," Leon continued with a crafty smile, "this here assistant is worth three—ain't it?"

Wolf nodded vigorously.

"Then what would you say, Bronstein," Leon cried, "if I would told you that yesterday only Powderman hires Miss Pierkowski as an assistant, understand me, and she is now learning Birdie at three dollars an hour, when former times I paid her only one?"

A malicious grin spread itself over Leon's face at this disclosure, and Wolf's purple cheeks grew suddenly mottled and a perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Which if you could figure it otherwise as I am out by your advice every week seven dollars, Bronstein," he concluded, "you must got to got a whole lot more slivovitz inside of you as you got it now."

For at least five minutes Bronstein sat in his chair, a spectacle of crushed and perspiring misery; but at length the slivovitz asserted itself and he forced a tear out of the corner of his right eye. Then he began to nod his head slowly in the process of working up a pathetic situation.

"Yes, Leon," he whimpered, "for myself I don't care at all; but when you go to work and begrudge the happiness of your own daughter, Leon, which you know as well as I do, Miss Pierkowski is an elegant, beautiful young woman and loves Birdie like she would be her own mother already, it is too much."

"You says that mother business once before, Bronstein," Leon interrupted coldly, "and for all I know Miss Pierkowski would be cross-eyed, on account I never seen her. All I done was to send her every few weeks a check for ten dollars and now I am shelling out to Powderman every few weeks a check for fifty dollars."

"Sure, I know; but if Birdie is happy, Leon, what do you care?" Wolf continued—"on account it wouldn't be long now before she would got a stepmother to deal with."

"A stepmother!" Leon exclaimed.

"That's what I said," Bronstein wailed; "and when you get married again, Leon, her own grandfather she wouldn't be allowed to see at all. That's the way it is with stepmothers, Leon. They hate everything and everybody connected with the first wife worser as you hate your nearest competitor, Leon."

"What are you talking nonsense, Pop—me get married again?" Leon cried, and Wolf Bronstein nodded more rapidly, and forced another tear.

"Never mind, Leon," he said; "might you don't know it, Leon, but it wouldn't be long now. Yes, Leon, she says to me, 'Popper,' she says, 'tell him he shouldn't let me stand in his way,' she says, 'because what is got to be is got to be, understand me,' she says, 'and this woman is a good woman,' she says, 'and I couldn't help it happening,' she says.'"

"What woman?" Leon cried, and Wolf shook his head.

"She didn't tell me the name," he replied, "but Harris Jennings is from me an old enemy already, Leon; and so soon as any relation of his gets into your house, Leon, you will be all through *mit* me."

For a brief interval Leon stared at his father-in-law and then he shrugged impatiently.

"I don't know what the devil you are talking about at all," he declared in genuine bewilderment.

"Tell Me, Pop, What is This Here You are Giving Me? Did You Really and Truly Get a Dream?"

"Didn't I never told you how me and Harris Jennings' father, Meyer Janowitz, got into a fight in the I. O. M. A. oncet?" Wolf asked.

"What do you mean Harris Jennings' father?" Leon demanded. "What's Harris Jennings' father got to do *mit* all this?"

"He's got everything to do *mit* it," Wolf said solemnly, "because when you marry a relation from Harris Jennings, Leon, I wouldn't be so much as invited to the wedding even."

"Me marry a relation from Harris Jennings!" Leon exclaimed.

"That's what Beckie says," Wolf answered. Then he remembered that the identity of Leon's proposed bride ought to be more indefinite. "Or, anyhow," he continued, "Saphir says—I mean Beckie says—that you was going to marry a relation from the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company."

"Beckie says that?" Leon asked, and Wolf nodded.

"You mean," Leon went on, "that you are getting one of these here dreams again—ain't it?"

Once more Wolf nodded.

"Then all I could say is," Leon continued, "you better quit it."

"What d'ye mean quit it?" Wolf protested. "I couldn't help getting them Beckie dreams, Leon; so how could I quit it?"

"Not the dreams," Leon corrected. "Schnapps you should quit it, Pop, on account if I would turn round and go to bed with a couple bottles schnapps in my insides, understand me, I would also got dreams."

"That's where you make a big mistake," Wolf cried. "This here dream I got it on a perfectly empty stummick, Leon, and the others also, which if I would took a glass of schnapps before coming up here, Leon, you wouldn't be surprised at all, considering how my own granddaughter ain't got no more respect as to call me to my face Old Man Bronstein."

He gulped convulsively, overcome by a sense of self-pity; and then, reflecting that he was getting away from his subject, he at once resumed the narration of his dream.

"Yes, Leon," he said; "there she is standing just so plain as you are standing there, and she talks to me like I would be hearing the voice through a telephone already, so distinctive it was." Here he paused for an expression of curiosity from Leon, and he was not disappointed.

"Didn't she say nothing about that two hundred and fifty you got from me *schon* eleven months ago already, which you was going to pay me back in sixty days?"

Wolf gazed mournfully at his son-in-law.

"I ain't making no jokes *mit* you, Leon," he said. "I am telling you something a dream which I got it, which if you don't want to listen to it, all right, because when it comes right down to it, Leon, a dream could be *doch* a dream, *aber* you know as well as I do the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company of Saruhcuse is a concern which the least they are rated is a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five thousand first credit—ain't it?"

Leon nodded, for he was now disarmed by his father-in-law's earnest demeanor.

"They're an A-number-one concern, Pop," he agreed. "I tried more than once to sell 'em a bill of goods already."

"And the very least a relation from such a concern would got is five thousand dollars. Am I right or am I wrong, Leon?"

Again Leon nodded.

"Then what is the use talking!" Wolf declared. "You are living here *mit* a housekeeper which she is spending your money like water, Leon, and also it wouldn't do no harm if you would get somebody round she should look after Birdie also."

Leon remained silent and Wolf rose to his feet and paced up and down the room.

"Because, Leon," he said, pausing suddenly, "when a young girl starts in and calls her own grandfather Old Man Bronstein you couldn't tell where she would end up."

Leon drummed with his fingers on the table and looked hard at his father-in-law.

"Tell me, Pop," he said at last, "what is this here you are giving me? Did you really and truly got a dream about Beckie, or what is it anyhow?"

For a brief interval Bronstein did some rapid thinking, but, in view of his unpaid loan and the unfortunate outcome of Birdie's music lessons, he determined to stick to his story. "What do you think I am, Leon," he said, "a faker? I am telling you just what Beckie is saying to me in the dream, and otherwise I don't know no more about it as you do."

"Didn't she said nothing about which one it was is got the relation Jennings *oder* Pierson?" Leon inquired anxiously.

"So sure as I am standing here," Wolf replied, "when I heard it was the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company I got such a *Schreck*, understand me, I right away woke up."

He cleared his throat to gain courage before proceeding.

"But," he continued, "if Harris Jennings *oder* Max Pierson is got a relation he wants should get married *mit* five thousand dollars, Leon, it wouldn't be so terrible difficult to find it out."

Bronstein looked hard at Leon before venturing on his final coup.

"I bet yer any *Shadchen* could tell you like a shot," he said boldly.

"What do I know about such people?" Leon cried. "I never got nothing to do with a *Shadchen* in all my life."

There ensued another brief pause, and then Wolf reseated himself and slapped the table with his open hand.

"I tell you what I will do for you, Leon," he said in a manner implying that after a great deal of persuasion he had at last determined to accede to a rather exacting request, though it was very much against his better judgment. "I myself will go to a *Shadchen* and will get him to come up here tomorrow night and talk it over."

"But ——" Leon protested.

"But nothing!" Wolf interrupted. "The feller I got in mind is a perfect gentleman already. You wouldn't know he was a *Shadchen* at all, because in boomtimes he used to was a real-estater by the name Ellis Saphir."

"Sure, I know," Leon said; "*aber* tomorrow night I got an engagement. I must got to go to a pupils' concert from Powderman's conservatory on account Birdie is going to play something a piece on the piano there."

"Well, then, the night after," Wolf cried. "This feller's got plenty time, Leon."

He put on his hat and seized his son-in-law by the hand.

"At eight o'clock sure," he said; and the next moment the basement gate clanged noisily behind him.

III

SO FAR as his hair and broad coat collar were concerned, Julius Powderman duplicated very closely the bust of Beethoven in Central Park near Seventy-second Street, but, though he wore a permanent frown and used hair tonic on his eyebrows, his efforts at further resemblance were handicapped by a very large nose and a series of chins that nearly obscured his huge black Windsor tie. Nevertheless, he had a most impressive manner, and when he introduced Leon Schupp to Miss Pierkowski the following evening Leon was so overcome that he hardly raised his eyes.

"Mr. Schupp," Powderman said—with what he believed to be a strong German accent, though he had been born and raised in the Lithuanian city of Kalvaria—"sis is Birdie's teacher, Miss Sophie Pierkowski, and I sink your daughter will make most satisfactory progress *mit* her."

Leon bowed and accordingly missed the young music teacher's smile, which was well worth seeing.

"She ought to," Miss Pierkowski replied, "because she studied with me for one year before I came here, Mr. Powderman."

Leon was about to make a tart comment, but when he at last looked up and noticed Miss Pierkowski's brown eyes and soft, wavy hair, he became suddenly tongue-tied.

"*Aber* sat was not under my supervision," Powderman said, and his Beethoven frown became slightly more genuine.

"Oh, I ain't kicking," Leon stammered. "That's all right, Miss Pierkowski. If Birdie is satisfied what do I care about the couple extra dollars a week?"

Again Miss Pierkowski smiled, and this time Leon observed it to such good purpose that his increased heart action caused him to color vividly.

"I think she's satisfied with her progress," Miss Pierkowski said as she placed her arm round the shoulders of her pupil, who nestled close to her teacher's side and hung her head shyly.

"I never seen a girl so crazy about any one as she is about you, Miss Pierkowski," Leon declared. "Honestly, you would think you was a relation of hers the way she acts about you."

It was now Miss Pierkowski's turn to blush, and she did it in such a charming manner that Leon began to perspire out of sheer admiration, while Birdie seized her teacher's hand and kissed it rapturously.

"All my pupils loaf their teachers," Powderman declared proudly; "in fact, I got a couple of 'em so crazy about me you wouldn't believe at all. Us artists is got a whole lot of trouble that way; and now, if you will get seated, Mr. Schupp, I am going to start in *mit* the music."

At his pupils' recitals Julius Powderman always reserved for himself the first number on the program; and as he departed for the platform Leon and Miss Pierkowski took seats together, while Birdie retired to an anteroom where the rest of the performers were assembled. It was then that Leon first noticed a large bunch of violets at Miss Pierkowski's waist, and he began vaguely to wonder who could have given them to her. Indeed, when their faint perfume became intensified by the heat of the room, Leon's speculation as to the identity of the donor so absorbed him that, though Powderman nearly wrecked the piano over a Liszt-Tausig composition, Leon heard not one measure of it. In the first place, he reflected, a fellow who would present a bunch of violets to a young lady, unless she were a buyer for a first-class concern, could be no business man anyway; and, in that event, he cogitated savagely, the fellow was probably a scamp and a trifler. What was more, such a young fellow ought to be dealt with by a man—Leon almost murmured through his clenched teeth—who had the interests of so beautiful, tender and womanly a young person at heart, he said to himself; and the moisture rose involuntarily to his eyes while his throat tightened as he dwelt on what a particularly beautiful, tender and womanly young person Miss Pierkowski was—to be sure!

Furthermore, he reflected, the lesson should be a severe one, such as seizing the young fellow by the throat, shaking him roughly and then casting him upon the ground—and at this interesting stage of Leon's speculation Powderman's performance concluded. Hence Leon was able to relieve himself by clapping his hands so vigorously that the beaming virtuoso bowed again and again in the direction of Miss Pierkowski's escort, who continued to applaud long after the rest of the audience had ceased.

"That feller can certainly make the piano talk," declared a voice at Leon's elbow. Leon turned abruptly, with clenched fists, but there was nothing in his neighbor's

(Continued on Page 35)

"So, Bronstein," He Grunted, "You Got Here at Last, Ain't It?"

THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

VIII

LOS BAÑOS DE SANTA EULALIA DEL NORTE, otherwise known as Mud Springs, is a Mexican hamlet, with one street of about the same length. Los Baños all that—lies in an ox-bow of the Rio Grande, half a day in mere miles from El Paso; otherwise a contemporary of Damascus and Arpad.

Thither, mindful of the hot springs which supply the preliminaries of the name, went Mr. Bransford. A stranger to the border custom might have simulated illness as an excuse for a modest life, and so retired from public view—in which case there would have been whisperings; but Jeff was in their bosoms, bone of their bone; he cunningly gave it out that he was from the American side, a fugitive with a price upon his head. Suspicion thus disarmed, he became the guest of the city.

Observe now how Nature insists upon averages. Mr. Jeff Bransford was, as has been seen, an energetic man; but outraged nerves will have their revenge. After making proper amends to his damaged eye Jeff's remnant of energy kept up long enough to dispatch young Tomás Escobar y Mendoza to El Paso with a message to Hibler: which message enjoined Hibler at once to carry tidings to John Wesley Pringle, somewhere in Chihuahua, asking him kindly to set right what Arcadian times were out of joint, as he, Jeff, felt the climate of Old Mexico more favorable for his throat trouble than that of New Mexico, with a postscript asking Hibler for money by bearer. And young Tomás was instructed to buy a complete outfit of clothing for Jeff at Juarez.

This done the reaction set in—aided, perhaps, by the enervating lassitude of the hot baths and the sleepy atmosphere of that forgotten village. Jeff spent the better part of a fortnight asleep—or half awake at best. He had pleasant dreams too. One—perhaps the best-liked—was that on their wedding trip they should follow again the devious line of his flight from Arcadia. That would need a prairie schooner—no, a prairie steamboat—a prairie yacht! He would tell her all the hideous details—show her the mine, the camp of the besiegers, the ambuscade on the road. And if he could only have Ellinor meet Griffith and Gibson for a crowning touch!

After the strenuous violence of handstrokes here was a drowsy and peaceful time. The wine of that land was good, the shade pleasant, the Alician philosophy more delightful than of yore; he had all the accessories but one of an earthly paradise. Man is ungrateful. Jeff was a man; neglectful of present bounties, his dreaming thoughts were all of the absent accessory and of a time when that absence should be no more, nor paradise be empty.

Life, like the Gryphon's classical master, had taught him Laughter and Grief. He turned now the forgotten pages of the book of his years. Enough black pages were there, as you will know well, having yourself searched old records before now with tears. He cast up that long account—the wasted lendings, the outlawed debts, the dishonored promises, the talents of his stewardship, unprofitable and brought to naught; set down—how gladly!—the items on the credit side. So men have set the good upon one side and the evil on the other since Crusoe's day, and before; against the time when the Great Accountant, Whose values are not ours, shall strike a final balance.

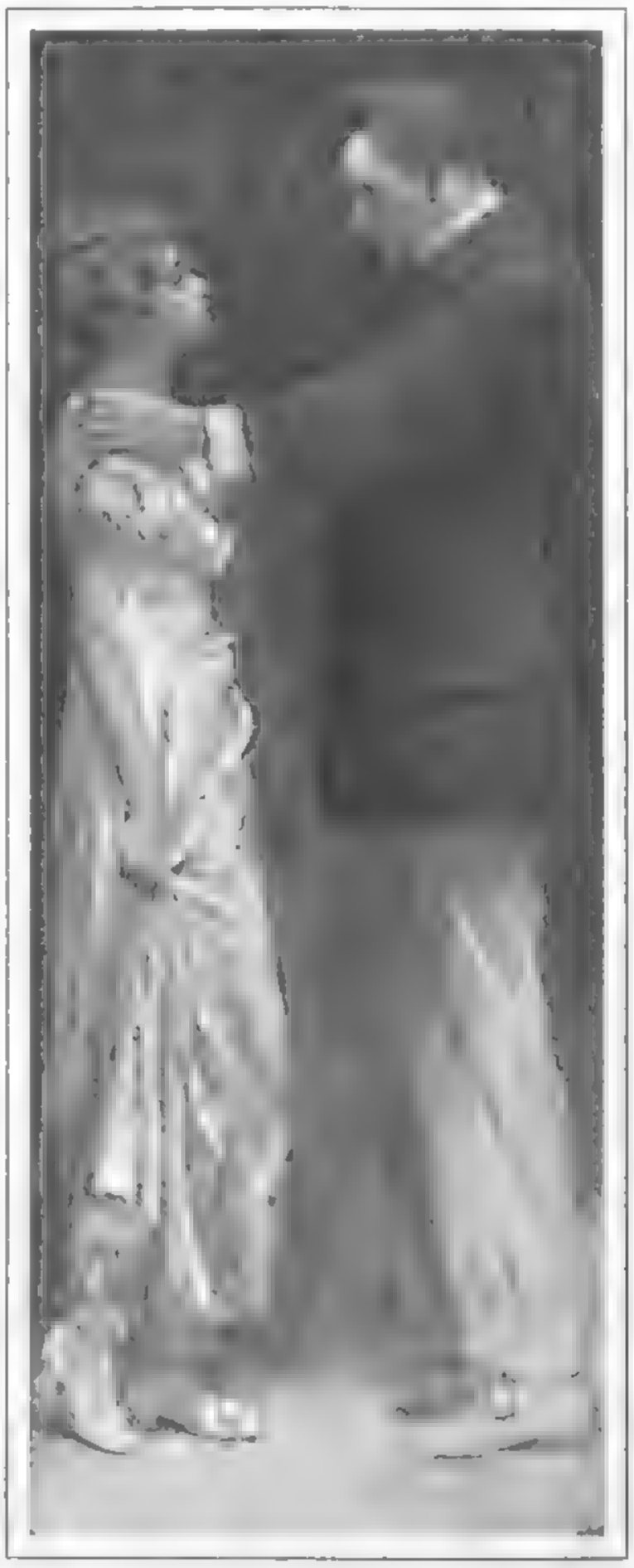
Take that book at your elbow—yes, either one; it doesn't matter. Now turn to where the hero first discovers his frightful condition—long after it has become neighborhood property. . . . He bent his head in humility. He was not worthy of her! . . . Something like that? Those may not be the precise words; but he groaned. He always groans. By-the-way, how this man-saying must amuse womankind! Yes, and they really say it too—real, live, flesh-and-blood men. Who was it said life was a poor imitation of literature? Happily they either are insincere or they reconsider the matter—else what should we do for families?

It is to be said that Jeff Bransford lacked this becoming delicacy. If he groaned he swore also; but if he decided that Miss Ellinor Hoffman deserved a better man than he was he also highly resolved that she should not have him.

"For, after all, you know," said Jeff to Alice:

"'*I'm sure he's nothing extra—a quiet man and plain,*
And modest—though there isn't much of which he could be vain.
And, had I mind to chant his praise, this were the kindest line—
Somehow, she loves him dearly—this little love of mine!'"

Yet was it that? Would it not be gratitude that he had taken a little risk for her—he who loved risk for the very joy of danger? Just now she would be thinking him quite a wonderful person—him, Jeff Bransford! That shine would wear off. Had it not been at first merely a girl's



"I Want You to Live for Me—Just Me!"

romantic fancy, the fascination of the unknown, because his way of life was new and strange to her—because he was a little different, perhaps, from the men she had known? . . . He must be sure. He must not wrong her; must not let her make a mistake and find it out too late. . . . Events had been his accomplices; the stars in their courses had fought for him; the glamour of adventure had swept her from her feet; she must give herself now or feel herself ungrateful, false. . . . The advantage was all with him. If he could meet her again on even terms, like the others; if she met him as a stranger; if he could court her anew from the first; if, when she came to know him well in the sober, workaday world—that would be a different thing. The thought shaped and grew; he brooded on it.

. . . . . .

Johnny Dines rode with a pleasant jingle down the shady street of Los Baños de Santa Eulalia del Norte. His saddle was new, carved, wrought with silver; his bridle shone as the sun, his spurs as bright stars; he shed music from his feet. Jeff saw him turn to Casa Escobar: apple blossoms made a fragrant lane for him. He paused at Jeff's tree.

"*Alto alli!*" said Johnny. The words, as sharp command, can be managed in two brisk syllables. The sound is then: "*Altoai!*" It is a crisp and startling sound, and the sense of it in our idiom is: "Hands up!" Jeff had been breakfasting *al fresco;* he made glad room on his bench. "Light, stranger, and look at your saddle! Pretty slick saddle too. Guess your playmates must 'a' went home talking to themselves last night."

"They're going to kill a maverick for you at Arcadie and give a barbecue," said Johnny. The cult of *nil admirari* reaches its highest pitch of prosperity in the cow-countries, and Johnny knew that it was for him to broach tidings unasked.

"Oh, that reminds me—how's old Lars Porsena?" said Jeff, now free to question.

"Him? He's all right," said Johnny casually. "Goin' to marry one or more of the nurses. They're holdin' elimination contests now."

"Say, Johnny, when you go back wish you'd tell him I didn't do it. Cross my heart and hope to die if I did!"

"Oh, he knows that!" said Johnny.

Jeff shook his head doubtfully.

"Evidence was pretty strong—pretty strong. Who was it then?"

"Why, Lake himself—old hog!"

"If Lake keeps on like this he's going to have people down on him," said Jeff. "Who did the Holmesing—John Wesley?"

"Oh, John Wesley! John Wesley!" said Dines scornfully. "You think the sun rises and sets in old John Wesley Pringle. Naw; he didn't get back till it was all over. I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet!"

"Must have had it sharpened up!" said Jeff. "Tell it to me!"

"Why, there isn't much to tell," said Dines, suddenly modest. "Come to think of it, I had right considerable help. There was a young college chap—he first put it into my head that it wasn't you."

"That would be the devil?" said Jeff, ignoring the insult.

"Just so. Name's White—and so's he: Billy White, S. M. and G. P."

"I don't just remember them degrees," said Jeff.

"Aw, keep still and you'll hear more. They stand for Some Man and Good People. Well, as I was a-saying, Billy he seemed to think it wasn't you. He stuck to it that Buttinski—that's what he calls you—was in a garden just when the bank was robbed."

Johnny contemplated the apple tree over his head. It was a wandering and sober glance, but a muscle twitched in his cheek—and he made no further explanation about the garden.

"And then I remember about Nigger Babe throwin' you off, and I begin to think maybe you didn't crack the safe after all. And there was some other things—little things—that made Billy and Jimmy Phillips—he was takin' cards in the game too—made 'em think maybe it was Lake; but it wasn't no proof—not to say proof. And there's where I come in."

"Well?" said Jeff as Johnny paused.

"Simple enough, once you knowed how," said Johnny modestly. "I'd been reading lots of them detective books—Sherlock Holmes and all them fellows. I got Billy to have his folks toll Lake's sister away for the night, so she wouldn't be scared. Then me and Billy and Jimmy Phillips and Monte, we broke in and blowed up Lake's private safe. No trouble at all. Since the bank-robbin' every one had been tellin' round just how it ought to be done—crackin' safes. Funny how a fellow picks up little scraps of useful knowledge like that—things you'd think he'd remember might come in handy most any time—and then forgets all about 'em. I wrote it down this time. Won't forget it again."

"Well?" said Jeff again.

"Oh, yes. And there was the nice money—all the notes and all the gold he could tote."

Jeff's eye wandered to the new saddle.

"I kept some of the yellow stuff as a souvenir—half a quart, or maybe a pint," said Johnny. "I don't want no reward for doin' a good deed. . . . And that's all."

"Lake is a long, ugly word," said Jeff thoughtfully.

"Well, what do you say?" prompted Johnny.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Jeff. "You showed marvelous penetration—marvelous! But, say, Johnny, if the money hadn't been there wouldn't that have been awkward?"

"Oh, Billy was pretty sure Lake was the man. And we figured he hadn't bothered to move it—you being the goat that way. What made you be a goat, Jeff?"

"On the contrary, what made your Billy think it was Lake?"

Johnny told him in detail.

"Pretty good article of plain thinking, wasn't it?" he concluded. "Yet he mightn't have got started on the

right track at all if he hadn't had a tip about your bein' in a garden." Johnny's eye reverted to the apple tree.

"Mr. J. Dines, I've been thinking ——" Jeff began.

Johnny glanced at him anxiously.

"—— and I've about come to the conclusion that we're some narrow contracted and bigoted on Rainbow. We don't know it all! We ain't the only pebble! From what I've seen of these Arcadia men they seem to be pretty good stuff—and like as not it's just the same way all along the beach. There's your Mr. White, and Griffith, and Gibson—did I tell you about Gibson?"

Johnny flashed a smile. His smiles always looked larger than they really were, because Johnny was so small.

"I saw Griffith and he gave me his version—several times. He's real upset, Griffith. . . . Last time he told me he leaned up against my neck and wept copious because there was only ten commandments!"

"Didn't see Gibson, did you? You know him?"

"Nope. Pappy picked him up—or he picked Pappy up rather. Hasn't been seen since. That reminds me, Jeff. I might have been down here sooner, quick as Wes' come back and told me where you was; but I thought you might want your mail. So I stopped off at Escondido—a few days. I wasn't sure at first—looked like a man's handwrite; but when the last one come I knew by the postmark it was her. Here you are."

He tossed four letters on the table—four bulky ones. One bore the datemark of the railroad postal service; one was from Kansas City; one from Chicago—and the last and thickest one was dated at Owecum, New York.

"I've a good mind to kill you!" said Jeff.

"You two kids," said Johnny severely, "remind me of Wildcat Thompson's powder story: 'Well, sir,' says Wildcat, 'well, sir, this here feller he lit a cigarette an' throwed away the match, an' it fell in a powder kaig; an' do you know more'n half that powder burned up before they could put it out!'"

"I will kill you!" said Jeff.

"Johnny," said Jeff later, "I ain't going back to Rainbow."

"I was afraid you wouldn't—now," said Johnny rather soberly. "Jeff, you can kick me after I say my little piece—but ain't you afraid you may be making a mistake? That girl now—nice girl, and all that—but that girl's got money, Jeff. She's got no business marryin' a poor man, with her raisin'. And a poor man's got no business to marry her."

"Oh, I'm not poor," said Jeff lightly. "I got money to throw at the birds—all kinds of money. Got a fifty-one per cent interest in a copper mine over in Arizona that's been payin' me all the way from ten to fifteen thousand clear per each and every year for the last seven years, besides what I pay a lad for lookout to keep anybody but himself from stealing any of it. He's been buyin' real estate for me in Los Angeles lately."

Johnny's jaw dropped in unaffected amazement.

"All this while? Before you hit Rainbow!"

"Sure!" said Jeff.

"And you workin' for forty a month and stealin' your own beef?—then saving up and buying your little old brand along with Beebe and Leo and old Wes', joggin' along, workin' like a yaller dog with fleas?"

"Why not? Wasn't I having a heap of fun? Where can I see any better time than I had here, or find better friends? Money's no good by itself. I haven't drawn a dollar from Arizona since I left. It was fun to make the mine go round at first; but when it got so it'd work I looked for something else more amusing."

"I should think you'd want to travel anyhow."

"Travel?" echoed Jeff. "Travel? Why, you dam' fool, I'm here now!"

"Why don't you stay here then?" Johnny veered from his first position. They would miss Jeff on Rainbow.

"I'm going to trust you, Johnny. Not a word, even to Wes'. You're young—you'll understand. I'm going back to New York. First, I'm going to Arizona for two or three months, grow a Vandyke and eyeglasses, manicure my nails and practice the king's English."

"What's that for? I make ten mistakes talkin' where you do one; but I get my meals."

"That's because you talk ten times as much as I do. And when the dinky little beard gets long enough I'm going back to New York then, to get—uh—to find—to see ——"

"To see the gardens! Oh, yes. What figure does the beard cut and the little old gold-rimmed specs? Going to wear 'em with a black cord?"

"Why, don't you understand? I'm not going to be Jeff Bransford—some one else. Tommy—let me see now—Tommy! Tommy what?"

"It does sound affectionate," said Johnny. "Tommy! Tom—mie." He experimented with the name several times with varied but tender inflection. "But you can't make it stick, Jeff."

"Tommy West, of course!" said Jeff triumphantly. Then he returned to the point at issue. "Oh, yes, I can. She's never seen me but twice—and once I was masked."

"Yes—I know." Johnny's eye rolled provokingly to the apple blossoms. "Lake found your mask, you know, where you left it. To give him his due, Lake didn't tell—I'll say that for him. I reckon maybe he saw you when he went too. Careless! Jeff, how long ——"

Jeff interrupted:

"So I want you to manage my mail. Send it to Ed Dowlin at Denver. He'll forward it to me under cover, wherever I am. Then I'll send the letters I write to you—some of 'em—with the inside envelope addressed the way I want it—and sealed. Mr. Dines—sealed! D'ye understand? Then you mail 'em for me at Escondido and keep a shut head. Not a peep from you, remember!"

"Aw, what you want to do all that for? Don't be a dam' fool. Why don't you go on back there now? If you're going to quit us quit us cold and be done with it. She'll know you anyhow! What's the bally use of all this skulduddery?"

"'"Why with an M?" said Alice. "Why not?" said the March Hare.'" Jeff shoved the Alice book across the breakfast table with a bow. "J. Dines, I hereby present you with this little volume as a slight recognition of your many services. Take it and be happy! It will answer any question as truthfully as you wish. For example, to your highly impertinent query it gave the decisive reply: 'Why not?' This skulduddery, as you are pleased to call it, is to be done because I want to do it. Why not? There ain't any why not! Exit Jeff Bransford—enter Tommy West, all dressed in clothes. You'll find full justification for it in the book. 'If it had grown up it would have been a dreadfully ugly child; but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think.' I've got it all figured out. When did you ever know me to fall down on anything I seriously undertook to do? I'll go through with this if it takes eleven innings."

"You can't do it," said Johnny. "Aw, cut it out, Jeff!"

Jeff set his mouth stubbornly.

"I'm going to be a horse, I tell you!"

"I should say," said Johnny Dines, "that it was highly improbable."

"Money is a Good Thing, but There are Better Things—Laughter and Joy, and—Love, Jeff!"

She Sang About Jamie!

IX

"ABSOLUTE idealism," said the Idealist, "assigns ultimate reality only to the unity consisting of both object and consciousness in indissoluble correlation. It denies the existence of reality independent of consciousness."

More, also, he said, which was promptly and ofttimes simultaneously denied by the Empiricist. While they say it we will look round.

The railroad hugged the east shore of Lake Cayuga, pinched between water and overhanging hill. Traffic was suspended. Along the railroad marched a lock-stepping army, four abreast and four miles long, that being the distance between Ithaca and Portland Point. It was only three in the afternoon, and at sundown Cornell was to race with—never mind. We would not wittingly hurt the feelings of any university. At sundown there were to be two events—Varsity and Freshman. Hence the army. The sky was cloudless and the sun was hot, but the army was happy. I do not know why.

The column had been marching for ages, ever debouching to line the lake shore and the railway embankment from McKinney's to Portland Point—but never diminishing. The observation train, twenty-seven cars of beauty and chivalry—especially chivalry—had gone up early; for experience had proved that a train could not run satisfactorily when the army held the track: after running over just about so many people, the driving wheels would slip unless the rails were constantly sanded.

On the lake opposite McKinney's were schools, shoals, swarms of watercraft, steamers, schooners, catboats, motor boats, scows, tugs, tubs, catamarans, canoes, rafts; one governor's yacht, sent from Albany by mail at the request of grateful taxpayers; and one bustling, busy and consciously important police boat, flashing up and down the course in frantic, vain but happy effort to keep a wide clear lane for the shells at the finish—for the race was only three or four hours away.

A highway ran along a shelf on the hillside, a hundred feet above the railroad, and along it crept a dusty double line of autos. Between highway and railway were tiny jutting promontories. These, the choice seats for the thrilling drama, were occupied by the early settlers.

One such promontory, secluded and shady, was occupied by philosophy, the subtrahend of a once marvelous lunch, the Owecum clan of "townies," and Mr. T. West, born

Bransford; the latter having been perpetrated upon Stewart by Sophomore Johnny McCourt, of Heart's Disease, New Mexico. The foisting of Mr. West upon the party had been a most unjustifiable proceeding on the part of Mr. McCourt, who had a mere calling acquaintance with Stewart, dating from a little poker party the night before. However, McCourt had been insistent and hasty; mumbling something indistinctly about "good fellow," "stranger here" and "prior engagement," he had fairly thrust Mr. West into Mr. Stewart's arms—and, paying no heed to Stewart's protest that he, too, had a date for the day with a big bunch of philosophers and philanderers, had straightway made his escape, having forced Mr. West as a juggler forces a card.

Mr. West, in this false situation, had endeavored with many apologies to relieve Mr. Stewart of this embarrassing demand upon hospitality—not mentioning that young Mr. McCourt's rudeness had been of his own elaborate designing. Stewart, however, a good fellow himself, had overridden Mr. West's scruples and brought him along. Nor had he regretted it. Mr. West, though much older than the others of the party, had evinced an admirable spice of deviltry, giving loyal aid to Stewart's joyous philosopher-baiting—a diversion that had amused the baiters and had disconcerted the philosophers no more than the crackling of thorns under a pot.

As for the philanderers and philanthropists, one pair, Miss Esther Needham and Mr. Earl Freeman, had noted not philosophers, ribald critics, dust, heat, Lake Cayuga—nor even lunch itself. The other couple, Miss Ellinor Hoffman and the Pragmatist, could not justly be called phil-anything, for Miss Hoffman was merely civil in her own cordial way; and, as every one knows, pragmatism is hardly worthy the name of philosophy at all, being mere systematic commonsense, and being further degraded by a forming desire to get somewhere—which low practical desire for results alone distinguishes it from simple empiricism.

Meanwhile the discussion got no "forrarder."

"The concept," continued the Idealist, "is a vassal in epistemology, lacking all autonomy; you can take out of it only what you first put into it through perception."

"There are more strange things in your philosophy than are dreamed of in Heaven or earth—or elsewhere," said Stewart. "If I get you, Locke proved the non-existence of ideas; Berkeley demonstrated that the existence of matter cannot be proved and knocked out the mistaken belief in the existence of self. You are all agreed only in a brutal prejudice against guessing. Then, dearly beloved, the question arises, Where are we at? If we are not ourselves are we mere probabilities? Who and why are we?"

"We are just part of the Red King's dream," said Mr. West. "'"And what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin.'"

"'When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter, and proved it was no matter—what he said.'" This murmured contribution was from the Pragmatist.

"Are we to put in all our lives deciding as to whether and how we can think, and never really think?" demanded Stewart. "I tell you, if you fellows had been building the Erie Canal, you wouldn't have the first mile of it surveyed yet. You would be arguing still as to whether there could be any such thing as a point, a line or a level."

The Idealist looked at, over and by them with all the large tolerance with which Goliath of Gath might have viewed the ferocious onslaught of a mouse.

"Hegel settles once for all the question of the organic nature of thought and judgment. Allow me to quote: 'It is a mistake to imagine ——'"

"Aw, cut it out now! Sing us Tarpaulin Jacky—there's a dear!" implored Stewart; but the Idealist was unmoved.

"' ——to imagine that the objects which form the content of our mental ideas come first and that our subjective agency then supervenes, and by the aforesaid operation of abstraction, and by colligating the points possessed in common by the objects, frames notions of them. Rather the notion is the genuine first; and things are what they are through the action of the notion immanent in them and revealing itself in them.'"

"That settles it! Self-preservation is the first law of Nature," announced Stewart in the accents of desperate resolve. Stealthily he beckoned to Mr. West.

"What do you make of this wisdom-loving stunt anyhow?" Stewart demanded of West when the two of them scrambled down the side of the cliff to a sheltered ledge.

"It is like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," said West in an awesome whisper. "Here, I need another spoonful. What the devil are you doing in this galley anyhow? You're not going to college, you said."

Stewart held the preservative to the light.

"Far from it. On the contrary, I am getting—or trying to get—a liberal education."

"I see. Would it be impertinent to inquire which one?"

"Either," said Stewart sadly. "Could be so happy with either were other dear chappies away. Let's have another!—But they're like Mary's little lamb, all four of 'em. Oh, yes; and I'm supposed to be reporting the boatraces for my paper—but I wrote 'em up before I came away so as not to be bothered up here. Say, I feel better. Let's go back and try him another fall."

He broke in upon the Idealist rudely.

"Do you mean to tell me that if there were violets—blue violets—growing on a cliff where no man had ever been those violets wouldn't be blue?"

The Idealist smiled indulgently. "If there was no one to see them, certainly there would be no color."

"And no fragrance?"

"Naturally not, there being no one to smell them. There can be no percipiendum without a percipient. Let me make it clear to you. The concept of ——"

"Look now!" said Mr. West. "There were two men on a hillside. There was a sheriff man after them hotfoot, so they went away. And they left a candle burning in the tent to fool the sheriff person until they could get a big start on him."

"Hush!" quickly whispered Miss Hoffman, sitting up very straight. "Let's hear what Mr. Stewart's friend has to say."

"He's not Stewart's friend—just a friend of Stewart's friend."

Miss Hoffman waved the Pragmatist to silence and carefully considered Mr. Stewart's friend. This was the first time she had given Mr. Stewart's friend other than perfunctory notice. She now atoned for past neglect. Not bad-looking, Mr. Stewart's friend. He wore a short, pointed, brown beard; he was all dressed in clothes, and up to now he had borne himself unobtrusively.

"Listen!" said Ellinor.

"Well, these men ran away and the sheriff after them. What I want to know is, Did that candle give any light? There were no other men within twenty miles."

Miss Hoffman's face was tinged with a livelier color and Miss Hoffman's eye sparkled discreetly; she listened with careful attention which bespoke an unusual devotion to metaphysics.

"It gave no light, as I can readily explain to you if you wish. The validity of alleged knowledge cannot ——"

"Oh, no; don't explain. Just tell me. And, no one being there to feel it, the flame gave no heat?"

"That's it."

Mr. West removed his glasses for clearer sight, arched a skeptical eyebrow and twisted his beard with a puzzled air.

"I can't imagine, then," he objected, "how the tent happened to burn up that night. It couldn't have been the candle!"

"Mere sophistry and self-deception," said the Idealist, moved for the first time from his patient tolerance. "You are accustomed to a crude and unverified concept of flame as being necessarily ——"

"Mr. Stewart," called Ellinor, "bring your friend over here, will you? Never mind the sophistry."

"Shall I take Briggs away, too?" inquired Stewart. Briggs was the Pragmatist.

"Oh, no; that will not be necessary," said Ellinor, making room beside her. "I just wanted you to bring your friend to the Senior Singing tomorrow evening, because afterward I want to take him over to the library and read him just one page from my philosopher. I can't talk philosophy, you know, or think it—though you must give me credit for being a fluent listener; but this authority has stated exactly what I feel about such things. I would rather have written that page than any other I have found in literature."

"Why need I bother Stewart? I'm twenty-one," said Mr. West, sinking gracefully into the offered place. "And, just on the chance that I might miss you in the crowd, hadn't I better take you?"

Stewart groaned.

"Another? Come on, Briggs. We're in the way. Let's go make the orator stow his gab and sing Tarpaulin Jacky. Say, when I stop to think of how that wordsmith

(Continued on Page 24)

"I Mean, I Like What I Like So Much More Than I Dislike What I Don't Like. You Know Very Well What I Mean"

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A Prosperous Year

IN THREE years the foreign trade of the United States has increased by nearly a thousand million dollars, or thirty per cent. The total for 1912 tops four billion dollars—far and away breaking the record. The increase in that year alone was half a billion dollars. As for that "barometer of trade"—the iron and steel industry—our production of pig in 1912 reached thirty million tons—against less than twenty-four millions the years before—also far and away breaking the record. It was only in 1905 that production for the first time reached twenty million tons.

Figures might be multiplied to show that the country is closing the most prosperous year ever known—and heading into a new one under full steam; but in 1912, politically speaking, scarcely anything was as anybody wanted it. Progressives were discouraged by the incubus at Washington and outraged by the first Chicago convention. Conservatives alternated between speechless gloom and shouts of murder. Not a comma was altered in the tariff act the country had borne with restless resentment for three years. There was not even an approach toward remedying an admittedly bad banking system. Periodically the Government harried some additional business enterprise because of its size. An exceedingly bitter contest for the presidency began in February and continued, with daily explosions, to November.

The fact, of course, is that we are prosperous in spite of our politics—whenever we are prosperous at all. We should like to see this fact incorporated in the next Republican and Democratic campaign books. It will be incorporated in the next Progressive campaign book, because the Progressives, never having been in power, cannot claim credit for the crops and the kindly fruits of the earth.

Farm Efficiency and Profits

IN 1912 we raised a billion bushels more of corn, wheat and oats than in 1911. Wheat at Chicago is now worth ten cents less a bushel than a year ago; both corn and oats, seventeen cents less a bushel. On the basis of these prices the big crops of this year are actually worth less money than the smaller crops of last year were; but that is no argument against still greater yields.

The country needs increased efficiency on the farm more than anywhere else, for the food supply is not keeping pace with population. Every live state, nearly every important railroad and a number of private concerns are spending money liberally to secure increased yields.

Obviously all this will go for nothing unless emphasis is laid upon the fact that increased yields may go hand in hand with increased profits to the grower. There is absolutely no profit to farmers in raising more grain by simply increasing the acreage and applying the old methods of cultivation, for the increased yield will depress the price. There is profit in increasing the yield on the same acreage by raising the yield to the acre—even though the price be somewhat less.

In 1909, for example, it cost twenty-three dollars an acre to raise wheat in Vermont, against twelve dollars and a half an acre in Illinois; but by getting over thirty-six bushels to the acre, against less than twenty bushels in Illinois, Vermont made a net profit of fifty-four cents a bushel on wheat, while Illinois made only thirty-three cents. To get over thirty-six bushels to the acre Vermont spent six dollars and seventy-five cents an acre for fertilizing, while Illinois spent only twenty-seven cents; but the fertilizer money all came back with added profit. There is the whole story of farm efficiency and farm profits.

Strike or What?

IN SETTLING the wage dispute between the Eastern roads and the engineers the Arbitration Board says it is intolerable that any group of men—whether employers or employees—should have power to decide "that a great section of the country as populous as France shall undergo loss of life, unspeakable suffering and loss of property beyond the power of description, through the stoppage of a necessary public service."

There is no disputing that; and no group of men—whether employers or employees—now enjoys that power. Before a strike ever brought a great section of the country to the condition mentioned, the strike would be broken regardless of the consequences to any group of men or interests.

The board's hint at compulsory arbitration as a preventive of strikes cannot be accepted though. No doubt organized labor in this country would be as overwhelmingly opposed to that as it has shown itself to be in England. Labor will not yet surrender its right to strike. And as a matter of fact, in a democratic country, compulsory arbitration is impossible because the award cannot be enforced upon the employees. A compulsory arbitration board's judgment against a railroad company, for example, would be effective. The railroad company could not avoid it. But how enforce it against the men if they refused to accept it? By throwing some twenty thousand of them into jail? By calling out the militia and putting them to work under bayonets?

Neither alternative would be tolerated. Public opinion would not endure treating as felons men who peaceably refused to work.

The strike is a barbarous and stupid device, but nothing has yet been invented to supplant it in a last resort.

Distribution of Wealth

FOR several years large corporations have reported to the Journal of Commerce the number of names on their stock ledgers. This year's statement embraces two hundred and ten corporations having over nine billion dollars of capital stock, and the number of stockholders exceeds nine hundred thousand.

True, the "average holding"—arrived at by dividing the total number of stockholders into the whole amount of stock—means nothing whatever. If in a given corporation one man owns ten thousand and one shares, while nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine men own one share each, you have an average holding of two shares; but as a matter of fact one man owns more than half of the whole.

Nevertheless the Journal's figures are significant because they relate to those huge corporations in which concentration of wealth has been carried to its highest pitch. Undoubtedly these two hundred and ten concerns have more than nine billions in bonds outstanding, and the bonds are much more widely distributed than the stock is. In short, our biggest corporations are quite widely owned; and there are more than two hundred thousand smaller corporations outside the Journal's purview which represent a much greater distribution of wealth.

No few men have it all; but relatively few men have too much of it. Nobody—not even the Socialist—preaches equal distribution of wealth. On the other hand, every open-minded person wishes to correct the enormous inequalities that now exist. That, in fact, is the fundamental problem of democracy, beside which all other problems are insignificant—for wealth up to a certain point means opportunity. It is a great task, to which the country should steadily address itself; but there is no virtue in grossly overstating the case—and about two times out of three the case is overstated.

Express and Parcel Post

JANUARY first the Parcel Post Act comes into operation and packages up to eleven pounds in weight, which must now go by express, will be carried in the mails under a zone system of rates. Not a great while after that date, presumably, the rule of the Interstate Commerce Commission, prescribing a zone system of rates for express companies and making important reductions in charges, will come into effect.

Probably a third or more of present express business in bulk consists of packages weighing less than twelve pounds; but revenue from small packages is far greater, in proportion to weight, than from large ones. As to a very important part of the business, therefore, express companies will be in direct competition with the post-office after January first; and when the commission's rule as to zones and reduced rates becomes effective this competition will soon show who is to carry our parcels. Incidentally it may throw valuable light on the whole question of regulated private agencies versus Government operation.

Whether your package goes by mail or express, the railroads, of course, will haul it—with the same engine and crew and almost in the same car. For hauling the postal package they will be paid a fixed rate by the Government, according to weight. For hauling the express package they will receive a proportion—approximately half—of the charge paid by the shipper.

In settling the final question as to whether parcels are to be carried by the post-office or by express companies, not a little probably will depend upon which service is more profitable to the railroads.

Important Battles

AMONG important battles in the New World, John Fiske places that one which occurred at Ticonderoga in 1609, when Champlain and two other Frenchmen, with an escort of Algonquins, landed in the face of two hundred menacing Mohawks. Champlain stepped behind a tree and discharged his harquebus. Another Frenchman did likewise. The Mohawks broke in terror, leaving half a dozen dead and a number of prisoners in the hands of the Algonquins. The Mohawks were part of the most formidable military organization north of Mexico, and in the hundred-and-fifty-year struggle between France and England for possession of this continent the deadly hostility of the Long House to the French—dating from the brush at Ticonderoga—played an important part. Probably the part would have been quite as important if Champlain had merely frightened off the Mohawks by exploding a string of firecrackers.

The official tale of dead and wounded in the Balkan War has not yet been made up, but it will be large enough. That anything of sufficient importance to be worth the cost has been settled thereby is exceedingly doubtful. A more or less picturesque figure—long moribund and impotent—will no doubt be definitely removed from the European stage.

Austria, which has long been incapable of governing properly the territory it now holds, may get another strip of land. Russia, with the blood of old subjects not yet dried upon her hands, may grab some new ones. There will be tall monuments for a few heroes and taller taxes for some millions of peasants. And in total human consequences Champlain's little exploit may outweigh it all.

What Wilson Can Do

IT WILL soon lie within the power of Woodrow Wilson to perform one of the most valuable services ever rendered by a president to the people of the United States. There can never be efficient and economical government in this country until the spoils system is extirpated. We pay at least two and a half billion dollars a year for government; and so long as jobs are given for political reasons a considerable part of this huge sum will be wasted. A stand at Washington against tapping the public till for the support of the party would have important influence elsewhere. It will lie with Governor Wilson to say whether great branches of the public service shall be demoralized to make places for party followers; whether the spoils system shall be nourished by a new precedent—to which whatever opposition party next comes into power may point as an excuse for its partisan raids upon the public service. If the new president will refuse to displace a man for political reasons we do not believe any successor will dare fly in the face of that example, and genuine government efficiency will date from his inaugural.

Suffrage in Michigan

LONG enough after the November election for the preliminary returns to be counted it was announced that the amendment granting votes to women had been carried in Michigan by some twelve thousand. There is ground for suspecting that this early announcement corresponded with the facts, but the official returns from some districts were held back nearly a month. When these belated returns came in they showed just enough votes against the amendment to defeat it. Up and down the state it is charged that the whisky crowd stole the election.

Undoubtedly the anti-suffrage triumph will be short-lived. Whether or not there is a recount, the amendment will be resubmitted at the first opportunity; and in view of those withheld returns we expect it will carry by a majority so decisive that there will be no questioning of or tampering with it.

With the legislation expected from this session of Congress, by which shipments of liquor into dry territory can be prevented, a new weapon will be given to the advocates of statewide prohibition. A few plausible suspicions of election-stealing will be all that is necessary to drive liquor out of Michigan and several other states.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Most Advanced and Scientific Josher of the Age

Shaw and Supershaw

THE only thing in the universe George Bernard Shaw thinks he personally could not improve upon is himself. For all other doctrines, persons, creeds, landscapes, natural functions, policies, parties, food, clothing, literature, political visions, sciences, arts, crafts, theories, philosophies, and any other demonstration of any field of endeavor in his own country, which is England, or in any and every other country, he is prepared to furnish plans and specifications showing how he would make over anything and everything according to his ideas, and with great resultant improvement and incidental benefit to the human race, of course.

Holding himself apart as the one perfect specimen of the handiwork of Nature and the embellishments of civilization thereupon, he is willing and anxious to undertake the reconstruction and amendment of all other animate and inanimate things, of all beliefs and all believers. On days when he is feeling especially fit it is no task at all for him to dash off in a few hours a comprehensive, detailed method for the reform of civilization as a whole; and even when he is a bit seedy he can elaborate between breakfast and tea a project for the remaking of the Caucasian race—and not half try! The remodeling of a nation is but an hour's diversion for him, and the renovation of an individual requires but a few minutes' thought.

He is the premier panaceaist of the age. He has a remedy for everything from social conditions to the courses of the stars. Nothing is right but himself. Every time he leaves his home on Adelphi Terrace, in London, he has contrived a new and important reform before he has reached the corner of Adam Street; and by the time he has turned up the Strand and come to Trafalgar Square he has torn the everlasting upholstery off the nebular hypothesis and is engaged on a device for slowing down the revolutions of the earth.

However, problems like this are of no general interest; and he must be of general interest—must Shaw—for he has a living to make. So he usually dallies with the alteration of the social fabric to fit his ideas and the revision of such democracy as there is to suit his judgment on the subject. Starting early with the broad, general proposition that whatever is is wrong, he reached the conclusion that nothing can be right until he fixes it; and he has worked along those lines for years. Every time he hands down an opinion it is final and irrevocable until such time as he needs to make some more copy on that phase of his subject—when he, being the court of last resort, revokes his former irrevocable decision in such manner as copy necessities may demand, and gets away with it!

A Jolly Hound After Dismayed Rabbits

WE HAVE plenty of egoists in our own country, and the English as a race are quite given to that form of self-exploitation. The only difficulty with following egoism as a profession is that, in most instances, the egoist has not the goods to deliver. His self-appreciation rests on nothing securer than appreciation of self. With Shaw it is different. He is an egoist with the goods. He has a fair license to be impressed with himself, for stowed away in that long, Irish head, aloft of his whiskers and beneath his hair, are about as many brains of assorted kinds as have found a resting place in any one head in our day. While it is quite true that there is at times a lack of coördination between these various brands of brains, the fact remains they are there in that particular head and that their proprietor is very skilful with their application for his own aggrandizement.

A large number of English and Americans take Shaw seriously; and that is as it should be, for he has many attributes that demand serious attention and acknowledgment, chief of which are his intellect and his ability to write the language. It is quite apparent that Shaw long ago worked out the theory—and put it into perfect practice—that the way to get Englishmen and Americans, both literal to a degree, to take him seriously for his resultant advantage was to refuse to take them seriously, or any of their institutions and characteristics, manners, methods or morals; and he has won at it, to the great added enjoyment of both those who know and those who do not know.

This was his plan of action: "Here am I, George Bernard Shaw, heavily endowed with a cleverness that at times amounts to genius. Should I apply that cleverness and the flashes of that genius to ordinary topics in ordinary ways, I should get a reputation that would in no way be commensurate with the value of the material I used in obtaining it, and would not attract the attention or produce the income desired. Hence I shall use that abnormal cleverness, and such genius as may develop from time to time, in looking at ordinary things in an extraordinary way, and in setting down what I see. Inasmuch as the people who must pay for my wares will not understand and therefore appreciate, or will understand and therefore appreciate doubly, I shall capture the entire aggregation and shall come to be a devil of a fellow!"

That is about it. Accurately diagnosing the bulk of the human race as rabbits, Shaw assumed the character of the pursuing hound, and he has just naturally scared and perplexed and annoyed and dismayed the rabbits, because a rabbit never knows what a hound is, save that it is something which disturbs its cottontail calm; and a hound always knows what a rabbit is and acts accordingly.

Shaw is the most advanced and scientific josher of the day. He has the wisdom, too, to josh himself on occasions, not because he thinks he is deserving of the josh, even from himself, but because he understands the human nature he pricks and prods well enough to know that a critic who criticises himself gets further with the ordinary subjects of his censure or analyses than a critic who spares himself and never spares others. Being a critic, his chief aversion is a critic, and nobody can blame him for that; for the self-complacency of the usual critic who sets himself up as a judge—ordinarily by standards of his own making—over the work of others jars even lesser mentalities than Shaw's.

Why He Wears a Disguise

IN MOST of Shaw's discussion of himself, in his plays and other writings, he deals with himself as a creature all intellect and without heart. He likes to assume this pose. And he has impressed it on his public. When they refer to him they say: "Shaw? Oh, Shaw has everything upstairs!"—meaning that his head is supreme and his heart or sentiment nil. That seems to suit Shaw, for he looks at himself in that light. However, it is quite likely it will be discovered some day that this designation of Shaw is definitely unjust. What you will one day find out about Shaw is that he has plenty of heart—too much, no doubt—and that he has assumed this intellectual pose merely as a bluff to ward off the unsatisfactory results that always ensue when sentiment has control.

I have known a number of men in my time not so clever as Shaw, of course, and with not so much intellect to back the pose, to adopt that very means of guarding themselves against the effects of their sentimental predilections. Most of these men I have known have been Irishmen, or strongly of Irish descent. A temperamental Irishman is more temperamental than any other person on earth; and if an Irishman has lurking about him the rudimentary hard sense to know that temperament will get him nothing in most instances, he always takes a pose that crushes back the temperamental desires and puts on a false but impressive exterior for the sole purpose of fooling the world and aiding himself in his progress through it.

Shaw worshipers will laugh at this, and so, too, would Shaw; but that is of no consequence. I am convinced that this continual parading by Shaw of the pose that he is all intellect, that he is congenitally brilliant, so thoroughly and intellectually carbonized that he glitters all the time, unceasingly, has been foisted on the public by Shaw because in reality he is a sentimental vegetarian, and instead of being iconoclastic is in reality a rather mushy lover of his kind and in keen sympathy with their puny attempts at doing.

In order to get anywhere beyond the bounds of cleverness he was forced to build up and expand and develop this egoism of his, which he did until it is a Shaw artifice of surpassing excellence; and he was forced to lash about vigorously at what he conceived to be shams, and the follies of convention and precedent, and the great artificial fabric of our civilization. Otherwise, if he had not turned his intellect loose and allowed it to dominate in the pose, he would have been a kindly commentator, a genial adviser, a lover of his race. He took the pose and he had the intellect with which to support it.

It was merely a matter of self-protection.

However—and this is the main point—having adopted this pose, he was far better equipped than any of his contemporaries to carry it out. He had the intellect with which to do the trick. He had the gift of expression that enabled him to "put it over," as the saying is. He had the virility, the keenness of judgment, the facility of language, the abounding effrontery such a situation demanded. He had everything necessary, and the job he has made of it is the wonder of the world. Indeed, there are times when Shaw is smarter than he need be. He wastes cleverness. He is prodigal with it; but that comes from an excess of it, no doubt, for after all's said and done, when his casuistry, his palpable advertising devices, all the artificiality of it, the rhinestoneness of much of it, the bluff of it, the josh of it, the super-impudence of it, the sneer of it, the jeer and jape of it, the sciolism of a lot of it, the lack of sincerity and the egoism of it, are put in the balance, there still remains enough sheer ability, power of expression, skill of language, vitality of idea and newness of point of view to bring that side of the scale far down below the side freighted with the defects, and distinguish him as the most remarkable writing person of his day and generation.

The Cub and the King

A NEW man came from the United States to take charge of the London office of one of our news-gathering associations. He arrived at his new post at the time King Edward was ill.

Naturally he wanted to know how the King was, and he called in one of his men, also just over from America, and said: "Skip up to the palace and see how the King is this morning."

Being a new man and not knowing of the English newspaper methods and the hedges of precedent about royalty, this cub skipped up to the palace and sent his card in to Lord Knollys, the King's secretary.

Lord Knollys, much astonished, came out. "Good morning, Lord," said the cub. "How's the King?"

Whereupon Lord Knollys told the cub exactly how the King was and gave him a lot of interesting and important news about the royal patient, which was expeditiously cabled to the United States and back again to London, greatly to the consternation of the other news associations and the English newspaper men; and the cub didn't know, until the shocked Englishmen told him, just how many immortal and immemorial precedents he and Lord Knollys had smashed between them.

An Opening for an Angel

ONE of Oscar Hammerstein's scene-painters came to him at the Hammerstein London Opera House one day, when Hammerstein was in the midst of his difficulties, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Hammerstein, I have just painted a beautiful scene, a most exquisite scene!"

"What is it?" demanded Hammerstein.

"It is a sylvan dell—a most charming landscape!"

"Pah!" shouted Hammerstein. "What do I want with a sylvan dell? Paint me a banker! Paint me a banker!"

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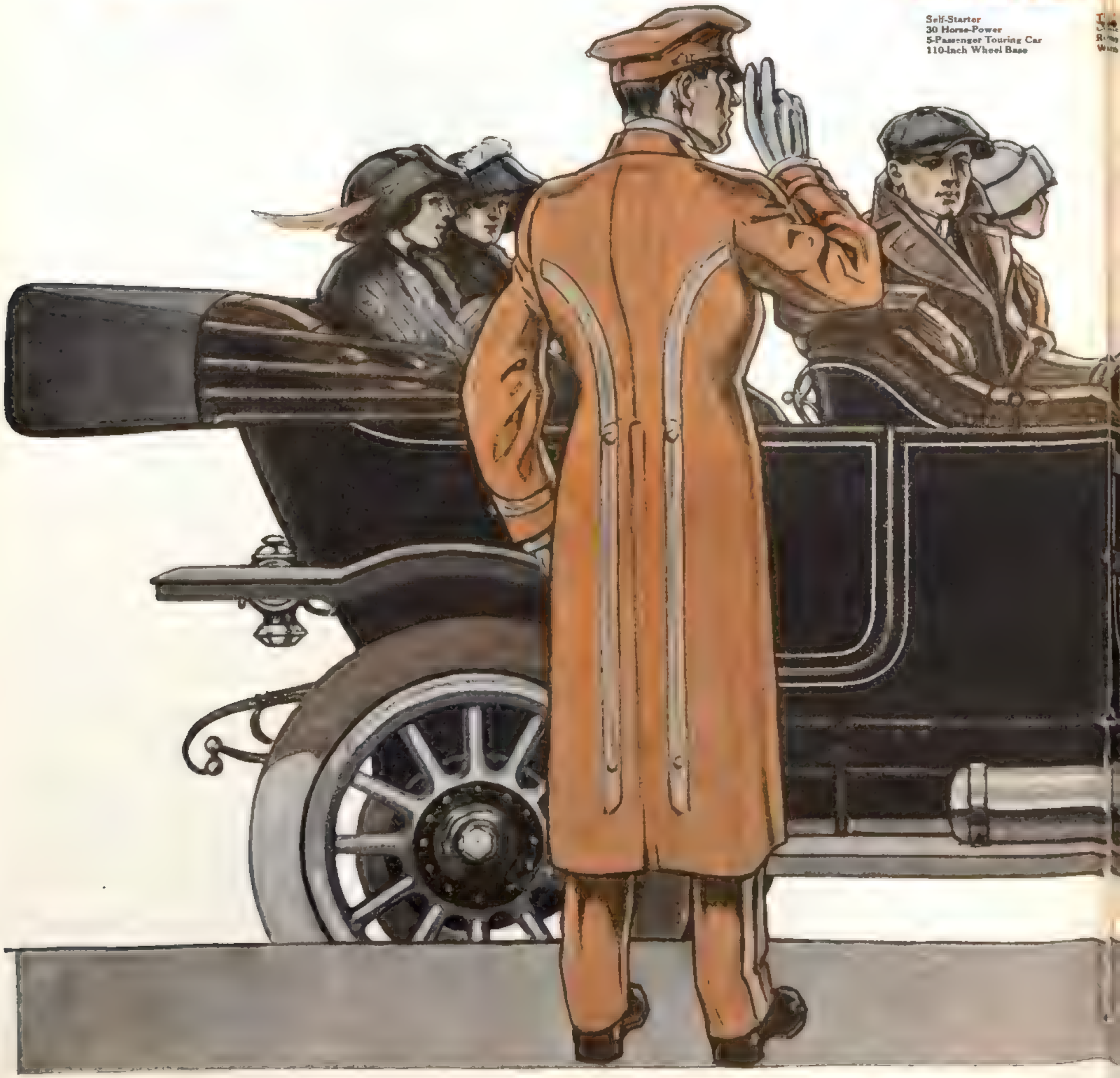

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THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

(Continued from Page 19)

can sing, and what a daisy third baseman he might have made, I feel like killing him."

"And who is this favorite philosopher of yours, Miss Needham?" West asked.

Ellinor laughed.

"You have got us mixed. I am Miss Hoffman. My philosopher? You'd never guess, so I might as well tell you. It's Jerome."

"Saint or William Travers?"

"Neither—Jerome K. Jerome. Goody, they've started the singing! Now the joy begins. No; sit still! Mr. Briggs won't be back. He sings too."

. . . . . .

Now this is what Miss Hoffman read to Mr. Thomas West on the evening after the boatraces. The line of dots represents—1, the boatraces; 2, the long and confidential talk between these two preceding the boatraces; 3, the equally long talk of the next day in and round the quadrangle—before the Senior Singing; and 4, what Stewart and Briggs thought of it all for Miss Hoffmann and Mr. West had hit it off famously.

"Yes, yes—they are clever and earnest, these shouters; and they have thought and have spoken the thought that was in them, so far as they have understood it, themselves—but what is it all but children teaching children? We are poor little fatherless brats, let to run wild about the streets and alleys of this noisy earth, and the wicked urchins among us play pitch-and-toss or marbles, and fight, and we quiet ones sit on a doorstep and play at school, and little 'Liza Philosophy and Tommy Goodboy will take it in turn to be 'teacher,' and will roar at us, and slap us, and instruct us in all they have learnt. And if we are good and pay attention we shall come to know as much as they—think of that!

"Come away—come away from the gutter and the tiresome game. Come away from the din. Come away to the quiet fields, over which the great sky stretches, and where, between us and the stars, there lies but silence; and there in the stillness let us listen to the voice that is speaking within us.

"Hark to it, oh, poor questioning children; it is the voice of God! To the mind of each of us it speaks, showing the light to our longing eyes, making all things clear to us, if we will but follow it. All through the weary days of doubt and terror has it been whispering words of strength and comfort to our aching heart and brain, pointing out the path through the darkness to the knowledge and truth that our souls so hunger for; and all the while we have been straining our ears to catch the silly wisdom of the two-legged human things that cackle round us, and have not heeded it! Let us have done with other men's teaching—other men's guidance. Let us listen to ourselves. . . . No; you cannot tell what you have learnt to others. That is what so many are trying to do. They would not understand you and it would only help to swell the foolish din."

"Yes," said Tommy West, a little later, reverting to the eloquent excerpt from Mr. Jerome, "speaking about quiet fields, that's what I'm looking for. I'm going to buy a farm."

"You don't look like a farmer."

"I'm not. That's why I want to farm. Learn something new."

"My grandfather sells farms—down home," said Ellinor meditatively. "If I could help to sell you one he'd give me a fat commission."

"Give me half of it and I'm with you," said Tommy West.

. . .

"WHAT I don't see," said Ellinor, "is why you stay here if you're not satisfied. I wouldn't. Nothing pleases you. You're always finding fault. And lazy! Tommy West, I do believe you're the laziest person I ever knew, and I've known lots of lazy ones!"

Tommy dipped his paddle languidly, both to disprove the last statement and to keep the canoe to its drifting course, clear of the eel-grass. He settled back with a little sigh, plainly too indolent to refute the accusation.

Ellinor was curled up daintily on a pile of cushions, sunburned and sunny-eyed. Tommy's sleeves were rolled back to show his sunburned arms. Owecum was near Ithaca. Owecum rather followed the Cornell manner, and Tommy West was doing new Roman deeds every day. He called them stunts.

Ellinor returned to the attack, seeing that Tommy—the Mr. West stage had been passed long ago—was not to be moved from his lotus-lily content by any halfway measures.

"You grumble at so many things—rain, houseplants and fancy cooking, embroidery work, automobiles, motorcycles ——"

"But I like out-of-doors—and sunshine—and running water—and canoes—and waterboats," said Tommy drowsily. "Lots o' little things I care about."

"You don't like bridge"—Tommy opened his mouth to retort, but thought better of it—"or golf, or tennis."

"Baseball," said Tommy, economical of energy.

"Yes; you do manage to get up an enthusiasm for baseball. So far as I know that's the only thing you really care about in all New York." Tommy regarded Miss Ellinor in pained amazement. "You don't like churches ——"

Tommy sat up.

"Come, I say now! There's nothing I like better than a good view of an old church, with trees all round it and just the spires to be seen above them—bells pealing out over the water, 'way off. Why, it sounds as good as an alarm clock when some other man's off to catch a train."

"You don't like doctors, and poor Roy Delancey"—here Tommy scowled so sternly that his glasses fell off—"and lawyers, and ——"

"Automobilesagain?" suggested Tommy.

"There! You see! You dislike so many more things than you like. You've come to the end of your list."

"The things I like, I like so much more than the things I don't like."

"Naturally."

"I mean, I like what I like so much more than I dislike what I don't like. You know very well what I mean. There's that gloom donkey, Delancey, now. I don't dislike him so much—only when he's round underfoot. On the other hand ——"

"And you don't like the hills," said Ellinor hurriedly.

"Oh, but you're all wrong there. I do. Only not afoot. It's just going up and down I don't like—especially up."

"Why don't you drive then?"

Tommy sighed.

"My farmer won't let me have my team. I got another horse for myself, but it didn't do any good. He hired a boy and used him to cultivate potatoes—the horse, you know, not the boy. If I get another it would be just the same. Of course there's my saddle horse; but he won't work, thank goodness! I took care of that. That man works all the time. First, it was planting buckwheat——"

"Oh, Tommy! You'll never be a farmer!"

"Sowing buckwheat—then cutting the rye; then the oats; and working in the potatoes all the time. And now he's talking about doing fall plowing until it's time to dig potatoes. Why can't he plow next spring? I want to know. I never saw such a man. He gets up at four o'clock, I guess, and works until eight. I don't want him to do fall plowing. He ought to rest two or three months after harvest. I go out and try to talk to him, but it just makes him cross. You'd think he'd be glad to stop!"

"It's your silly prattle about farming. You make him nervous. He told me about it. 'Miss Ellinor,' he said, 'it doesn't seem possible that any man could know so little about so many things as Mr. West does, and be alive!' Tommy, I believe you do it on purpose, just to bedevil him. You ought to be ashamed."

Tommy stroked his little pointed beard to smooth away a guilty grin.

"It does annoy him," he admitted.

"And his wife complains that you're all the time trying to talk her into doing her washing on Wednesday and ironing on Friday. Why did you come here anyhow? You don't like New York."

Tommy pondered on this, the canoe turned broadside on.

"Baseball?" he hazarded, brightening. "I'm just daffy about baseball." The canoe drifted slowly downstream, now stern-end first.

"Tommy West, turn this boat round!"

"View's just as good this way," grumbled Tommy with admiring eyes.

"You turn this boat round and answer my question. I can understand why you would visit the East—every one likes to travel; but why did you buy that farm? You wouldn't learn farming in a thousand years! And I'm sure grandfather cheated you on it scandalously."

Tommy stared hopelessly up at his farm, which marched with the Hoffman homestead. The Hoffman pasture lay along the high, steep hillside polka-dotted with prosperous Holsteins. Above, crowning the long hill, was Tommy's property—not yet the West place. It would not be that for fifty years to come. Owecum was conservative. It was still the Barton place, though the Barton who once owned it had lived in the city of New York since the early eighties. From the Barton farm a modern cannon would carry to the birthplace of our most noted American financier. Unfortunately it was neglected until too late.

A house on a hill cannot be hid, but this one gave only a few white glimpses through the long double row of maples. The big red barn stood out against the sky-line, which made it seem longer, if possible, than it really was; its situation, the tall, round silo and the clear river below combined to give a castled-crag-of-Drachenfels effect.

Mr. West regarded his property with a puzzled air.

"The maples, maybe?"

"Tommy West! As if any one ever bought a farm for the maples!"

Tommy West readjusted his eyeglasses and took a longer look. "Oh, I know! It's the view!" he announced triumphantly. "Do you know, I often think to myself that if I just had this country out in Idaho I'd be awfully proud of it! I'd swell up my chest and show it to you Eastern folks as proud as if I made it. From my place I certainly have a fine view. And I got one-fourth of the commission, remember."

It was a beautiful view. From that eminence the eye took in the long reaches of a noble river from Mudjekeewis Island to Ivanhoe—a river that Tommy West with characteristic perversity called the Senatorhanna; the white town nestled in dense greenery, the distant spires so dear to Tommy's heart thrust up above the fine old trees; northward, the long waves of low hills dimmed to a level haze toward Ithaca.

"Funny why they don't name any of these hills," said Mr. West.

"Why don't you name yours then?" Miss Ellinor by no means considered the view an adequate reason for the purchase of that farm, but she did not push the query farther, having a faint surmise of her own.

"I will," said Tommy promptly. "I'll call it Mount Helena—after your cousin. She's been mighty nice to me."

"Haven't I been good to you too?"

"Oh, you're good to everybody," said Tommy.

The ambiguity of the compliment was not lost on Ellinor. Mr. West, so far as intent goes, was a monopolist; and, when thwarted, he was inclined to be huffy, not to say sulky. Miss Ellinor smiled her sweetest; she declaimed with airy benignity:

"If you have a friend worth loving—
Love him! Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow."

As she proclaimed these liberal sentiments, she was pleased to observe that the glow which tinged Tommy's brow was an angry one.

"I think you might have named it for me," she pouted. "My name is almost exactly the same as hers."

"Your name doesn't abbreviate so aptly as hers though. We can call it Mount Lena for short, coming down."

"My name can be shortened too," said Ellinor.

"There's no 'H' in it. No—no; your name's exactly right just as it is. I never knew a name to fit so well," said Tommy enthusiastically. In his animation and delight he even took a stroke or two with his paddle.

Ellinor caught the obscure reference, for Tommy had showed her the lines concerning her Christian name, after an unusually severe grilling. Clearly it was time to put Mr. West in his place.

"There'll be a party of young folks out for tennis this afternoon. You'll stay, won't you?"

"Who is it?" Tommy eyed her with suspicion. "That ass Delancey, of course. Who else?"

"Mr. Freeman and Esther, and the two philosophers, and Mr. Stewart—if he can get away."

"Same old gang. It seems to me," said Mr. West morosely, "there are a good many men in the party."

"Is there any particular girl you want to come?"

"Oh, you know what I mean! You ought to have more girls. I don't get to see you at all."

"The young ladies hardly care to come 'way out here. It would look," said Ellinor primly, "as though they were coming to meet the young men."

"Esther comes though! In Idaho ——"

"Oh, Esther—that's different!" said Ellinor. "She comes to see Freeman!" She reverted to her original query, conscious that her solution would not bear analysis. "If you like Idaho so well, why did you ever come here?"

"I can't just explain the charm of—Idaho. You'd have to see it for yourself. Why, you know, you said you liked New Mexico so well when you were down there last summer ——"

"Last winter and spring. We got back here two months before you came. Yes; it was wonderful. I'm going back there too."

Mr. West took up his paddle again. He looked cross.

"You liked the people there?"

Miss Ellinor's rare dimple appeared.

"They were delightful—some of them"

Mr. West sent the startled Water Witch on her way with a dozen agitated strokes. It was a devious way. Mr. West was not nautical.

"I see you get letters from there," said Tommy with a meaning glance at the pocket of her jacket, where it lay beside the picture hat.

"Oh, yes! That's from Billy. I had forgotten. I brought that along to read you an extract from a note written to him by a Mexican boy he was helping with his English. Here—you read it yourself." She tossed him the envelope.

Tommy hesitated.

"Other people's letters—now ——"

"Oh, nonsense! You need only read the note from the Mexican boy."

So Tommy read it while the canoe boxed the compass.

"I received very littel letter from you, and you will know that I do not like many to no received letter from you; but I believe that you when to receipt this letter I believed that do you will to do more last.

"Now I will teld you a littel on the *conversación* that we has in your country; he said to me that when you was in this moderate—*contenido*—country, alone them will be able the innocence that them are enjoymen."

"You can read the other if you want to. It's only Billy White."

"Friend of yours?" His brow clouded.

"Silly! Of course he is! Is it likely I'd write to him if he wasn't a friend?"

"And that other fellow—the big thick letters—is he a friend too?" Storms, hurricanes and great local disturbances!

"Oh—him?"

Her hand trailed in the water; she watched it with intent interest.

"Billy White's a nice boy, Tommy; but this other—Tommy, he's just wonderful! an out-of-doors man too. You'd like him, I'm sure."

From the expression of Tommy's face this may be doubted. If a gentleman may scowl at a lady Tommy scowled.

After a troubled silence the girl went on, still watching the hand in the water.

"I've never seen any one like him. . . . Maybe I'll tell you about him—sometime. He's very poor; but—as the Griffin said of the Minor Canon—'he was brave and good and honest, and I think I should have relished him.'" There was a catch in her voice. "I think, perhaps, if he hadn't been poor—or if I was poor ——" The words died away. Tears stood in her eyes when she looked up. "Take me home, Tommy! I'm a wicked, ungrateful girl, and I ought to be ashamed to talk about him like this—to you."

Tommy was nothing loath to go. He was consumed with jealousy and anger, which made him, as canoeist, more awkward than ever. He shut his teeth together until the Vandyke thrust out aggressively; he dipped the paddle with savage energy. Miss Ellinor huddled silent in the bow—and poor Tommy West saw that she trembled.

"The ignorant ruffian! Battered bully! Little better than a desperado!" Tommy did not say it aloud, but he half formed the words behind his clenched teeth as the girl's shaking form became quiet. "By Heaven, he shan't have her!"

A slight inkling of his own absurdity must have reached Tommy's troubled mind, for he grinned once; but the grin did not last.

The poor little Water Witch made a bad voyage. If an eel had been towed in her stern, infallibly it would have broken its back.

The girl sat up presently. Her face was flushed and her eyelids were red, but she made a brave effort for composure and attempted a desultory conversation to which Tommy contributed gruff monosyllables. She gave him her hand as he steadied her for the landing. Tommy felt, or thought he felt, a distinct pressure—thought so the more for the grateful and confidential glance that accompanied it; and poor Tommy's heart bounded joyously. At least, she trusted him; she was striving to overcome this disastrous weakness. Had she not said that she would tell about that that disreputable scoundrel—some day? Did she mean—what else could she mean? Tommy's feet scarcely touched the ground.

His elation was doomed to be shortlived however. As they neared the Hoffman home Ellinor walked more rapidly—and Tommy was disgusted to see that the R. F. D. man was approaching from the other side. His face turned fairly livid with wrath and pain. So that was why she wanted to come back so suddenly!

His worst fears were confirmed. There was a big, thick letter for Ellinor; her hand slipped so that he saw the New Mexico postmark and the bold handwriting of the address. With a murmured apology and a shy, sidelong, drooping glance for Tommy as she passed him, Ellinor ran up the steps with joyous feet.

There was a letter for Tommy too. The postman left Tommy's mail at Hoffman's now as a regular thing; always with a discreet query as to the progress of Tommy's farming.

Tommy needed so much agricultural information from Ellinor's grandfather that he had a sunny south room of his own in the rambling, quaint, old-fashioned house. He trudged heavily to his room now, weighing the letter indignantly in his hand as he went. "Why a girl like Ellinor would throw herself away on a sorry adventurer like that, I can't see!" he muttered.

There were three inclosures. Two of them were brief scrawls from Ed Dowlin and Johnny Dines. He threw them by unread and tore open the fat letter for Mr. Jeff Bransford, Escondido, New Mexico.

"She doesn't hurt herself writing very often!" Jeff grumbled.

Mr. West's face grew less cloudy, fair, and at last positively sunny as he hurried over the pages. She was more than merely grateful to Jeff—that was beyond doubt. He began to purr; but near the last he came to what gave him pause—I had nearly written claws.

"Our new neighbor, Mr. West—I told you about him, didn't I?—is down here a great deal. My grandfather sells farms on commission. He sold this one to Mr. West and I'm afraid he made him pay far too much for it. Mr. West is a very nice man, but he's no farmer. He is down here a great deal to get advice about his farming operations. Mother likes him very much. Father would too, I suppose, but he's away on business now.

"I told mother about you, Jeff—a little. She thinks it was noble of you, of course—but you know how mothers are. Naturally she was anxious. She doesn't know you, you see. She told me she thought it would be as well if I didn't say anything to father yet. I guess she thinks I'll forget you if she gives me time enough. As if I could do that, Jeff!

"Yes, I knew Mr. Griffith and his three friends; but there was no Gibson in Arcadia that I remember now. There were lots of transients, you know. You didn't tell me much about Mr. Gibson; or, in fact, about anything after you got away from Double Mountain. Tell me next time you write.

"Billy writes to me once in a while. He wrote me pages on pages about some of your past exploits. You'll have to quiet down, sir—when you get rich! Some one told him a lot of the stories were lies; but, says Billy, 'I'd like to be the kind of man they tell such lies about!' He admires you very much, Jeff. So does Rex Griffith—not to mention your little friend. Did I tell you that Mr. West bought the farm adjoining ours? It's not very fertile, but it's a delightful old house. He took us up there yesterday. He's quite wealthy, I think."

The reading paused for bitter comment:

"Oh, damn Mr. West! What do I care about him and his money? I'd like to see him in some of the tights I've been in! It's mighty funny she never said anything about him before. In all the letters I've had from her since I come, not one twitter about Mr. West! She says a plenty about him now. It's a wonder she takes time to write at all!"

He turned back to the letter.

"I hate to think of you out there working so hard, Jeff. It seems a shame for a man of your ability to wear his life away for no reward. You said you were going to get rich, you know—for me! You'll never get rich there. Do you know how old I am? Of course you don't. You don't know anything about me, really—just that I treated you very badly. Don't think I am a wicked, mercenary girl, dear. You mustn't. Money is a good thing, but there are better things—laughter and joy, and—love, Jeff!

"I wish you could be up here now; not only because I want to see you so badly—you know I do, Jeff—but because everything is so beautiful. Oh, boy, your country is grand, wonderful—everything that is big and clean and young, and all that; but there is nothing in New Mexico more beautiful than New York in summer—or springtime, which is best of all! It's horrible here in winter though. One ought to have two homes—cut the year in halves. Are the years long for you, Jeff?

"We have been having all sorts of dissipation—automobiling, canoeing, tennis, dances. Two aeroplanes flew by—or, rather, one flew by and the other stopped here. And the Owecum boys have a really good ball team—all local talent except for a few Cornell boys through the vacation. They play twice a week and they beat all comers—nearly. We never miss a game. You said in your last letter that you were a 'fan'; so I thought I'd tell you. Isn't it funny? I don't know anything about what you like—except me!

"Mr. West does too—likes baseball, I mean; not little me. He doesn't care for autos at all; but, of course, he goes along. He likes horseback riding better and so do I—though scarcely any one rides here. I used to ride so much in California—constantly, in fact. We go for a ride almost every fine day. Papa has just bought a new car. The one we have here—the old one—is pretty badly dilapidated. Mr. West says it has the heaves and a bone-spavin. He is from the West too—from Idaho.

"And now, my poor old hard-working boy, I really must stop. I've promised to go canoeing tonight by moonlight. You've no idea how beautiful the river is. And we sing. Mr. West has a very nice voice—not strong, but very clear and expressive. He puts so much meaning into it. And he knows a lot of the most extraordinary songs. Do you remember our song—Jamie?

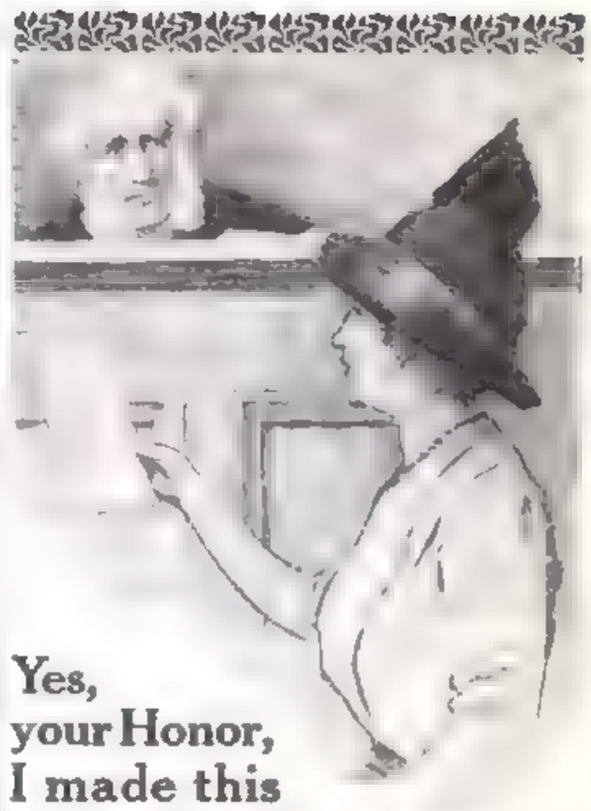
"Here is part of an old song my mother taught me—Jamie. When you lie down to sleep tonight—the night you read this, I mean—under your great warm stars, think I am singing it to you, and sleep—and dream of me.

"'*Poor weary hands, that all the day*
Were set to labor hard and long,
At last we reach the close of day—
The time has come for evensong.
Tonight forget the stormy strife
And know what Heaven shall send is best.
Lay down the tangled web of life—
'Tis time for rest—'tis time for rest!'

"Good night, boy!

"Your little friend, ELLINOR."

"P. S. Speaking of stars, we had a comet party the other night at the Hoffman house—that sounds like a hotel, doesn't it? People have called it that so long we



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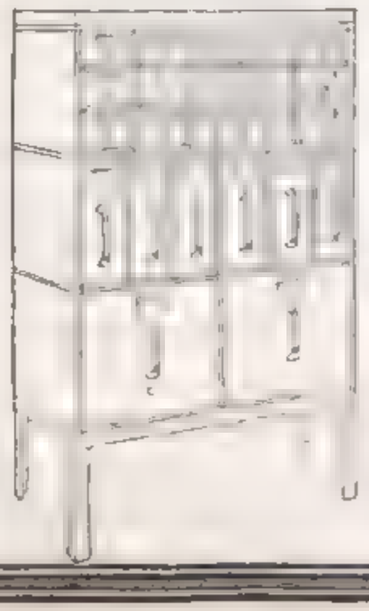

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scarcely notice it any more—because of the alliteration, I fancy. It was very exclusive. Just Mr. Freeman and his Esther, and our new neighbor and little me. Mr. West said if he had known astronomy was such a fascinating study he would have taken it up long ago."

The new neighbor almost tore the letter in two in his exasperation. This was too much! They had not seen the comet once—or looked for it. Freeman and Esther had the music room; he remembered that Freeman would play the flute, no matter if he woke every one in the house. Ellinor and he had kept the cozy corner for themselves. He was fairly aflame with jealousy and anger.

"By Heaven! I believe she's falling in love with him! Half her letter is about him. This is pretty reading now, for a tired man riding sixty miles across the desert from South Rainbow to get a letter from her—working his fool head off for her! Nice state of affairs, this is! Him and his money!" He glanced at his watch, fuming. "Now she won't be down until dinnertime, I know! She'll sit right down and write to him. Hasn't the girl any pride? Here she keeps two sets of crossed letters going all the time—sometimes three sets—for all the world like a juggler tossing balls at a fair. She might at least have decency enough to wait until she gets his answer to her last letter." A stanhope drove into the yard. "Here comes that gloomy ass, Delancey! Pity he couldn't wait and come when the others do. One consolation—he won't see Ellinor now. She won't stir until she writes a letter to that poor pitiful fool! Uncouth barbarian!" He surveyed Delancey through the window maliciously and brightened at the sight. "It's a good wind that blows nobody ill. I'm not going down to talk to him—gloomy ass! Let Grandpa Hoffman entertain him. I might as well sit down and write to Ellinor so as to send it when the postman goes back."

Which he did. His pen fairly flew. The sorrows and fears and hopes and mishaps of Mr. Jeff Bransford, as there set down, would melt the heart of a stone. There were bitter allusions to Mr. West, too, and slighting surmises. Mr. Bransford was maddened by fear and jealousy.

After the midday meal—which with no unworthy evasion was dinner, the Hoffmans being farming folk—Delancey the interloper sat with Ellinor on the big porch, leaving Tommy with Mrs. Hoffman. That gentle lady was surprised to find Mr. West's wonted deference just a little forced—one might almost say reluctant.

Altogether he passed a wretched afternoon. The tennis players appeared at three in a crowded motor. Ellinor and Stewart—of course he found time to come—were matched against Freeman and a philosopher—the Idealist. Miss Esther, as referee, sat in the car with Tommy and found him dull and grumpy—not even sarcastic. He was very miserable, but he obtained a ray of comfort by observing the empiric philosopher entertaining the gloomy ass.

Miss Esther wearied of her moody cavalier at last and left him to nurse his grouch while she went to exercise her duties at the net—on Freeman's side.

Tommy was drafted for the next match, despite his sulky protest. Tommy played very badly; the gloomy ass, who was his partner, played even worse, though usually rather a dab; and they were beaten ignominiously by Miss Esther and the Empiricist. Spirited recriminations ensued, for meantime the Idealist was talking philosophy to Ellinor, and it was hard to tell which of the beaten partners was the gloomier.

Tea was served on the great old colonial porch. Then in the music room as the dusk came on some one started Cayuga Waters. It is a good song. There was silence afterward. It was broken by Stewart:

"Won't you sing Dearie for me, Miss Ellinor?" His punctuation was peculiar and not that recorded above; it roused the spirit of emulation.

Up rose then the gloomy ass, who was feeling decidedly better since tea.

"Won't you sing my song first—our song, Ellinor?" The unhappy young voice shook with its pleading.

"It would gratify me very much."

Thus far, in concert, the two philosophers. They paused and scowled at each other, mutually disconcerted at the ill-timed impertinence, and simultaneously they fell back upon direct speech. "Sing my song, please!" they chanted in chorus.

"Ellinor!" said poor Delancey.

Under drooped lids she shot a swift glance at Tommy. Tommy glared in gloomy dignity.

"Oh, yes; sing my song, too, by all means," Tommy said bitterly. "Make it unanimous!"

So Ellinor went to the piano; she turned her face to the west, a little pale—and she sang about Jamie!

There were tears in her voice—yes, in her eyes! Tommy's blood reeled; his throat ached with love and longing and wrath. This was too much—too hard to bear! While Miss Esther sang, in turn, Tommy quietly left the room, wandered disconsolately through the trembling dusk and kicked the car. This was too emphatically much!

"Faithless! Oh, she promised! But Sandy has money—that's the main thing! . . . And that look she gave me before she sang . . . Plain treachery—that's what it is! . . . 'Your little friend,' indeed! And then to look at any man like that! . . . This thing has got to be settled. His little friend! I'll see about that!"

. . . . . .

Young Roy Delancey went early—that had not been his song. When the car had whirled away—when the last shout of joyous laughter had died—Mr. Tommy West turned to Ellinor.

"Will you come to the music room with me, Ellinor?"

"Why, certainly!" She led the way. "Poor Tommy! Did it have the doldrums? Do you want me to sing for you now—just you, Tommy?"

"I want you to live for me—just me!" said Tommy hoarsely.

"Mr. West!"

"Ellinor! Give me a chance! I will wait. I will be patient. You must have seen how it was with me, Ellinor. Can't you try to love me—just a little?"

"Oh, Tommy! A little? Yes, a great deal! I think it is you who have been blind. There has never been any one else, Tommy. It was you from the first."

She gave him her hands; she trembled to him—his lips brushed hers. . . . Then he stepped back as though the touch had burned him.

"Oh, woman!" Tommy moaned, aghast at her unshrinking duplicity. "Oh, woman!"

"You talk like a Latin grammar, Tommy! What's the matter?" She caught the tragic despair of his face and drew back in alarm. "What is the matter?"

"Infamous!" he burst out. "Faithless! Perfidious wretch!"

"Fine manners these! Are you mad?" She threw herself into a chair and buried her face, trembling with emotion.

"I brought you 'honor and faith and a sure intent,'" said Tommy sternly. "I trusted you, Ellinor! I will never trust a woman again!"

"And this is my hoped-for happiness! Here's a lover for you!" wailed the bewildered girl. "Go, sir! Go! No—wait! I must give you back your present."

"I never gave you a present—some other man doubtless!" said Tommy with bitter and cutting scorn. "You should be more careful."

The girl's shoulders heaved at this insult.

"Look the other way, sir! Turn your head! You shall have your present and then you may go if you wish."

Confused and bewildered, Tommy obeyed her.

"Miss Hoffman, I never gave you a present in my life!" he protested.

"You did!" sobbed Ellinor. "You said when you gave it to me you hoped it would bring me good luck."

"I? I?" stammered Tommy. "I never even gave you so much as a book."

She sprang to her feet. She was laughing, blushing, glowing. In her hand was the little gold chain.

"Hold out your hand, sir!"

Tommy's mind was whirling; he obeyed. She laid a little gold locket in his palm. It was warm.

"I never saw this locket before in all my life!" gasped Tommy.

"Open it!"

He opened it: the little eohippus glared up at him!

"Ellinor!—Charley Gibson!"

"Tommy!—Tobe!—Jeff!—Jamie!" said Ellinor.

The little eohippus stared unwinking from the floor.

(THE BEGINNING)

The Autobiography of a Chief of Police

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IV

"THE boss is dead! Long live the boss!" Such was the sentiment that fired Devil's Center when the news of Luke Keenan's arrest and imprisonment thundered along its vice-ridden streets and down its sinister byways. The whole district was in a turmoil. Nobody knew what would happen next. One thing only was clear in the welter—the new boss, unheralded as yet, would be grateful for the dethronement of the old. And everybody of unenviable distinction who had felt the crash of Luke's mailed fist on his head or Luke's greedy hooks at his throat scuttled for my office to give testimony that might help to strip the fallen ruler of his last vestige of power.

Affidavits poured down on me from Ben Deurtells and a dozen more unsavory sources faster than I could gather them. Making capital whilst that storm raged, I ordered my men and wagons out to pull every resort and divekeeper from whom it had been shown that Luke extorted tribute. Back they whirled with whole regiments of his disaffected followers. One by one I dragooned them into my office and there took their sworn testimony. In so far as my own very limited knowledge of the law went I was certain that Luke was doomed to the penitentiary. More sensational still, politicians of high and low degree, police officers of rank, State's Attorney Bostrom and his silent partner, Gordon R. Ashley, were implicated in nasty fashion.

My imagination descried them wriggling, twisting, writhing to break through the closely woven meshes of the net with which I had hauled them out of the sea of the underworld. And while that lurid picture was flashing through my mind one of the largest and most unclean fish of them all, Mr. Gordon R. Ashley, came swimming, as it were, before my very eyes. One might have thought our relative positions were reversed when, facing me, he hissed:

"Lieutenant Callahan, my firm represents the interests of Mr. Luke Keenan, and I want you to know I won't stand for the nonsense I did with Gourlay. Deny me my legal right of consulting with Mr. Keenan if you dare!"

"Why all that tempest for nothing?" I asked. "Go downstairs and see him."

My consent staggered him far more than could the refusal he had come prepared to receive and to browbeat out of existence. He recovered in a second, however, and smiling insinuatingly, as if he and the gang had cowed me at last, he said with an implied menace:

"You will place charges against Mr. Keenan at once. You shan't violate law and justice again by hiding the victims of your machinations where no writ of habeas corpus can reach them."

Ashley Waves the Olive Branch

"You are evidently in one of your argumentative moods, Mr. Ashley," I twitted. "I have already preferred charges against this fellow Keenan. Can you suggest anything more serious under the circumstances?"

"You—you ——" Wrath and amazement tripped up his usual flow of eloquence.

"If you are so anxious to see your client," I said, not having the patience to wait until he recovered his verbal balance, "you had better hustle downstairs for I intend to take Keenan before Magistrate Delaney for his preliminary examination within the next fifteen minutes."

"Lieutenant," he cajoled, fawning when he saw that it was I who had the whip hand, "I'm really sorry, but we don't seem able to get together. If you will let me say it—I mean it kindly—you never came at me right. Supposing you feel me out. You'll find me a pretty good fellow."

"Don't be too anxious, Mr. Ashley," I advised. "You'll be tried out when the time comes, but not by me."

"What do you mean, lieutenant?" He trembled a little more violently than he cared to have me detect.

"There's no use in making you more nervous. You'll find Luke in the last cell to your right." I shrugged my shoulders and turned to my interrupted labors.

Veiled overtures of bribery like Ashley's, I found, resembled troubles closely in one respect: they refused to be born singly. And when I returned from Magistrate Delaney's courtroom with the profane and frantic Luke in tow the station was crowded with politicians of moment, each of whom believed that he could "see" me where the other fellow had failed. A telephone message from Chief of Police Shayne Corigan, ordering me to report at headquarters immediately, interrupted the business of that disgruntled convention and it adjourned *sine die*.

"Callahan," began Chief Corigan, masking his batteries with what seemed to me a mere pretense of friendliness, "I owe you an apology for the way I treated you the last time you were here; but I had enough on my mind to make anybody cross. You know yourself how those things go."

The Diplomacy of Corigan

The chief eyed me narrowly and smiled winningly. Fast approaching his sixtieth year, but still powerful as a pillar of steel and active as a youth—his white hair, mustache and Burnsides put me in mind of his predecessor, Drake, with whom, after all, he had so few points of contact—Shayne Corigan was a magnetic and often an impressive personality. He had the gift, when he chose to exercise it, of drawing men to him.

"If you treated me harshly I've forgotten all about it, chief." I waved my hand as if in further proof that the incident belonged to the past and set my thoughts forward to cope with the emergency that I felt sure was to come.

"I'm glad of that," he said, feigning relief, "because I'm fond of you personally and your work is immense. In fact I've slated you for early promotion, and I wanted to tip you off that if you don't let up on Pete Gourlay and Luke Keenan you'll ruin your own chances. You get me surely?"

"No, I don't, chief. Just what do you mean by letting up?" I put out as a feeler.

"Drop your cases against them. State's Attorney Bostrom is agreeable, and you're the only man that stands in the way," he explained.

"How can I when both cases have gone so far?" I asked, still clasping the pump-handle.

"Easily enough; all you need to do is to give me the names and addresses of the witnesses. I'll do the rest." He showed irritation at my stupidity.

I shook my head positively, resolving mentally to build a still higher wall of precautions around my witnesses.

"But, my boy," he objected softly, "if you persist you'll be ruined and annihilated." There was a note of deep regret in Corigan's voice and—let me do him justice—it was absolutely genuine.

"Very well, chief," was my ultimatum; "that part of the deal is up to you. All I know is that if I'm going to be broke it will be as an honest man and not as a crook."

"By Jove, Callahan," he thundered, "I admire your honesty and firmness." And then, tossing his fine head back as if he would restrain the exclamation that had burst from him so impulsively, he added: "But you're a foolish fellow all the same to think you can buck the big seven of the administration. There isn't a man alive that can do it. You'll find out before you trot much further that their influence reaches right up to the doors of the government building."

"Let it reach where it will and hit whoever it wants, chief," I replied; "that's not my affair."

"Callahan, won't you listen to reason?" he pleaded, rising from his chair and pacing up and down the room, his hands crossed behind his back and talking as if to himself rather than to me. "You've got to cave in sooner or later, and it's only a question of doing it while there's time to save your hide or postponing it until it's too late. You simply can't get away with it. Didn't I try? Didn't I start out along your lines? Didn't lots of us? You've seen enough to know that we don't make conditions and

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that every big city has the police department it deserves. Look here, my boy, when I had your job in Devil's Center they wanted to square it with me for opening up crooked gambling games to trim hod-carriers and day laborers, and I wouldn't stand for it. They poked a wad under my nose that was as thick as your two fists, and although the kids were sick and the old girl was all in and we were running behind so fast that our little home was hooked in with the smash-up, I turned it down. Yes, I did—I turned it! And that night in the cars, on the way to my house, I put my hand in the inside pocket of my overcoat and found the wad tucked away there. One of the Dicks at the station or one of the gamblers shoved it there when I was out of the office. It would have tempted an angel, which I never yet pretended to be, and I was going to fall for it when I thought: 'Hold on, the old girl has got a say about this. The kids and the house are as much hers as your own, and if we're going to land on top I don't want her kick coming afterward on the kind of stepladder we used.' So I put it up to her fair and square. 'Fetch it back,' she said, crying: 'it's blood-money wrung out of the hearts of a lot of poor devils and I don't want it!' And back I fetched it."

Shayne Corigan walked over to one of the windows and looked through it on the great city far below; his powerful back, which was turned toward me, heaved slightly, I thought, and he blew his nose vigorously. The night was falling and the lights in the skyscrapers that towered all round us crept, as it were, from story to story, from building to building, like the flames of a prairie fire as seen from a distance. The flames turned into a blaze of electrics, but the chief's office was still wrapped in semi-darkness. Neither of us spoke.

Every word that had crossed his lips, I could not help but feel, was true as Holy Writ, and I knew then for the first time that Shayne Corigan had started out on the square and been corrupted, like many another, by a system that had been too much for him and which gradually had got the better of him. His story had touched me profoundly. I stepped across the floor of the room and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Chief," said I, my voice a little husky, "they can break me if they like. They have broke far abler men, and I guess it won't matter much in the long run if they do. What I'm sorry about is that, in a worse way, they've broke a man whose impulses are as honorable and generous and whose heart is as kind as Shayne Corigan's."

The Chief in a Corner

He struggled with himself for a moment and then said, his eyes meeting mine, his voice low but in firm control: "Callahan, can't you favor an old man like me? I've lived past the twilight and I fear, for some reason, they're going to pull the shades down on me soon, and I can't quit the world feeling like an ingrate. I didn't think you'd humble me by shoving me into a corner where I'd have to tell you that I owe my present job to Luke Keenan's backing and influence. Will you let go of him and Gourlay now?"

Afraid to trust myself, I gave no answer.

"Very well," he said after a silence whose length I have no means of measuring, "I'll have to break you." His voice throbbed.

"I'll never bear you any ill-will if you do, chief," I declared. "It's part of the game, and I can give and take like a man, I hope. But supposing things take a sudden turn and I have to break you? What then?"

He surveyed me critically, his sharp gray eyes wavering wide with astonishment, his lips parted slightly, whether to give vent to a curse or an exclamation of praise I never knew, for he locked them at once and held out his hand in silence. I clasped it and left, glowing warm with a sense of my own powers, abilities and, the truth must be confessed, with a rare and delicious sense of my own magnanimity.

Early the next morning, when I returned to the station for another day's strenuous labor and picked up the Police Bulletin, I felt like a vainglorious ass. The old chief by a mere twist of his supple wrist had pulled the ground from under my feet. I had been transferred back to High Plains by his order, which was to take effect that night. After a few minor engagements,

"It Would Have Tempted an Angel, Which I Never Yet Pretended to Be"

which I deluded myself into believing were major victories, my battle had been lost. My brain was in a swirl and my mental processes suspended business. The tinkle of the telephone at my elbow startled them into semi-conscious activity.

"I want to speak to Lieutenant Callahan," drawled Charlie Van Orsdale's voice when I picked up the receiver absently and still half dazed.

"This is Callahan—or what's left of him—at the phone," I answered.

"Don't say," he returned. "Talk a little more so I can be sure of it. Your voice sounds as if you had soaked it in vinegar overnight. I've got a piece of bad news for you. Will it make you feel any better?"

"Don't you know what's happened?" I groaned. "Those devils have transferred me back to High Plains."

"That's old stuff," he consoled. "I wanted to give you the tip-off a half-hour ago. Why don't you get to your office earlier? Job Fletcher, the city editor, told me. Aren't you glad they didn't make it Hampden Terrace? We can sympathize with each other; it's our day for getting the hook. Fletcher melted the tar out of the story I turned in about the bunch of affidavits I put you in the way of getting yesterday evening. Didn't I say that I suspected Job Fletcher was drawing two salaries a week? The paper pays him only one, and I don't believe he'll let me write a story showing from where I think he gets the other. What a cop that fellow would make! But now, Cally, don't get downhearted. It's only the end of the fifth inning and we come to the bat next. I'm sure, besides, I can reach the old man, and he's umpire."

"What old man?" I asked, my thoughts centering darkly on this last bit of bad news.

An Appeal to Caesar

"Outerbridge, you gilly!" he answered. "Alexander Hamilton Outerbridge, our editor and publisher. He's also president of the Alexander Hamilton National Bank—that's where it get its name. Now listen carefully. His secretary just informed me he'll be at the bank inside of the next twenty minutes, and the place to talk newspaper business to him is at the bank, and vice versa; it diverts his mind. Fly to meet me at the bank and bring a carbon copy of those affidavits with you. Fletcher claims he mislaid mine. You can recognize me easily. I'll be standing on the steps, smoking the second half of that bum cigar you gave me last night. Now for Heaven's sake don't get rattled and start for High Plains. So long!"

Charlie's levity proved more comforting than could have all the condolence in the world—he knew the psychological value of a josh, did Charlie—and plucking up hope I made a dash for the hallway toward the street, barely averting a collision with Desk Sergeant McIntyre, who had a broad grin on his smug face and a copy of the Police Bulletin in his hand.

"All of us round here are awfully sorry to hear you've been transferred to High Plains, Lieutenant Callahan," he said, affecting regret. "We are going to miss you terribly."

"Thanks," I returned, hastening on to add: "But don't order crêpe for your sleeves until the date for the funeral is verified."

Nothing amazed me more than the alacrity with which Mr. Outerbridge consented to receive us in one of the private offices of the Alexander Hamilton; but seemingly it made no impression on the phlegmatic Charlie, for he whispered as we stepped inside of that severely plain apartment: "I counted on catching the old man in one of his dyspeptic moods when nothing relieves him more than to have a goat for his bad humor. You're in for it!"

I agreed with Charlie's last remark after my first glance at Mr. Outerbridge. He was one of those frail little men who appear ever to be on the point of dying, but who, to the disappointment of their more robust heirs, never do die. His complexion was waxen; his black beard stiff and bristly—a contrast that in itself wasn't particularly encouraging to the man who had come to ask him for favors.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, his voice twanging sarcastically, "I know you can transact your momentous business in five minutes easily."

"In less than three, sir," replied Charlie, and long before I recovered from my own embarrassment he had launched himself on a vivid, highly colored account of my adventures in the Gourlay-Deurtells-Keenan case that kept Mr. Outerbridge wriggling in his chair with intense interest and excitement for a full half hour.

Twice the old banker cackled at a humorous turn Charlie gave to incidents of his story, only to recover his gravity as if angry to have lost it and to glance at his watch with a frown. Both times I feared we were lost, but Charlie simply speeded up his matchless flow of diction and turned on his many-colored highlights.

A Cold Day for Corigan

"Young man," said Mr. Outerbridge when Charlie had done, "your story has some few points of interest, but I should advise you to cultivate the habit of stating your facts more concisely and in better logical order." And then, turning to me, he asked: "Lieutenant Callahan, am I to believe that you accomplished all this practically single-handed?"

"Yes, sir," I said as modestly as I could.

"Then continue to do your duty," he counseled. "Pay no attention to the threats of the pirates of the administration, and you may have my promise that my paper will stand back of you. Good morning."

And when the door closed behind us Charlie declared with an air of complete triumph: "Didn't I tell you that there was nothing in the world the old man wouldn't do for me even if I am paying marked attention to his daughter?"

In the noon edition of Charlie's paper his story of graft in Devil's Center and the administration's connection therewith appeared in full—four solid columns of it and the whole topped with the scarehead: "Who Directed Chief Corigan to Transfer Lieutenant Callahan to High Plains?"

Corigan saw a copy of that edition sooner than anybody else not connected with the publication of it. Charlie carried one of the papers to him in his own proper person. He wanted to make sure that he wouldn't miss reading that scarehead. Moreover, he was anxious to get the chief's answer to the journal's question immediately and from his own lips.

"Why try to sharpen your hone on that razor?" growled Corigan in quick response to Charlie's query. "Callahan was transferred at his own request; that's all there is to it."

The old fox, with his genius for scenting what was in the wind, had probably held a long consultation with the mayor and the other powers in order that he might be primed for any critical situation.

"Very accommodating of you, chief," drawled Charlie. "I was mean enough, I'll confess, to think that something altogether different was at the bottom of it.

Would you mind giving me for publication a statement to that effect over your own signature?"

"Why should I?" asked Corigan.

"In that case," volunteered Charlie, "I'll be a good fellow and save you the trouble of dictating such a statement if you in return will call up Callahan over the wire and notify him that he may stay where he is?"

"Why the deuce don't you quit the newspaper business and study law?" brawled the chief as he picked up the receiver to acquaint me with the good news at my station.

"Oh, I don't know," responded Charlie; "I seem to be getting along fairly well as it is, and my brother Robert is starving on the practice he can't get. If both of us take to law one of us can't help the other."

Thrilled by the sharp counter-attack that had so suddenly and unexpectedly turned defeat into victory, I marched to the drum-and-fife beat of my own heart over to the state's attorney's office, put a copy of my affidavits in Bostrom's possession and demanded that he bring to immediate trial every criminal unmasked by them.

Gourlay Ready to Squawk

"Why, Callahan," exclaimed Bostrom after studying those papers long and carefully, "nothing would please me more than to join you in the prosecution of the enemies of our master, the people; but all this rubbish isn't worth the paper it's written on. Your own common sense ought to tell you that these affidavits are nothing but the confessions of a lot of low-lived accomplices. What's its value without material corroboration? I tell you now, and there isn't a lawyer of standing in the town who won't agree with me, that if the jury happens to convict on this uncorroborated testimony—an absurd assumption—it will be despite the judge's positive instructions to consider your affidavits with caution and suspicion."

The state's attorney's argument, whatever motive inspired it, was sound. It struck me with the full force of one of those unexpected solutions of a simple problem that make the brightest of us wonder how we could have been stupid enough not to have foreseen them in the first place. My net had a big hole in it! The fish could escape through the rent as easily as I had tricked myself into the notion of their capture. Once more victory was turned into bitter defeat, and, profoundly discouraged by the idea of ever beating that firmly intrenched gang and thoroughly humbled in my own good opinion, I retreated to the station.

That retreat was fortunate and timely, for I no sooner had put my foot in the office than Pat Carroll, who had been restively awaiting my arrival, exclaimed:

"Lieutenant, my friend Mike Scanlan, the screw, has been burning the wire to let me know Sandbag Gourlay wants to talk with you."

I shot out of the station, jumped aboard a trolley and whizzed toward Pete Gourlay, outcast and murderer of John Crary, as toward a font of eternal salvation and a sanctuary.

The thug, I found, was suffering intensely from that imaginary disease which seizes nearly all hypochondriacs of Devil's Center at one time or another—a dose of the double-cross. It was his illusion that a square and green copper like myself couldn't have got away with it as I had in his case if his partners in crime hadn't trimmed him.

He defied me to deny it, as he had defied all the tools of the gang who had tried their best to reach him in jail and convince him to the contrary.

"Does I make a deal with you if I squawks?" he asked finally, coming to the point—the desire to save his neck at the expense of his partners'.

"Not with me," I said firmly. "I don't care whether you squawk or not. I've got the goods on you, Gourlay, and you wouldn't be in such a state if you didn't know it. I'm going to top you and nothing on earth can save you."

"G'wan, make a deal, lieut," he pleaded, his nerve broken at last, "and I'll come through with the dope for cleanin' up Devil's Center an' makin' it shine like one of dem gold pieces 'em guys never handed me. Do you connect?"

"I'll let you know inside of twenty minutes, Gourlay," I promised finally, and quitting the jail, absorbed in thought, I hastened to the near-by law office of Robert Van Orsdale. I was in the nick of time, for he was just going out to eat a late lunch with Charlie.

"Lunch can wait. Come with me. I know the man you want," pronounced Robert after I had related what legal difficulties stood in the way of making full use of Gourlay's promised confession.

Judge Alfred Maynard, of the Superior Court—a dried-up little oldster whose skin was as shriveled as a discarded apple peeling and whose sloping head and face seemed more equine than human—proved to be the man whom Robert Van Orsdale thought I wanted. At first sight Maynard was a profound disappointment. He impressed me as being without force of character, a mere accident that some fickle wind of chance had blown into prominence; but I soon came to reverse that judgment, and now he is one of the judges whom my memory cherishes and reveres. So many of them I remember as backboneless persons who had passed the critical age of forty and were afraid of running counter to the police, lest they lose their jobs at a forthcoming election and be thrown on the streets without enough law practice to support them and their families. Maynard was an independent soul who had traveled sixty-eight years of his life in cleanliness of spirit and honesty of character, and the rest of his journey, he held, was too short to make any change of base worth while.

When Robert introduced me and hinted at the reason for our presence he coughed dryly, extended a feeble hand that was cold to the touch, and without a word led the way into his private chambers.

"First of all let me warn you, however unnecessarily," declared Maynard's treble after he had listened to my story with an air of utter indifference, "that any confession like Gourlay's is worthless if secured by promise, inducement, threat, intimidation or coercion. But I may say to you confidentially"—and here his watery eyes betrayed by a twinkle that he had a sense of humor—"that it isn't illegal to hint to Gourlay that he won't fare badly if he aids the proper administration of justice. The state's attorney sometimes keeps his witnesses at hotels. I will have Gourlay brought into court and then remand him to your custody, and if you see fit and he desires I will listen to any confession he cares to make, so that afterward its authenticity cannot be questioned. These are mere hints; it's for you to pass on their worth."

Quick to see how the hints that the good judge had dropped as if casually were invaluable, Robert and I hired a stenographer and took Gourlay's statements at once. And it was while the oath was being administered to the Sandbag—he had signed every page of his confession, which made it unquestionably valid in the eyes of the law—that Gordon R. Ashley and three politicians of commanding positions bounded, breathless and perspiring, into Maynard's courtroom.

Evidently Pat Carroll was not singular in having a friendly guard at the jail to keep him informed by telephone of the events that might be to his interests.

"Your Honor, may I inquire as to the nature of these strange proceedings?" gasped Ashley, excitedly mopping his forehead with a cambric handkerchief.

"To what proceedings do you refer, Mr. Ashley?" quavered Maynard's thin voice.

"If Your Honor please," said Ashley, "when I went to the jail this afternoon to see my client I was informed he had been taken to your courtroom, and I submit that the bringing of a prisoner into court without his case being called is one of the most irregular proceedings known."

The Plot Moves Faster

Maynard was on the point of replying when Gourlay growled: "I don't want no double-crosser like you for my mouthpiece. Believe me, when I gets through with this stretch it'll be you and not me what will want a mouthpiece and a good one."

"I take it, Mr. Ashley," said Maynard, with a facetiousness foreign to his appearance, "that if you are not the prisoner's counsel no statement from this court is necessary."

"Your Honor," protested Ashley fiercely, "can't I even have the protection of the court from the gibes and insults of a confessed murderer?"

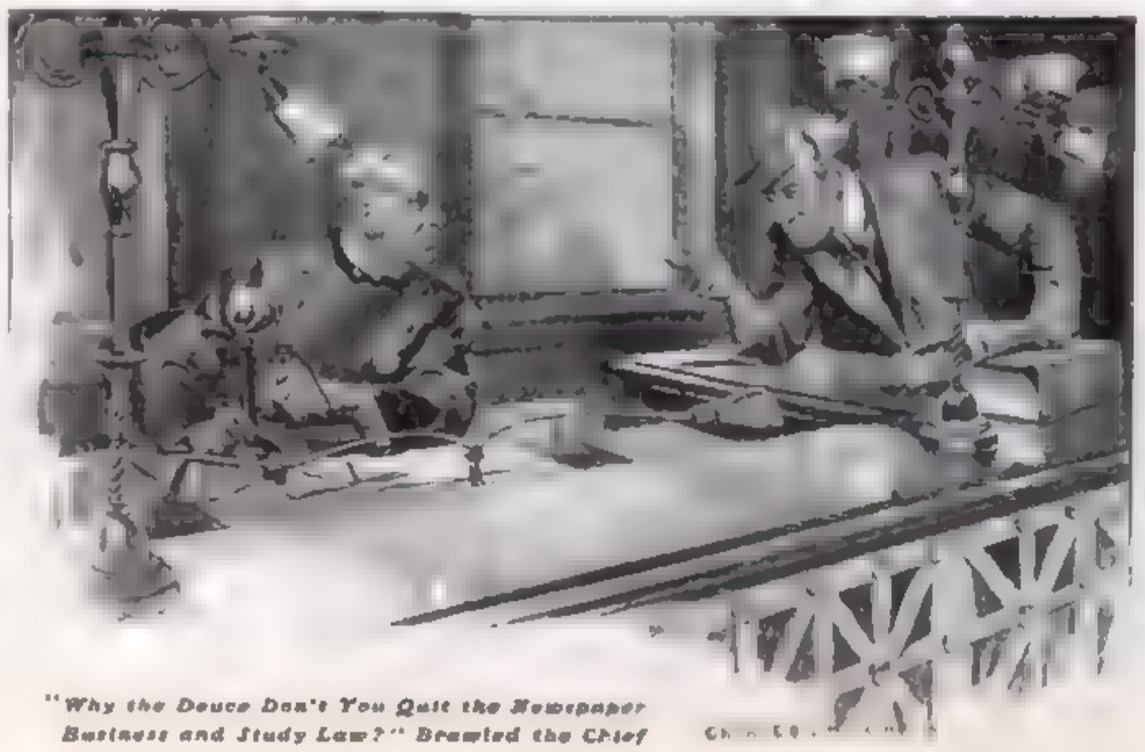
"May I ask, Mr. Ashley," said the ever alert Maynard, "how you happen to know that Gourlay is a confessed murderer?"

"It is apparent, Your Honor," I put in before Ashley could reply, "that the system has its means of communication in good working order, and that my learned friend, Gordon R. Ashley, was in some strange way told that Gourlay was about to make a confession. And, if Your Honor pleases, since Mr. Ashley is soon to assume an important rôle in a courtroom and before the people, I ask Your Honor to save the county unnecessary expense by issuing bench warrants for this gentleman and the others who have so kindly walked in here."

In compliance with that request—I save the reader the long wrangling that ensued thereupon—the court issued the bench warrants; and then, since Bostrom was a public official and involved in Gourlay's confession, Maynard appointed Robert Van Orsdale special state's attorney and ordered a special grand jury drawn and impaneled.

With a swiftness and intensity melodramatic in their effect, one exciting incident had been piled on top of another until the thrilling climax, set forth in full by the evening papers, clutched a blasé city and shook it emotionally as some elemental force on a rampage might have toyed with it physically.

At nine that night, after a final consultation with Robert and Charlie Van Orsdale, I left the station for home, worn to a frazzle, though all my nerves were on edge in anticipation of the stirring scenes of the morrow that would make the play enacted that day seem dull and tame by comparison. And only a few minutes later I learned that I was dealing with a gang that thought the evil of the day was sufficient thereof and unto me, for when I stood on the doorstep of my humble home, the latchkey in my hand, the voices of my children and my wife in my ears, I heard the crisp report of a revolver. I had, I remember, the harrowing sensation that the detonation was astonishingly near and yet queerly far off. As I turned on my heel to see whence it came, reaching weakly for my gun, I fell prone, the blood streaming from me. Luke Keenan's threat had been carried out.



"Why the Deuce Don't You Quit the Newspaper Business and Study Law?" Brawled the Chief

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of papers giving the experiences of a chief of police. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

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SCAR NECK

(Continued from Page 11)

to his camp, hoping that the fourth relay rider would have passed in the darkness and be waiting at home with the prize. Illipah was not to find Scar Neck a captive at the camp, but he did find there Ci-pa and the Indian's mount. The horse, quivering and worn, was pawing and hiding with dust the nameless, shapeless thing beneath his belly—the thing that once had been Ci-pa and was now a disfigured corpse dragging by a foot that locked in the stirrup.

. . . . . .

John Darter, noted as a creaser, came on from Colorado to end the work of the bunglers. He had learned his trade when the Rocky Mountains were full of mustangs. The rope, he explained, was a useful device for the man unskilled. He himself was an artist; he carried not so much as a hitching rope against the pommel of his saddle.

"Let me show you," said Mr. Darter. The bunch that happened to be hanging round Jillson's tumbled into their saddles and followed the Colorado visitor a mile up a ravine, until they sighted a worthless little cayuse that no man had ever even attempted to bring under a branding iron. Darter raised his rifle and fired. The cayuse went to the ground without a kick.

"Go hang a rope on him," said Darter.

"Dead broncs need no ropes," somebody volunteered; but Darter's request was obeyed. Five minutes after a riata had been passed from his hind leg to a convenient pommel, the dead mustang came to life, leaped up, and would have vanished if his legs had not been jerked from under him. At the top of the neck, at the roots of the mane, was a spot like a red poker chip. The bullet had tickled the vertebræ, but it had done no permanent damage.

"Now where does this Scar Neck range?" asked Mr. Darter through the thick brush that he called his whiskers. "In twenty-four hours after I lay eye on him the hobbles hanging from my cantle strings will be decorating his feet."

Seventeen days later the creaser from Colorado rode into Jillson's. He was quite unaccompanied by outlaw mustangs. His explanations were about as follows:

"For two weeks after I picked up his trail I camped on it day and night. He's the hardest mustang to approach I ever saw. There are sixteen in his bunch. That's thirty-two eyes, thirty-two ears, thirty-two nostrils, always keen for some strange sight, sound or smell to set them off; or, properly speaking, it's sixty-four of each of those, for that gray beauty's senses are equal to those of all his band. I had heard Scar Neck was lucky. It ain't that—he has a guardian angel, he has. In two weeks I got two shots at him. I put two bullets exactly where I wanted to place them, just above the head of the arrow he wears on his neck—and he never went off his feet!"

"If he didn't go down, how do you know you hit him?" some one asked.

"I never miss," Mr. Darter explained—"never miss the same horse once, let alone twice; and besides that, he flagged with his white tail both times, just like the scoreboy at the target range does when you make a bull's-eye."

One afternoon in the early fall of Scar Neck's sixth exciting year a beardless young man, with the flat thighs of one who lives in the saddle, dismounted behind the ridge at the head of Smoky Valley, and came out upon an overhanging rock in the unostentatious fashion of a lizard. Pete Barham had large blue eyes as windows to his imagination and an alum mouth that suggested his dreams would be practical. When Pete contracted a trainload of mustangs to an Ogden firm on ninety days' notice the older mustangers laughed. When Pete banked his money on the ninety-first day, some of the older ones asked to take on with him for the privilege of studying his methods. He was the first man who had dared to tackle the Wild-Horse Mountains wholesale.

Two holsters swung from Pete's belt. From one he drew a field glass and, with his elbows on the rock, held the lenses to his eyes for a quarter of an hour. The gray stallion had marshaled his mares on a commanding plateau half a mile away. The horses stripped at the bunchgrass hidden in the white sage, but mostly they pranked and reared and kept up a lively exchange with teeth and hoofs. Their life had given them the grace and agility of cats. The arch never went out of the stallion's scarred neck. At intervals he left his band to trot round the plateau edge and scan every approach from the valley floor; and betweentimes his vigilance was not suspended—he seemed to know why no bit had ever slipped between his teeth. He nipped his mares hard. Maybe it was play; or Scar Neck may have been impressing the virtue of vigilance upon his band.

It was the attitude of the old sultan toward his seraglio that Pete Barham was studying through his glass. He had ridden all day to reach an elevation from which he might spy upon Scar Neck without disturbing him. When Pete lowered his glass after fifteen minutes and slipped it back into the holster, he had got the information for which he came.

"Scar Neck's a good old sport—he likes the ladies," Pete told his mount, as he tightened the cinch and swung into the leather for the long trip down. As he sailed along a sharply descending mustang trail he laughed and sang out to a vanishing coyote: "A teaparty for old Scar Neck that's what it shall be—and if the old Mormon doesn't look out we'll slip a stick into his tea!"

Several days later Scar Neck, moving his mares through the sage covering the valley floor, showed that he was disturbed. He turned the lead over to a wise old sorrel mare repeatedly and dropped back to reconnoiter the rear. Something not yet in sight was moving through the valley, and the stallion knew and was uneasy.

The afternoon was wearing away when Scar Neck stiffened like a pointer dog and snorted at the spectacle that met his eyes. Here was something the like of which had not happened in a long, long time—had not happened since his fame became as awesome among the mustangs as it was among the mustangers of his region. A strange black stallion, with nearly a score of mares, had dared to invade great Scar Neck's long preëmpted range!

Scar Neck snorted viciously; but some of his anger may have been pretended, for the wise gray must have seen at a glance that this was no deliberate invasion; that the invaders not only did not know the country, but that they were little used to rough country at all.

Scar Neck's mares stopped and looked back. They knew a fight between the stallions must ensue, and perhaps they were mildly interested in this black horse that instantly would receive their fickle allegiance if he could vanquish the gray. Scar Neck's head was held so high that the arrow on his neck seemed to have broken at midshank. His tail was a white funereal plume erected at the end of his spine. He barely touched the ground as he bounded to the challenge. That the black showed little excitement was puzzling. The stallions Scar Neck had fought, had killed or driven off, had never been in any doubt of what was to follow when they saw him bounding toward them. Suddenly Scar Neck snorted; he understood. Perhaps his sharp eye had noted a harness mark upon the black. The invader received him with bared teeth, but at the first onslaught the civilized animal was so shocked and stunned and torn that he turned tail and raced off alone down the way he had come.

The black's mares lifted their ears. Here was romance such as their forebears must have known, but which was new to animals that wintered in a stable. They liked it; they liked the gray stallion. They closed about him—the score of them—and the gray fool received their caresses and their fawnings with that blissful unwariness which, since time immemorial, has been one of the conspicuous failings of the male of every species.

Out of a coulée close at hand—very much closer at hand than Scar Neck seemed conscious of—there came a red thunderbolt. Some hidden Jove had hurled it at the band of mares that hemmed the stallion in, and it almost reached the mark before Scar Neck knew his danger. He swung round to fly with the mares, but the mares—sorry, domesticated creatures—were not terrified at sight of their owner. Pete Barham, tearing among them on his swiftest sorrel, and they merely edged a little out of the way and made a solid wall of flesh about the frantic stallion. Through that wall Scar Neck drove at the expense of female ribs and legs and spines. He drove through tons of living meat and burst into the open, running. The effort had taken wind and many precious seconds though, and the red thunderbolt had been able to follow through the hole in the living wall with no loss of seconds at all.

Scar Neck snorted and leaped into the stride that made him the most coveted horse in Nevada; but even as he caught the gait there was singing in the air above and he saw a rawhide loop descending about his head. There was no leaping from under. With incredible agility the stallion jerked his forelegs from the ground and put his whole strength into an effort to leap through.

As the riata settled a yell sounded—a yell beyond the power of a white throat to vocalize. It was halfbreed Shoshoni. Big black Matt and his faithful shadow, Jess, had stumbled upon Pete Barham's preparations; they had guessed that he was after the outlaw and, jealous and half drunken, they had trailed stealthily behind. Their ponies emerged from the coulée just in time for them to see the splendid throw. Scar Neck's forelegs went through, but he could not clear. Pete's red had reacted to his haunches at the touch and the loop narrowed and closed upon the gray in a cutting bellyhold. There was no stoppage with the terrific shock; Scar Neck lunged straight on. Barham's mount lost his bracing and was jerked to his knees. The sorrel was no quitter and there on the ground he clung to his duty and struggled hard to anchor. No rawhide could stand it. Halfway between the pommel and the captive the riata stranded, yielded; and in another moment Scar Neck was moving away, with the loop about his barrel and twenty-five feet of Pete Barham's best rope dragging between his flying heels.

The Shoshoni, Matt, had ridden to Pete's side. He was torn between joy at seeing Scar Neck taken and fury that he himself was not the captor. As the gray leaped off to precious freedom the Indian voiced a strange screech, threw his rifle to his shoulder and drew deliberately on the great gray frame. A shot crackled and the rifle twisted out of the Shoshoni's hands and spun to the ground. The rifle had not been fired, and it never would be fired again; for, with instant precision, Pete had drawn the forty-five from his hip and had bored a hole straight through the soft metal magazine under the barrel of the breed's repeater.

Anybody but a befuddled Shoshoni would have guessed that Pete Barham would hold it as much murder to shoot a mustang as a man.

. . . . . .

Yet it was Pete Barham's ingenuity that led to Scar Neck's capture. In the school of costly experience Pete learned at length how to wholesale with assurance. He invented brown canvas corral traps that could be set up swiftly in a mountain pass in the darkness; and next day, when a fleeing band made the pass and hurtled down to supposed safety, they found themselves suddenly in the widespreading wings, then inside the pen with twelve-foot walls they could not know were less unyielding than the solid rock they looked like.

Pete Barham strapped the canvas sections to pack animals and operated in wild Skull Valley and along Indian Creek with enormous success; but for some private reason—maybe it was a reason of pure sentiment—he never took the trap across the ridge to Smoky Valley.

Matt and Jess watched Pete from afar. They waited for him to set his trap in the trail of the outlawed gray. When the months slipped by and Pete Barham kept to his own range, the Shoshoni breeds felt a great hope springing up. They eschewed the dollar bottles for a little while and saved the dollars. They bought canvas, a roll here and another there, and the rolls went stealthily to their rendezvous at the head of Smoky Valley.

The south sides of the lower mountains were covered with new grass. The coats of Scar Neck and his band were sleek with contentment as they grazed. A brown-faced horseman appeared two hundred yards below them. Scar Neck snorted a warning that sent the mares scurrying up the slope while he remained behind to investigate. The horseman was riding toward him. Scar Neck moved to the head of his band and led straight for the pass. From that point he looked back. The horseman was coming on. Scar Neck led

down the other slope at a reckless gait. At the edge of the timber he essayed to slow down; he wanted to drop behind and watch the back trail; but two more brown-faced riders appeared, one at each side, and he resumed the lead and spurted again. He was conscious that other brown-faced riders were flitting through the trees. He went into his best speed.

Suddenly Scar Neck saw walls on each side of him that surely had never beset this familiar trail before. He took the broadest course between them. He saw a hole and dashed through. Then came an obstruction squarely across his path and he swerved and followed the circling wall—followed the canvas wall round until he came again to the narrow gate where he and his band had entered. He found the opening now closed with ropes held by two laughing Shoshoni halfbreeds—the breeds who seven years before had plowed that arrow upon his neck with needless bullets.

Scar Neck was the general no longer. Terrified, confused, he raced round and round with his mares and was as often following as leading them. Scar Neck wanted to leap the wall, but he could not see through or beyond it; he wanted to charge it, but there was nothing in blindly charging rock. The milling horses fouled each other. Three mares went flat and under hoof, and one of them did not rise. Scar Neck kept his feet, not because his collisions were less frequent but because his superior weight and strength sent the other down.

If anything could rouse Scar Neck from the fearful hopelessness of his situation it might be the human voice that was sounding in triumph at the gate—the voice of big Matt: "I got 'im! Who ain't afraid to get on an' rake him with the spurs?"

Lithe, flat-faced Jess, who rode anything and everything monkey fashion, volunteered. The stallion steadied and came slowly toward the gate. Matt shot his rope. It came along the ground like a snake and leaped up to hang itself to Scar Neck's right fore leg. Another Indian had slid round to one side and he now sent his rope to the left hind leg. There was a brief tug of war on the ropes and the stallion, the writhing middle link, went heavily down. An Indian stood on the scarred neck and turned the great head up and round. The outlaw was as powerless as a hot bylorse. His jaw was pried open to a bridle. As he lay there his belly felt the hateful scratch of hair cinches for the first time as Matt's prize saddle was lashed in place.

"What liar said he wanted a ride?"

"Me!" reiterated Jess. "I'll ride him in the corral if you watch the gate. I wouldn't git on him in the open for all the mustangs outside of hell."

"I'll hold the gate," promised Matt. "If he goes through it'll be over my dead body. Say, spur him on the arrow as he comes up!"

The ropes dropped and at the same instant Scar Neck rose and stood for the first time in his stormy life between the legs of a man. A moment of inaction was followed by a monstrous leap; then another, and another. The Indian spectators could guess how very different was this from the buck-jumping of any horse they had ever seen by the way Jess' head jerked. Jess lost one stirrup; then the other; then his body went clear of the saddle and struck, with no arm or leg doubled cunningly to break the fall. Even as he landed Scar Neck had whirled to bring his hind hoofs into play. The first kick drove in the Shoshoni's skull.

Scar Neck bounded straight for the gate. The saddle and bridle he wore were the pride of Matt's life. The big breed, fearless and unwise and determined to save his property at any risk, leaped in front of the horse. Scar Neck rose on his hind legs. The Indian crumpled to the ground, both flinty fore hoofs on his chest. The strong teeth that had torn the flesh from many a challenging stallion sank into Matt's neck, then into his chest. His garments were rent off.

Scar Neck passed out the gate, swiftly followed by his mares. No hand was outstretched to stay them, for all but two of the Shoshonis were galloping in speechless terror away from the place; and to the two who remained behind it mattered nothing whether the gray stallion that bore their arrow stayed or went.

Sense and Nonsense

Forgotten, Not Forgiven

A. J. BALFOUR, who resigned the leadership of the Unionist party in England a year or so ago, is an abstracted, scholarly man, who has a hard time remembering men.

Once Balfour was beaten for Parliament by a Westminster constituency, but was immediately elected from a London constituency. Shortly after his defeat Balfour was walking with a friend in the lobby of the House of Commons. A man came up to him and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Balfour! I am glad to see you, sir. I trust you are in good health."

"Excellent," replied Balfour warmly; "and I am charmed to see you looking so well. It is a real pleasure to meet you again, as it always has been."

The two walked on.

"Who was that man?" asked Balfour. "His face seems familiar, but I cannot remember him."

"That," replied his friend, "is the man who beat you for the House of Commons in Westminster."

Closely Matched

WHEN President Roosevelt stopped in Germany on his way home from Africa he had various meetings and interviews with the Kaiser.

After the luncheon at Potsdam Mr. Roosevelt was too tired or too hoarse, or something, to talk to the newspaper correspondents who accompanied him, and he sent Lawrence Abbott to tell the story.

Mr. Abbott came down and delivered a neatly prepared address on the doings of the day. In conclusion he said:

"After the luncheon the Kaiser and Colonel Roosevelt withdrew to one side of the room and remained in animated conversation for more than an hour."

He stopped. The correspondents remained respectfully silent. Then after a minute of quiet Fred Grundy, of the New York Sun, asked:

"Who won?"

A Sporting Proposition

IN BALTIMORE there used to be a shot tower that stood up in the air a considerable distance and attracted much attention. Almost at the base of the shot tower a serious-minded German ran a little saloon.

Eugene Navez, now a New York theatrical man, lived in Baltimore when the shot tower stood there. One day Navez and a friend of his found themselves in the vicinity of the shotworks. Both were thirsty and both, as it happened, without funds. Navez had an idea.

He outlined it to his companion and then they entered the saloon in a violent argument with each other.

"I'll bet you anything I'm right," Navez declared.

"You're wrong," stated his friend stubbornly; "you're just naturally bound to be wrong."

They lined up at the bar, still debating. The German, waiting patiently to serve them, became interested.

"I'll show you how game I am," said Navez. "I'll bet you the drinks I'm right and leave it to our friend here to decide it."

"That's a go," said the other man.

"Set out the drinks," commanded Navez.

The German served them and they drank.

"Now, poys," inquired the saloon man, "vat is dis pet?"

"It's like this," said Navez; "my friend here bets that when the shot tower falls down it will fall to the north. I say it will fall to the south."

Coming, Not Going

A VISITOR in the South had started out early one morning to see the sunrise from the top of a neighboring hill, when she met an old negro woman walking briskly toward her with a basket of clothes balanced on her head.

"Why, aunty," asked the visitor, "where are you going so early?"

"Lawsy, missy, Ise done been where Ise gwine."

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HOW'S BUSINESS AND WHY

BUSINESS is good in the United States and the reason therefor is obvious. A population of ninety-five millions to ninety-six millions, as estimated by the Government Actuary on July first last, has to be fed and clothed and provided with dwelling places, and, being in the main well-to-do, will insist upon not merely conveniences but abundant luxuries, domestic and foreign. To gratify necessities and the taste for luxuries involves an immense domestic and international trade, while at the same time the people of other countries have similar tastes to be gratified by means of international trade. And thus it happens that the industries of this and other countries are taxed to answer the wants of a billion and a half, more or less, of known inhabitants of this earth.

The United States is a tremendous producer and consumer of natural and manufactured products, as witness the statistics of agricultural crops gathered during the current year and in past years, and the increasing shipment of manufactures to foreign countries, together with the enlarged imports. The wheat crop of 1912 is estimated at 720,391,000 bushels; the oats harvest at 1,417,000,000 bushels; the corn harvest above 3,169,137,000 bushels; and the crop of small grains at more than in any previous year—while the cotton crop is the second largest in the history of cotton-growing in the states of the South. Then there is the remarkable crop of hay and potatoes, and a very satisfactory fruit crop. To produce, concentrate and distribute these things involves an amount of labor and transportation difficult to comprehend. The bulk of products is consumed in the country of their origin. If, then, this country had no trade dealings with the outside world, business here should be good, and there should be additions to the population from immigration that would increase both production and consumption.

This country has extensive dealings with other countries, however, its foreign trade for three-quarters of the current calendar year having amounted to $1,949,309,436, the larger part, by $283,058,282, comprising exports of natural products and manufactures, the former including gold and silver. And when it is added that the available working men in the country have been insufficient to fill the places open to them—yes, and at high wages—the proof of good business conditions must be apparent. Perfect conditions there may not be—perhaps never were and never will be, but conditions have been and are relatively good, unless there is insistence upon a continuous business boom, which has never been the lot of this or any other people.

Savings Bank Figures

Here are the annual statistics just issued by the national Comptroller of the Currency touching deposits in savings banks in the United States: The returns showed 1925 banks of this class, including 630 mutual and 1295 institutions. Together the 1925 banks held $4,450,822,552 in deposits, had 10,009,804 depositors—an average deposit of $444.64 to the individual and $46.52 for each inhabitant. The number of banks, aggregate deposits and number of depositors has increased every year of the last five covered by the statistics, though the average of deposits for each depositor and inhabitant has not been quite constant. In 1910 the average deposit for a depositor was $445.20, and the average for an inhabitant $45.05, showing a gain over the previous year that was not maintained in 1911, though this year the average deposit is but fifty-six cents less than in 1910, though the average for each inhabitant is $1.47 more than two years ago. The comptroller says special interest attaches to these reports because the deposits are chiefly the accumulations of wage-earners.

This is the common conception of these things, but it would be interesting to know whether it is so. The smallness of the average deposit may suggest as much, and yet it is queried how many wage-earners or whether the average wage-earner among savings-bank depositors can claim ownership of more than $400 cash, which happens to be about ten times the amount in these institutions for each inhabitant. It is known, for a fact that people of considerable means, some rich people as savings banks would count riches, avail themselves of the safety of savings banks and the rather satisfactory interest which they pay to deposit therein all that these banks will accept. One might reflect at length upon these statistics and interpret them in various ways.

He might ask, for example, whether it is suggestive of enterprise in a people to be contented with so small a rate of income as the average interest payment by savings banks, when larger income might be had by putting the funds to different uses. One might ask whether such application of money compliments the intelligence of depositors who might learn to invest their capital so as to earn, say, five per cent, or possibly more if they invested opportunely. And there are other questions that might be raised. Nevertheless, there is evidence of thrift in these savings when considered in a block, and they suggest a prosperous state of business so far as they represent the savings of wage-earners, and since they have increased in volume from year to year. The total deposits in 1908 were $3,660,553,945, while the amount in 1912 was nearly $800,000,000 more than that. The success of the postal-savings experiment witnesses further to the thrift of a certain class of citizens, many of whom have but recently arrived from foreign countries. Everybody is busy in the United States—unless he is incapacitated or lacks disposition to engage in active pursuits.

The Growth of Industry

In a statistical record of the progress of the United States the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce points out, in contrasting 1902 with 1912, that the money in circulation had increased from $2,249,390,551 to $3,276,786,613, or 46 per cent, while the population increased 20 per cent. The loans and discounts of national banks increased from $3,221,859,631 to $5,953,904,432, or 85 per cent, in ten years. Imports of merchandise in the same time have grown from $903,320,948 to $1,653,264,934, or 83 per cent; while imports free of duty have increased 122 per cent. Imports of crude materials for use in manufacturing have increased 83 per cent, while those partly manufactured for further use in manufacture have gained practically 100 per cent. Imports of manufactures ready for consumption have increased only 56 per cent. The diminished demand for manufactures of foreign countries and the increase in domestic productions bear witness to the growth of industry in this country. Exports of domestic merchandise during the decade show a gain of 60 per cent, and the exports of manufactures, partial and complete, show a gain of 125 per cent. Details of production in various lines would merely emphasize what the generalities show for the ten-year period.

The United States has been prosperous and it is prosperous, as indicated by what is said above and in many other ways, including the very large and satisfactory bank clearings. The banks of Pittsburgh, the center of present industrial activity in an important line—iron and steel—say their clearings were never so large as they have recently been. Columns of space would be required to tell a fraction of what is being told regarding the condition of the iron and steel industry, and the metal industry in general. An iron trade paper says the paramount question with the mills is that of deliveries. Leading manufacturers of iron and steel products are not in the market, so far as prompt material is concerned, and the only relief in sight is that which results from a slight falling-off in contracts; and this comes to the satisfaction of the overcrowded mills. Quotations for shipments after the first of the new year are declared to be firmly held and premiums are being paid for prompt deliveries. An item of interest touching the steel trade is the statement that the United States Steel Corporation, with its capitalization of $1,500,000,000, controls but 47 per cent of production, its capacity being 16,000,000 tons a year; while the independent companies, with a capitalization of $552,000,000, control 53 per cent in round numbers, their capacity being given as 9,800,000 tons. Ten years ago the big corporation was estimated to control about 65 per cent of the iron and steel industry. The change since then suggests that business can thrive outside the large corporations—at least in instances.

No stock need be taken in the talk that prosperity in this and other industries was in a sense feigned and that stories regarding large crops were exaggerated as an argument against a political change this fall. It is always possible for optimists to magnify that which is in their favor, but whatever prosperity there has been this season in agriculture and manufacture has been very real. Agriculture and manufacturing have prospered together, though whether the relation of one to the other could be traced as other than indirect or incidental it is not easy to decide. Farmers and manufacturers have been getting satisfactory prices for their products, even more than the dimensions of the crops would seem to warrant in the case of farmers, and with a wide margin still left in the case of millmen between current and former prices for their products. There is some reason for thinking that the iron and steel magnates are purposely avoiding hastening the uplift in prices for political as well as business reasons. To build soundly is to build wisely, and it is sound policy from a business standpoint not to destroy demand by a too swift rise in prices.

As to the political argument, there is abundant opportunity to speculate touching what is wise or foolish. The presidential election is over and the results are before the people. While the campaign was in progress the froth that rose to the top was more in evidence than the real substance beneath. It is one thing to appeal for votes and quite another thing to redeem the pledges of a campaign in the form of legislation. The party in power pursuant to the voting in the previous election has until the fourth of next March to attempt legislation of various sorts; but, with the executive and legislative branches not at one politically, there is small likelihood of important action being taken until the Congress last elected comes into power.

That Congress is a factor of moment in considering the business outlook for those industries affected by the tariff. There is to be tariff legislation and it follows, as night the day, that certain industries will proceed cautiously with their plans until daylight regarding the matters that interest them shall come again, which will be when new laws are as good as enacted. Then there will be a prompt attempt to discount the effect of those laws. It is probable that the after-effect of the late election upon business will be greater than the preliminary effect, for it was the boast that the election was not of consequence to business prior to the balloting.

In the Hustling West

"The West's composed and unhysterical attitude toward politics has been growing for half a decade," says a writer recently, and he continued: "It is not altogether the result of prosperity, though that has been an influential cause. It has come out of the more settled character of the population and the fact that in bank deposits and invested savings there are resources that relieve the average citizen of worry over conditions." The same writer quoted the following from a "hardheaded" farmer: "While the sun shines and the rain falls we are going to have something to sell that the people of the world must have; and if we are fairly out of debt it will take a great deal of depression to get round to us." Such is the sentiment in the Central West.

On the far Western Coast of the country the claim is put forth that business activity is breaking all records, as indicated by building permits and clearing-house exchanges, the second largest city on the Coast showing building permits for three-quarters of the year amounting to over $24,000,000, "a total not approached by any city of double its size in the entire country." Proportionate activity is shown in other localities along the Coast. To the presence of record-breaking crops is attributed this fortunate situation. The orange and lemon crops of the Coast section are expected to furnish fifty thousand carloads for shipment this season, or more than at any time in the past. Potatoes and other products have likewise been the best ever. Sentiment gets a great stimulus

from preparations being made to profit through the completion and opening of the Panama Canal. Foreign-trade ports are being developed where only a coast trade or no trade at all was previously done. Everywhere along the Coast the conviction that trade with South America, the Orient, Australia and European points will be revolutionized by the canal is leading to improvements and the inception of large enterprises. The real-estate business was rarely more active than at present. Ranches have been acquired and are being subdivided and sold to home-seekers, and property of all sorts is changing hands. Whatever the politics of the dominant party in power at Washington, citrus fruit-growers on the Coast are said to be preparing for a future production of seventy-five thousand carloads annually, and they have no disposition to question the brightness of the outlook.

There is scarcely any limit to the testimony that might be adduced to substantiate the initial paragraph of this article, that business is good in the United States. Nor will any one question the soundness of the argument that the grand agricultural crops of the year supply a basis on which to rear optimistic views regarding the business outlook. These, however, are not the only factors entering the equation. The problem of prosperity is more than ever before an international problem. All parts of the world are getting closer together every year, and what affects Vienna, Paris, Berlin, London or Constantinople affects New York and, through that great financial center, the rest of the United States. Recently, as every one has in mind, an outbreak of war between minor states of Europe started a panic on the bourses of Paris and Vienna; caused a slump in prices on most of the European bourses; caused seven large European banks to advance their discount rates; and these things, with the unloading of a lot of American stocks at first on London from the Continent and then by London on New York, necessitated a radical change of program by the banks of New York.

These institutions had calculated on drawing a considerable block of gold from Europe to help finance the American crop and business movements, and possibly a movement in the American security markets, say, late in the current year or early in 1913, if conditions otherwise favored. The gold influx was summarily stopped, and financing autumn needs, including periodical interest and dividend payments, led to stiffened rates for money. Time rates became very firm round six per cent, and call money in Wall Street rose to higher levels than it has seen for some years.

Perhaps it is fitting to say that business expansion will be measured by the ability of the United States to finance the movement, other things being equal. Nor must it be forgotten that this country has serious problems affecting business on hand. Each of the principal political parties that contended for supremacy on the fifth of November had a more or less definite program for dealing with matters of direct concern to the industrial and general community. Determination as to which party should cope with these problems did not dispose of the problems finally. The people of the United States, let it be clearly borne in mind, are very much in earnest in the purpose to give force to the slogan of a "Government of, for and by the people!" the only debate being as to how and by whom this shall be brought about.

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

NO PREFERRED stock of an industrial company can be so good as a good railroad bond. It hasn't the same stable base, and never can have under present conditions.

In the first place, a railroad is liable to competition in only a very limited degree, while almost any industrial company's liability to competition is virtually unlimited. All railroad charges are fixed by agreement and are uniform for the same haul. There is no danger that one road will take business away from another by underselling it. Every railroad has a monopoly to some extent, because it serves scores of towns that have no other facilities and must ship over it whether they want to or not. Railroad transportation is a vital necessity to every other business in the country. No matter how sore any number of shippers or passengers may get at the roads, they are obliged to keep on patronizing them. The business is hedged about by law on every side. The Interstate Commerce Commission and various state commissions are watching it all the time and enforcing fullest publicity—all of which tends to stability and uniformity. And the railroad business, as a whole, is not subject to such violent fluctuations as many manufacturing and trading businesses are. For example, the panic of 1907 was followed by marked depression which continued through the next year. In that year railroad net earnings fell off fourteen per cent; but net earnings of the Steel Trust fell off forty-three per cent.

It follows that the solvency of any particular railroad depends far less upon the ability of its management than does the solvency of any industrial company. Suppose the A. B. & C. Railroad and the X. Y. & Z. Railroad serve the same territory, and the A. B. & C. has a decidedly abler management than the X. Y. & Z. Having an abler management, it will carry on the business at a lower cost; but it cannot take trade away from the X. Y. & Z. by underselling it. At most, it can take some trade by giving a better service. The net result of the difference between the able management of the A. B. & C. and the less able management of the X. Y. & Z. will be that the A. B. & C. will pay one or two per cent higher dividends on its common stock. The X. Y. & Z. will not make so much money as it should, but it will not be ruined. On the other hand, if Manufacturer A is very able, and Manufacturer B, making the same line of goods, is incompetent, A will wipe B off the earth. No industrial company open to competition on all sides can be any stronger than its management; whereas a railroad, carrying on an indispensable business, and liable to competition in only a very limited degree, has an inherent strength of its own.

The essential difference between a mortgage bond and any stock, whether common or preferred, should always be kept in mind too. If you buy a bond you are simply lending so much money to the concern on a pledge of such of its assets as are covered by the mortgage. If you buy a share of stock, whether common or preferred, you become a partner in the concern. For practical purposes the main difference is this: Suppose your concern falls into incompetent hands, piles up a lot of debts and finally becomes insolvent. Your bond comes ahead of those debts. The creditors cannot touch any of the assets covered by your mortgage until your bond is paid off. If, on the other hand, you are a stockholder the debts all come ahead of your stock and must be satisfied before you receive anything.

The preferred-stock holder, it is true, has certain important safeguards. His stock comes ahead of the common shares. Very often it is provided that the company cannot mortgage any of its property without the consent of a large majority of the preferred-stock holders. Sometimes it is further provided that the company shall always keep on hand liquid assets equal to a certain proportion of the preferred-stock issue—say fifty per cent or seventy-five per cent. But the preferred-stock holder is none the less a partner in the concern, and debts that are created in the regular course of business come ahead of his stock.

It follows from what I have said that when you buy a share of industrial stock, whether common or preferred, you are making an investment in the management of the concern quite as much as in its plants, stocks of goods, cash on hand, trademarks, good-will, and so on. If the management of a concern that is open to competition falls into incompetent hands you are sure to have trouble.

Promoting and floating relatively small industrial concerns and selling their preferred stocks to small investors have been the great features of this year's investment market. Total flotations of this sort, as I mentioned in a previous article, are said to

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aggregate five hundred million dollars. But the same sort of thing has been going on in England for years. All kinds of businesses—breweries, bakeries, theaters, newspapers, cab lines, millinery stores, and what-not—are regularly promoted and floated there.

Something over twenty years ago—along in 1889, 1890 and 1891—English promoters invaded the United States. They took up, promoted and floated scores of relatively small American industrial enterprises, selling the stocks mainly in England, though quite a lot of them found lodgment on this side the water. They went in mainly for flour mills, breweries, malt houses and packing establishments. "People will always eat and drink," they argued; "so, if we stick to meat, bread and beer we are safe."

Now the London houses that were engaged in this were strictly reputable concerns. The individuals were by no means sharpers, but rather high-class, solid business men. I am satisfied there was perfect good faith all round. Moreover, the English laws governing the incorporation and promotion of companies were—and are—much stricter than our laws.

Tangible properties of the American companies thus promoted were all duly appraised by independent experts; the books were examined by independent auditors; the prospectuses set forth assets, liabilities, earnings, as shown by these appraisals and audits. Needless to say, there was always a good margin of tangible assets above the amount of preferred stock issued and a surplus of earnings over the preferred dividend requirement. I don't know how many millions these English-American promotions came to, but I can count up a hundred millions offhand.

Well, the stocks were duly distributed and for a couple of years nearly everything flourished. Some of the common stocks paid eight and ten per cent dividends and sold much above par. I remember hearing an entirely sane and sober person, who had accumulated considerable money by his own effort, declare that stock of a certain packing company—one of these Anglo-American ventures—was better than a Government bond.

After two or three years, however, a mysterious blight struck nearly every one of these companies. Profits dwindled; dividends on the common stocks were passed—then dividends on the preferred stocks; debts accumulated. For years, wails of outraged English holders of Yankee industrial stocks reverberated across the Atlantic. In some cases there were reorganizations, with the capital stock scaled down. Some of the companies were wound up and went out of existence. One packing venture, as I recall it, paid about fifty cents on the dollar on its bonds and nothing on either class of stock.

Why Consolidations Fail

All or almost all of these industrial concerns were good enough at the time they were taken over. There were two main troubles: The success of the first promotions—with resulting profits to the promoters—made the latter a bit too eager to promote other things; they didn't hold up the lines quite hard and fast enough. But a greater trouble lay in the change of management that resulted from the promotions. In practically every case, it is true, the old management remained in charge, usually under contract, for a certain period—that is to say, the same men remained as president, vice-president, treasurer, and so on; but it was not the same management.

Some of these men had built up the business with which they were connected; had eaten and slept with it for years, as a great many Americans do when they are conducting their own concerns. One thing the promotion did was to put a wad of loose cash into their pockets; the next thing it did was to let into the business a whole army of small partners whom they had never seen and in whom they took little personal interest. No doubt there was good enough faith on their part too; but business is drudgery, and a trip to Europe is pleasant. They no longer ate and slept with the business. The same men were in office, but it was not the same management.

It is only fair to say that these Anglo-American companies developed a special cause for lack of enthusiasm in the management, which probably would not be present in the case of a business promoted and floated within the United States. The English, you know, bank a good deal on form and precedent—they believe nearly everything ought to be done just about so; so, usually, no important move could be made at the American end of the company until the English board had duly met, solemnly considered the matter and passed a proper resolution. To an American business man accustomed all his life to act at the drop of the hat on his own initiative, this was likely to prove annoying. A number of Englishmen who had never seen a packing house except in pictures, sitting round a council board in London, might take a very different view of a proposition in the meat trade from that taken by the American manager who had smelled steers every time he opened his office window for twenty years. And when the American manager's earnest recommendation was calmly turned down in London he was apt to take a week off for fishing.

Mainly, in the end, it came back to the question of management. There wasn't the same ginger. Competitors soon found it out and raided the premises almost with impunity. Total losses to the shareholders were shocking. So you cannot always tell by duly certified balance sheet and an expert audit of the books.

A Recent Instance

As a recent illustration, nearer home, there is the United States Motor Company, organized less than three years ago to take over a number of automobile concerns. The company issued nine million dollars of preferred stock and ten million of common. A statement given out not long after organization showed tangible assets of twelve million dollars and net earnings exceeding two million and a half a year. Up to November, 1911, regular seven-per-cent dividends were paid on the preferred stock. Something went wrong however; the preferred dividend was passed and the company issued six million dollars of debentures. This summer it went into the hands of receivers, and in October a plan of reorganization was brought out. The main feature of the plan consisted of an assessment of twenty-four dollars on every share of stock, both common and preferred. Now when an investor expects to receive a seven-per-cent dividend, and is called upon instead to pay a twenty-four-per-cent assessment, he must feel disappointed. This stock, to be sure, was never distributed to investors by bankers, bond-dealers, and so on, like the stocks mentioned in a previous article, and stands in a different class; but there was quite a trade in it on the curb, and presumably a good many people bought it, first and last.

Of course the prospectus and your stock itself recite that it is "full paid and non-assessable"; but, for all practical purposes, that is only a legal fiction. It means that the directors of the company cannot levy an assessment on you, and that nobody, in fact, can compel you to pay an assessment; but if the company becomes insolvent it is because it owes debts that it cannot pay. Then there is a reorganization; and about nine times out of ten the reorganization includes an assessment on the stockholders. Any stockholder can refuse to pay the assessment if he pleases. In that case the property and business of the company are sold under foreclosure of the mortgage or under judgment obtained by the creditors and the recalcitrant stockholder is simply frozen out and loses his investment. On the other hand, if he pays the assessment he will be given shares in the new company, which buys in the property and good-will of the old one at the foreclosure or judgment sale, and continues the business. Generally stockholders prefer to pay the assessment, for if the new company succeeds they will thus save their investment or a large part of it.

What I have written so far may leave an impression that preferred stocks of industrial companies are to be avoided by small investors; but that is not what I mean. On the contrary, undoubtedly, in many cases such stocks are excellent investments, the higher interest—or dividend—returns fully compensating the elements of increased risk as compared with a good bond. But the elements of increased risk should always be kept in mind. Anybody who buys industrial stocks with his eyes shut is inviting grief. They are not trust-fund or savings-bank investments, as to which the most perfect security possible must outweigh considerations of income. I would not advise a widow with two small children and two small life-insurance policies to put her money in any industrial preferred unless she happened to know all about it personally or was guided by somebody of sound judgment who did know all about it personally. These stocks should be bought only by those who can afford to take a somewhat higher risk in consideration of a higher interest return, and not by those to whom a loss of the investment would mean ruin.

Buying industrial preferred stocks demands more care and judgment than buying railroad bonds. And the first point—always and forever—is as to the reputation, experience and responsibility of the house that brings out the stock and of the dealer who offers it to you.

You cannot go merely by balance sheets and audited statements of earnings. For that matter, the Fly-by-Night Mining Corporation will show you a beautiful balance sheet. Your main reliance—I except, of course, the relatively few investors who may have personal knowledge of the concern—must be upon the men who float the stock and offer it to you.

As a matter of fact, take this for an ironclad rule: if you do not personally know all about the security offered never buy any security from any dealer unless you would be perfectly willing to deposit the amount of the investment in that dealer's hands for safekeeping. If you would not trust him with a thousand dollars in cash, don't trust him to the extent of buying from him a thousand-dollar investment concerning which you have no personal knowledge.

If the promoting house that brings out the stock is of high standing and ample responsibility you can believe that whatever statements it makes about the security are true to the best of its knowledge. Almost always the promoting house will keep a certain hand in the management of the concern, or a certain supervision over its affairs, as representative of the investors whom it brought in. Thus it will be in a position to know whether the management is keeping up to the mark—something that you, as a small, remote investor, cannot know for yourself; so the character of the promoting house is of the greatest importance to you.

Choosing Your Dealer

And usually you will have to take your own banker's or bond-dealer's word as to the standing of the promoting house. He will be informed, or will get himself informed, on that point, where you are not. It comes back to dealing only with responsible, reputable people—men who in dealing with you have something very tangible and important at stake which they cannot afford to lose. This is particularly necessary in buying industrial stocks.

Many industrial companies have paid the dividends on their preferred stocks as regularly as the clock strikes, for years, and no doubt will continue to do so indefinitely; and the higher return on the investment is certainly attractive. Suppose, for example, you had bought ten shares of National Biscuit preferred in 1900. You would have received seventy dollars a year, or eight hundred and forty dollars, all told, in dividends; and you could now sell your ten shares for about twelve hundred and fifty dollars—a total return of nearly eleven hundred dollars on your thousand. If you had bought a four-per-cent railroad bond instead you would have received only four hundred and eighty dollars interest, all told; and if you wished to dispose of the bond you would have to take somewhat less than you paid for it. But National Biscuit has had first-class management. One of its predecessors went to the verge of insolvency.

Intelligent investing does not consist merely in being safe. You can put your money in the post-office at two per cent interest and be safe. An investor ought to get the highest interest return that does not involve a degree of risk he cannot afford to take. A Government bond is better than the best street-railroad bond; but, for the sake of getting five per cent instead of three, almost any investor can well afford to buy a good street-railroad bond rather than a Government bond. An industrial stock pays two per cent more, but involves more risk to the buyer—partly because the inherent elements of risk are higher and partly because greater care must be exercised in order to pick a good stock. In any event—unless you know the business personally—never buy any industrial stock except from a thoroughly reliable bank or investment dealer, who knows that the promoting house is of the highest standing.

NO IDLE DREAM

(Continued from Page 16)

personal appearance to indicate that he had sent the violets. Indeed, the speaker was a baldheaded person about fifty years of age, clad in the conventional black coat and white tie that mark the festal attire of a marriage broker; and he smiled so benevolently that Leon immediately nodded, by way of agreeing with him.

"I tell you," said Ellis Saphir—for it was none other than he—"Padrooski and all them fellers gets their fifty dollars a night regular, understand me, and they ain't a bit better as Powderman—nor so good even."

Leon nodded again without enthusiasm, and turned to Miss Pierkowski.

"That's an elegant bunch of violets you got there," he said. "I bet yer they cost a lot of money."

"They're artificial," Miss Pierkowski replied—"feel them."

As Leon touched the dry surface with his fingers, he received such a thrill that it was communicated to his neighbor, Ellis Saphir, sufficiently to arouse that wily person's suspicions; and for the remainder of the concert he watched them closely with the eye of an expert. Not one blush, however faint, escaped him; and since in the course of the evening both Miss Pierkowski and Leon colored often and vividly, Saphir's suspicions amounted to a conviction that Leon's attentions to his neighbor were engendered of more than politeness.

Indeed, he paled with apprehension at Leon's rapture when Birdie had finished a most indifferent performance of Rubinstein's Melody in F.

"It's wonderful—the way that girl improves *mit* you, Miss Pierkowski!" he exclaimed as he wrung Miss Pierkowski's hand gratefully. "Pretty soon she would be able to play piano better as Powderman even."

Miss Pierkowski grew so scarlet at this compliment that Ellis could stand it no longer, and he rose abruptly to his feet and made for the rear of the hall, there to await the conclusion of the concert. One by one the pupils and their parents departed, including Leon and Birdie, who passed out of the doorway with her arm entwined about Miss Pierkowski's waist; and at length Powderman himself emerged from the performers' anteroom, with his broad-brimmed black felt hat jammed down carelessly on his tangled hair. He had just concluded the recital with a brilliant triphammer rendition of Schubert's Marche Militaire, and he still felt the artistic and athletic glow following this violent exercise when Saphir stepped out of the shadow and confronted him with a malevolent glare.

"Hello, Powderman!" Saphir cried. "You're a fine feller—ain't you?"

"What d'ye mean?" Powderman asked.

"Come downstairs and I'll tell you what I mean," Saphir said. He led the way to the Café Constantinople, for Powderman's recitals were held in Constantinople Hall, which constituted the second floor of the Café Constantinople and which also could be hired for lodgeroom, wedding and political purposes.

"Yes, Powderman," Saphir went on bitterly as they seated themselves at a secluded table, "I'm surprised at you, the way you are acting."

"What are you talking about, the way I am acting?" Powderman demanded.

"I am talking about the way you are making a monkey out of me and Wolf Bronstein," Saphir continued, "which after we are swinging Birdie Schupp from that there Miss Pierkowski at a dollar a lesson to your *Geschäft* at three dollars a lesson, understand me, you go right to work and hire this here same Miss Pierkowski, and she goes right on learning Birdie Schupp in the old way at the new rates. Leon Schupp is crazy about it, Powderman, and he says he would never speak to Bronstein again so long as he lives."

Powderman flapped the air with his hand.

"When a feller gets to be a widower, Saphir," he said, "any excuse is good enough he should never speak to his wife's family again so long as he lives."

"Sure, I know," Saphir agreed; "but this here is a difference matter entirely. Nobody is going to stand for it, if he is a customer of one concern, and a relation swings him over to another concern where he must got to pay a two-hundred-per-cent higher price for the same quality of goods."

"That's all right," Powderman retorted. "Miss Pierkowski is the best quality of goods there is when it comes to learning piano to a *Dummkopf* like Birdie Schupp. Furthermore, Saphir, she plays fine piano herself, and I get her for twelve dollars a week already."

"That don't make no difference, Powderman," Saphir said sternly. "If you got any respect for Bronstein at all, understand me, you should right away fire her."

Powderman stared at the *Shadchen* and then he broke into a loud guffaw.

"Respect and Bronstein ain't in the same dictionary at all, Saphir," he said; "so, if you ain't got no better reasons I should fire Miss Pierkowski, understand me, you should have a slivovitz on me, Saphir, and then we'll go home, understand me, because *mit* Leon Schupp I got such a contract like I got *mit* all my pupils. I am paying a hundred dollars to Henry D. Feldman he should draw up the form *schon* five years ago already, and I guess I am saving a couple thousand dollars a year on it ever since."

Powderman signaled to a passing waiter and ordered for two.

"But, anyhow, Saphir," he said, "you got the wrong idee about Schupp and Miss Pierkowski. Why, the way he acts toward her this evening, understand me, it looks to me like he was pretty near getting stuck on her."

Saphir nodded gloomily.

"That's just the point," he rejoined. Then he made a clean breast of the situation to the *macstro*.

"So, you see, Powderman," he concluded, "this here Miss Pierkowski business looks pretty *gefährlich* to me."

"*Aber* what good would it do I am firing Miss Pierkowski?" Powderman asked. "That wouldn't prevent him seeing her anyhow."

"It ain't gone far enough yet," Saphir declared; "and if you would fire her, Powderman, we would right away kick it in the bud, because without Birdie is taking from Miss Pierkowski, y'understand, Leon Schupp would never think of her again—in especially as tomorrow night yet I am going to spring this here *Shidduch mit* Miss Janowitz on him."

Powderman nodded, and then at last he assumed a benevolent expression and smiled genially at the *Shadchen*.

"*Schon gut*, Saphir," he said. "In consideration that you are a friend of mine and Bronstein also is a decent, respectable feller which I ain't got nothing against him, understand me, I would fire Miss Pierkowski."

Saphir emitted a sigh of relief.

"Providing"—Powderman continued—"you pay me seventy-five dollars of your commission when you put through this here *Shidduch mit* Harris Jennings' sister."

IV

"IT'S a wonderful thing these—now—dreams which Mr. Bronstein got it," Ellis Saphir declared earnestly as he sat in the parlor of Leon Schupp's house at a few minutes past eight the following evening. "I seen cases of it in the Old Country, *aber* never over here, Mr. Schupp—and the funny part about it is, if he would got the dream tonight instead of the night before last, understand me, it would have been too late."

He paused for Wolf Bronstein, in his capacity of "feeder," to inquire why it would have been too late; but Wolf was busy nursing his bruised sensibilities, as the result of a particularly insulting reception by his granddaughter only a few minutes previously. She had been in very low spirits at the recent news of Miss Pierkowski's dismissal; and, though she had not connected it with Bronstein's visit, she had, nevertheless, announced him as Old Man Bronstein, and had further declined to kiss him upon the justifiable ground that he smelled of whisky.

"Because," Saphir continued with a glare at his fellow conspirator, "Harris Jennings goes home tomorrow noon, Mr. Schupp, and he says to me when he come here a week ago, so sure as you are sitting there, 'If you couldn't arrange something,' he says, 'for my sister, Miss Babette Janowitz,' he says, 'while I'm in New York this time' he says, 'it's all off,' he says."

Saphir leaned forward, with his hands on his knees, and looked first at Bronstein and then at Schupp; but both of them were quite unresponsive. Indeed, Wolf Bronstein, as a combined result of his postprandial libations and the ungranddaughterly behavior of Birdie Schupp, had sunk into a fit of melancholy introspection that was fast approaching coma, while Leon Schupp merely gazed at the carpet and made no comment.

"So, if you would take my advice," Saphir concluded almost savagely, "you and me, Bronstein, would go right up to Miss Janowitz' house tonight yet and take Mr. Schupp with us, on account Harris Jennings would be there and might we could hold him off a little, maybe."

Here Saphir cast another glare of so baleful a character at Wolf Bronstein that he at once pulled himself together.

"She lives on Tenth Street *mit* her old mother—just round the corner, so to speak," he said; but Leon shook his head.

"The fact is," he replied, "I don't feel so good tonight, Pop. You see, I had a terrible time *mit* Birdie this afternoon, on account she comes home from Powderman's conservatory and they told her Miss Pierkowski is fired. You wouldn't believe the way that girl carries on. Actually, I must got to send the housekeeper round to Miss Pierkowski's house she should come over here to see Birdie."

Bronstein and Saphir exchanged frightened glances, while the latter grew suddenly pale.

"And—and did she come?" he stammered.

"No," Leon cried gloomily; "she didn't! Because the housekeeper comes back and says the lady what runs the house tells her Miss Pierkowski moved away when she got the job *mit* Powderman, and she didn't leave no address or nothing."

Saphir expelled a great breath, and the color began to return to his cheeks.

"I even went round there myself, so bad Birdie is feeling," Leon concluded; "but the lady couldn't tell me nothing more, because she had some words with Miss Pierkowski before she left, and they wasn't on speaking terms afterward. So, you see, Pop, on account of Birdie's feeling so bad and everything, I don't want to go out tonight at all."

Saphir rose to his feet and seized his hat.

"In that case," he declared angrily, "then it ain't no use I should waste my time any longer, because I would go up and tell Harris Jennings he shouldn't expect you, Mr. Schupp, which only this morning he says to me, 'Mr. Saphir,' he says as sure as you are standing there, 'if you are talking about Leon Schupp,' he says, 'manufacturer of the Schuppfit Waists,' he says, 'I not only want to see the feller,' he says, 'but I want to see his line also,' he says, 'and when he comes up tonight,' he says, 'might I would be able to arrange to stop in at his store tomorrow before I go to my train!'"

Here he paused to allow this information to sink in, with the result that Leon waved his hand anxiously.

"Sit down a minute, Mr. Saphir," he cried; "I ain't said I wouldn't go up there absolutely exactly. All I says is I didn't want to go up there, Mr. Saphir; *aber*, if I would want to *oder* not, what could I do when Pop here comes to me and says he is got a dream which my poor wife—*olav hasholem*—says I am going to marry again a sister from Harris Jennings?"

"Not a sister from Harris Jennings," Wolf corrected. "All she says is that the *Kahlo* is a relation from the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company."

"Well, it don't make no difference," Leon said, rising to his feet; "and though I ain't saying I believe in dreams exactly, Mr. Saphir, the way the waist business is nowadays, understand me, an account like the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company ain't to be sneezed at neither. So, if you will excuse me a minute, Mr. Saphir, I will go right away and put on my hat and coat."

Thus half an hour later Leon Schupp found himself seated in the parlor of the Janowitz Flat on Tenth Street, opposite Miss Babette Janowitz herself, who by reason of long experience suffered no embarrassment at the visit of her prospective suitor and his entourage. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a situation that might embarrass Miss Janowitz, who seemed by nature to have been intended for a sessions judge, with all the necessary

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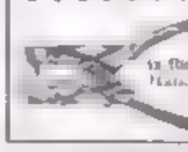

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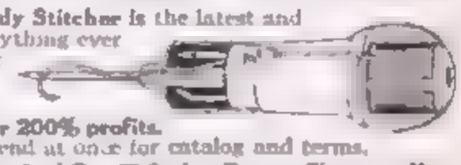

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portliness, in addition to a pair of beetling eyebrows and a huge Roman nose. Moreover, it was with almost judicial severity that she conducted the conversation into what she deemed to be appropriate channels whenever Leon discreetly introduced the topic of Schuppfit Waists.

"My idee of a home, Mr. Schupp," she said—when after half a dozen attempts Leon had managed to elicit from Harris Jennings an inquiry as to the situation of the Schuppfit Waist Company's place of business—"is a place where a business man should ought to forget business, and my father—*olav hasholem*—was the same way. He used to say: 'When I am home I am home; and when I am in business I am in business which nobody could be in two places at the same time.'"

Leon nodded and once more abandoned his attempt at salesmanship.

"Now my brother Harris is all the other way," Miss Janowitz continued. "He eats business and he sleeps business, Mr. Schupp. He even goes to work and changes his name on account of business."

Harris Jennings shrugged his shoulders. "What could you expect?" he said. "When me and Max starts in as new beginners in Sarahcuse already we made up our minds we must got to change our names; otherwise we couldn't expect to do the class of business we wanted to. Janowitz is a good name, all right, Mr. Schupp; but it don't appeal to the first-class drygoods trade."

"Well, you and Max was the only ones of your families which did change your names," Miss Janowitz said snappishly.

"I know it," Harris rejoined; "and look at what a couple of *Schnorrers* Max's brothers was too. The old one, Adolpher, runs a little book store on Essex Street, and the younger one, Aaron, was down and out when he died. He left only one daughter, understand me, and not a cent of insurings, which if it wouldn't be he gives the girl a good education, y'understand, she would got to go to work in a store for seven dollars a week."

Miss Janowitz sniffed contemptuously. "I suppose as it is," she commented, "the girl is making a whole lot more—ain't it?"

"Well, naturally, there ain't no fortune in teaching," Harris Jennings agreed.

"Teachers is paid rotten," Ellis Saphir cried by way of changing a subject obviously disagreeable to Miss Janowitz. "My eldest daughter is a teacher and not alone she don't make much, Miss Janowitz, but she ain't got no time to do nothing round the house. Even if she would be my own daughter, Miss Janowitz, I must got to say it, I am sorry for the man that marries her, because really and truly she couldn't even cook a potato even; whereas a lady like yourself, Miss Janowitz, which is really what you could call domesticated ——"

"*Aber* Max's niece is also domesticated," Harris Jennings interrupted with some asperity. "Only last week I seen her on the street, and I asked her how she is getting along and she tells me she got sick and tired boarding; and now she and another girl is keeping house together somewheres in this here neighborhood, and doing their own cooking and everything."

"Sure, I know," Miss Janowitz said—"right next door here. I dropped in to see 'em last night and the place looked like a pigsty already."

"That's the way it goes," Ellis Saphir agreed. "My daughter is just the same. Her head is so filled up with teaching algibbry and mathematic that she couldn't see dust an inch thick on her floor."

"But," Harris retorted, "this here girl don't teach no algibbry. She is learning little girls they should play the piano and ——"

"Excuse me," Leon broke in. "What did you say Mr. Pierson's name used to was before he changed it?"

"Pierkowski," Harris answered; "and he —— Why, what's the matter, Mr. Bronstein—ain't you feeling good?"

Wolf Bronstein clutched at his throat and his face grew purple.

"Do you got maybe a glass schnapps handy?" he gasped; and Miss Janowitz disappeared into the rear of the flat to return a minute later with a decanter and glasses.

"He gets them attacks pretty often, where he must got to have a little schnapps to fix him up," Leon explained, "on account he don't sleep well nights."

Bronstein nodded weakly as he swallowed the schnapps.

"An old man like me should ought to expect such things," he said.

"Which it seems to me, Pop," Leon continued, rising to his feet, "you should be getting to bed now."

"Why, you ain't going?" Ellis Saphir cried. "It's only nine o'clock."

"Sure, I know," Leon agreed; "but I got to pay another call yet before I go home, so I'll say good night."

He extended his hand to Miss Janowitz and Harris Jennings in turn.

"Are you coming, Pop?" he said. A moment later Bronstein and Saphir followed him downstairs to the vestibule below.

"What's the matter, Mr. Schupp?" Ellis said in anguished tones. "Didn't you like Miss Janowitz?"

Leon shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he said.

"Then might you don't think she could run a good house, maybe?" Saphir continued.

"For that matter she looks like she could run a good hotel too," Leon said, "*mit* five hundred rooms and a palm garden. She ain't got them eyebrows for nothing, Mr. Saphir."

He walked out on to the stoop and looked up and down the street. Next door, on the east, stood an old-fashioned private house, with To Let signs in every window, while on the west the view was obstructed by the front fire-escapes of a modern flat-house.

"Miss Janowitz is all right, Mr. Saphir," Leon continued as he adjusted his tie and carefully pulled down his waistcoat, "and I ain't kicking at all you brought me up here this evening."

"Then what's the reason you are running away like this?" Saphir inquired.

"Well, I'll tell you," Leon concluded, glancing down critically at his feet. "Pop here gets a dream which my poor wife *olav hasholem* comes to him and says I should marry a relation from the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company—ain't it, Pop?"

Wolf Bronstein nodded sulkily, and Leon took a handkerchief from his pocket and flicked away a few grains of dust from his patent-leather shoes.

"*Aber* she didn't say which partner's relation it was, Pop," he went on, "because so soon as you heard it was the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company you woke up. Am I right or wrong?"

Bronstein grunted his assent, while an angry pulse began to beat in Saphir's cheek.

"So, if Pop here wakes up too soon, Mr. Saphir," Leon declared, "could you blame me if I want to get a line on the other relations before I settle this thing?"

Without waiting for an answer he gave a final flick to his shoes; and the next minute the outraged *Shadchen* saw him ascend the steps of the house next door.

One week later Wolf Bronstein sat in the basement dining room of Leon Schupp's house and looked down at his hat, which he had deposited between his feet.

"Leon," he began, "I came to tell you something which I got on my mind now ever since last week already."

He paused in his embarrassment and wiped a copious perspiration from his forehead, at which Leon looked him squarely in the eye.

"Now listen here, Pop," he said; "if you are going to spring another one of them dreams on me I want to tell you right now I wouldn't stand for it at all."

"But ——" the old man protested.

"But nothing, Pop!" Leon interrupted. "That there Powderman dream cost me over three hundred dollars, Pop; and that there cigar-business dream stood me in two hundred and fifty dollars, which what is *vorbei* is *vorbei*, Pop, and we wouldn't say nothing more about it."

"*Aber* I ain't saying I got another Beckie dream, Leon," Bronstein cried; "in fact, what I come to tell you about is something else again, Leon."

He wrung his handkerchief between his fingers before proceeding.

"Yes, Leon," he continued, "the whole thing was Saphir's idee, and ——"

Here Leon held up his hand and shook his head menacingly. "Stop right there, Pop," he said, "because if you are going to tell me that you didn't got this here last dream at all, understand me, all I could say is you shouldn't do nothing of the kind."

"Why not?" Wolf inquired.

"Because," Leon continued, "that night I left you and Saphir on the stoop, understand me, I went right in and saw Miss Pierkowski; and I found out it was really my fault she gets fired from Powderman's conservatory, on account I kicked about it to you, Pop, and you told Saphir which he is telling Powderman and so she gets fired."

"Even so," Wolf commented—"what's that got to do *mit* the dream?"

"It's got everything to do *mit* it," Leon declared. "That night I went home, Pop, and I felt so bad about it I dreamed I was going to marry Miss Pierkowski, which she is a relation of the Pierson-Jennings Drygoods Company, just like you dreamt it. The next night I also dreamt it, understand me, and the next night after I dreamt it, too, Pop, which the night before last I couldn't stand it no longer, Pop; so I went up to see her again, and what do you think happened?"

Leon rose from his seat and slapped his father-in-law jocularly on the back.

"Your dream comes true, Pop," he concluded. "Ain't it wonderful?"

Wolf Bronstein nodded slowly.

"I'm sure, Leon," he said, "I wish you *Mazelton*."

"Certainly you do, Pop," Leon agreed, "because one thing I made up my mind to do, Pop—so long as you live, Pop, I am going to make you an allowance ten dollars a week."

Wolf's head grew palsied.

"On one condition only," Leon added—"and that is you shouldn't got no more of them Beckie dreams of no description whatever."

The old man picked up his hat preparatory to leaving.

"*Mit* ten dollars a week regular," he said as he wrung Leon's hand affectionately, "I don't got to got them dreams no more."

THE FUTURE OF THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

(Continued from Page 4)

to him to think of himself as one of a closely woven community of other human beings all for each and each for all, and not one of them for himself alone. And so a false and unhuman idea of society grew up. We produced the anarchy of individualism.

Along came invention. The railway, the telegraph and the telephone knit these scattered millions together very quickly—almost over night; but their abnormal idea of distorted individualism still lived. It was as if Daniel Boone had wakened to find a telephone on his wall, a telegraph operator in his underground cabin, a Pullman sleeper at his brush-concealed door, millions for his companions—and yet had insisted on going long bay himself.

Also, an immigration policy made up of mingled altruism and commercialism grew up—a William Penn policy, made up of the idea that America welcomed the unfortunate of the world, which is right; and a Simon Legree policy of human exploitation—a policy that is wrong, which reached out for labor as heartlessly as ever the slave ships of old put in irons the blacks of Africa.

Here again we see the anarchy of individualism. This curious and evil combination of the most exalted idealism on the one hand, and the most depraved greed on the other hand, bore its natural fruit of congested cities, with slum problems, labor troubles and all the shocking circumstances that attend our abnormal urban life.

Shrewd men saw that all this made for their gain if these unique conditions could be organized for private profit. And the men to do this organizing were at hand. By the law of the survival of the strongest, the ablest organizers of the land were at the head of our greatest business concerns. And they had the extreme individualistic idea. So quite naturally they set about marshaling these unprecedented conditions for their own financial advantage. Without knowing it themselves, without even suspecting it—least of all without intending it—they became the master pirates of all history.

Here was an unexploited country. Very well; they would exploit it. Millions of

crude laborers could be brought in with which to exploit it. Very well; they would bring them in for that purpose with no thought of the future well-being of those laborers. The wealth of Europe, accumulated through centuries, wanted dividends. These men showed the wealth of Europe that they could get large dividends for it.

Then the idea of capitalizing America's future dawned upon these exploiters of the American people—and the reign of watered stock began. Upon this watered stock European investors still reaped a big income. What of the American people? Never mind! They could stand it; for did they not have limitless resources to develop? But what of those resources? Again, never mind! Were they not so great as to reach far into the coming years? But what of the future? Still, never mind! for was there not a saying: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"?

The process invaded human life itself. The old and brutal idea of labor as a commodity was pushed to the limit. This distorted individualism expressed in industry considered labor as mere merchandise, like a machine or a load of coal, to be used to the limit of efficiency and then thrown on the industrial scrapheap as so much waste. Even the lives of American children were capitalized—childhood was turned into dividends. And so Europe began to gather money from a source that every European country had closed up.

Extend this process of thought and research to every one of our problems, and you have their cause and also the key to their solution. All this worked as our captains of industry would have it work, though without a conscious intention to injure humanity. Their extravagant individualistic philosophy of industry—and life itself—did not consider humanity.

It was merely a practical application of the selfish ideal of "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost!" In our common speech it expressed itself in the saying: "Every man's business is nobody's business but his own." It even was and still is a part of our law—*Caveat emptor!* declares our legal maxim: "Let the purchaser beware!"

So, why should not the Standard Oil Company do as it liked? Why should not the Tobacco Trust get special laws if it could? Why should not men import labor and squeeze the usefulness out of it as quickly as possible? Why should not private interests take the property of the nation for their own if they could manage to do so? Why not turn child life into money? Why not do anything that anybody wanted to do if only it would quickly yield private gain? Whose business was it, anyway, except that of those immediately concerned? Nobody's business, to be sure; and least of all the business of the government of everybody! So went our political thought; and if anybody opposed it there was the party machine to take care of him; there was the political boss to drive him into line or out of the party.

Advancement Through Unity

Here, then, are the conditions and the forces that have created these vital modern American problems that test the strength and virtue of our institutions. It is the big situation the prophetic Lincoln saw and warned us of. And because the Progressive party is here to handle this tremendous situation that the old parties refuse to face, the Progressive party is the party of the future.

Just how will the Progressive party deal with these serious conditions in a different way from that of the old parties?

First of all, it is clear that we have got to develop a clearer national consciousness. We must make ourselves into a more united nation. Our people as a whole must be free to see those questions and think upon them without being blindfolded by an artificial sectionalism. Yet the two old parties keep us from being a thoroughly united nation.

No matter what the Democratic party declares for, no matter what the Republican party says it will do, yet almost one-half of the republic, geographically speaking, votes the Democratic ticket—or, rather, votes against the Republican ticket. And this absurd and dangerous fact is true, though every present-day question affects Southern men and women exactly as it affects Northern men and women.

It is plain to all that this will go on just so long as the Democratic and Republican parties exist. Yet men and women of the South are just as progressive or just as reactionary on present-day questions as are the men and women of the North. But, because of a traditional party alignment having its roots in issues long since dead and having nothing to do with twentieth-century questions, and because of a purely local condition that has not a thing to do with the broad national problems of the hour, Southern men and women cannot express their opinions upon those problems.

But through the Progressive party and the frankly reactionary party that the existence of the Progressive party will force, these Southern men and women can and will express their thoughts and wishes on the vital economic and sociological questions that concern the nation as a whole.

Even if this sectional barrier to common American thought for our common good did not exist, neither of the old parties could answer the tremendous questions that confront us. They cannot answer them from either the out-of-date individualistic point of view or yet from the modern social point of view; for, though both old parties are dominated by the abnormally individualistic idea, yet each has elements of the general-welfare idea. For years it has been clear that neither of the old parties stood for a clean-cut progressive program on the one hand, or a clean-cut reactionary program on the other hand.

Parties That Serve Two Masters

Both old parties have tried to be progressive and reactionary at the same time. The wisdom of the machines in both old parties, the craft of the confederated special interests behind those machines, has been and is to make both old parties all things to all men—and anything to win! So old-party politicians have framed up platforms to prevent progressives from leaving the party and yet keep reactionaries in the party. Have we not seen, campaign after campaign, appeals to both progressive and reactionary Republicans to line up for the party merely because both had called themselves Republicans—and exactly the same appeal made to both progressive and reactionary Democrats?

This has resulted in a confusion in the public mind that has given the politicians in both old parties the opportunity to get just about what their masters, the special interests, wanted.

Everybody will see that this could not go on forever. There had to be the beginning of a frankly liberal or progressive party in America, and a frankly reactionary or conservative party. The political unrest of the last ten years was the beginning of this party alignment, and the Progressive party is its realization.

These are the deep forces that brought the Progressive party into being and gave it the second place in the very first election of its life—and they must soon give it first place among American political parties. It meets the needs of the times—that is all. It answers those questions that have grown out of modern social conditions by the social idea instead of insisting upon the maldeveloped individualistic idea, which denies their existence.

It makes our country a genuine nation, its people divided only by natural thought on living questions. It does this by asking Americans—North, South, East and West—to vote as they really think on these questions, and not as the tradition of the spot where they were born or the political opinion of their fathers inclines them to vote. And it is plain, is it not, that men and women will do just that, and speedily? If so, the Progressive party will soon triumph and keep its governing place so long as it meets living questions in the spirit of the times and solves them in the terms of humanity.

Applying all this to the instant need of things, to the solution of problems right upon us, we Progressives ask every man and woman to study our Progressive platform. It is its own best argument.

We would broaden liberty to include our women. We see no reason why some human beings should vote because they happen to be men, and other human beings should not vote because they happen to be women. Both must solve life's problems in common. In America both are equally well educated and both have a common interest in the right answers to public questions.

With liberty thus bestowed upon men and women alike, we Progressives will give to the people themselves the last word over their laws and public servants, instead of giving both the first and last word to our political bosses. We will do this by the initiative, referendum and recall, which, wherever tried, all agree, have prevented corrupt legislation absolutely, destroyed the boss system root and branch, and overthrown the invisible government of special privilege which has employed that boss system.

We Progressives would give the voters of every political party the power to nominate their party candidates, instead of leaving that power in the hands of political bosses, where it now abides.

If the voters of a party are wise enough to elect candidates we see no reason why they are not wise enough to nominate those candidates.

The Progressive party would handle the tariff problem by the same rule of the general welfare. We would take the tariff out of politics and treat it as a business question. To do this, we would establish a genuine, permanent, non-partisan Tariff Commission, with ample powers. We would fix this commission as firmly in our governmental scheme as we have already fixed the Interstate Commerce Commission. And, like it, we would make this Tariff Commission an impartial body.

We would treat the trust question in the same spirit. What we call trusts are only organizations of capital engaged in industry; they exist in all modern countries. They are big only because such great organizations alone can do the work that must be done to serve speedily and conveniently the needs of closely knit millions of people.

We Progressives follow the views of all modern authorities on this great question. We would not try to destroy business merely because it is big, but instead we would control trusts as sternly by the General Government as railroads and banks are already so controlled. And, in addition, we Progressives would carefully define by law whatever is wrong in the doings of big business; and we would make those wrongs criminal offenses, punishable by imprisonment and not by fines.

Important Human Questions

The Progressive party thinks that what are called the "human questions" are equal to, if not more important than, the trust or tariff questions. We would abolish by a national law child labor in health-destroying and growth-retarding industries. Common sense and our own experience show us that nothing but a national law can end this evil—this disgrace; for it is a disgrace. Even the most poverty-stricken and densely peopled modern countries have stopped this inhuman practice long ago.

The condition of women wage-earners, of whom we have more than four millions in this country—far more in proportion to our population than any other modern country—must be relieved by a minimum-wage law; and the very least that should be done for men laborers who have been disabled while at work, or for the families of those breadwinners who have been killed during the course of their employment, is a social insurance or workingmen's compensation law.

These are examples of the problems the Progressive program deals with and the method of the Progressive treatment of those problems.

However, the concrete present-day problems, with which our platform deals in a practical fashion, are not so important as the spirit that prompts them. The life-giving thing in the Progressive party is its ideal. That ideal is human happiness.

Our theory is that government should promote human welfare. To us Progressives the common good of the masses of human beings is the real goal toward which human government should strive, and not merely the building up and safeguarding of mountains of money in private hands.

Ours is a country rich beyond the dreams of avarice, beautiful beyond the dreams of poets; yet, thirly peopled though it is, many millions find it a land of poverty and never see a ray of its loveliness. What, then, can we do to make these millions share their country's wealth? What can we do to bring to their eyes the glory of our land? What can we do to make good the promise of America? To answer these questions is the high ideal toward which we strive.

Editor's Note—An article on the Future of the Republican Party will appear in an early number.

Censorship

Three Phases

TODAY it is a poor publication indeed that has no code by which it censors advertisements.

Codes have to do with three phases of censorship:

The most primitive, and best known, is that which protects the reader against harmful advertising. This bars out patent medicine, financial and other fakes, and advertisements that are immoral, deceitful or misleading. Whether this code is long or short, strictly enforced or winked at, depends upon the conscience and foresight of the publisher.

The second protects advertising against advertising. By this are excluded "knocking copy," unfair competition, and reckless extravagance in the use of the English language to express the maker's claims for his goods. This is not only in fairness to other advertisers, but also in order that the believability of all advertising may not be impaired by chronic shrieking.

The third protects advertising against itself. Its objects are the restraint of undue and misguided expectations, the postponement of the premature, the maintenance of proper proportion, and the taking up of plans that have permanency—the general enlightenment of the uninitiated. Its logic is that advertisers who are allowed to make mistakes will never again have faith in advertising.

Not many publishers have adopted this third phase as yet.

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If you believe that your future success depends on your attending college—if you have not the necessary funds to pay your way—write now to

The Educational Division

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia

THE FLIRT

(Continued from Page 14)

porch and, leaning forward, assumed as exactly as possible the attitude in which she had sat so long beside Valentine Corliss. She leaned very slowly closer and yet closer to the mirror; a rich color spread over her; her eyes, gazing into themselves, became dreamy, inexpressibly wistful, cloudily sweet; her breath was tumultuous.

"'Even as you and I?'" she whispered.

Then, in the final moment of this after-the-fact rehearsal, as her face almost touched the glass, she forgot how and what she had looked to Corliss—she forgot him; she forgot him utterly. She leaped to her feet and kissed the mirrored lips with a sort of passion.

"You *darling!*" she cried.

Cora's christening had been unimaginative, for the name means only "maiden." She should have been called Narcissa.

The rhapsody was over instantly, leaving an emotional vacuum like a silence at the dentist's. Cora yawned and resumed the loosening of her hair.

When she had put on her nightgown she went from one window to another, closing the shutters against the coming of the morning light to wake her. As she reached the last window a sudden high wind rushed among the trees outside; a white flare leaped at her face, startling her; there was a boom and rattle as of the brasses, cymbals and kettledrums of some fatal orchestra—and almost at once it began to rain.

With that, from the distance, came a voice singing; and at the first sound of it, though it was far away and almost indistinguishable, Cora started more violently than at the lightning; she sprang to the mirror lights, put them out, threw herself upon the bed and huddled there in the darkness.

The wind passed; the heart of the storm was miles away—this was only its fringe; but the rain pattered sharply upon the thick foliage outside her windows—and the singing voice came slowly up the street.

It was a strange voice, high-pitched and hoarse—and not quite human, so utter was the animal abandon of it.

"I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie!" it wailed and piped, coming nearer; and the gay little air, wrought to a grotesque of itself by this wild, high voice in the rain, might have been a banshee's love song:

"I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie!
She's as pure as the lily in the dell ——"

The voice grew louder, came in front of the house, came into the yard, came and sang just under Cora's window. There it fell silent a moment, then was lifted in a long peal of imbecile laughter, and sang again:

"Then slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And when she drew the curtain by—
'Young man, I think you're dyin'!'"

Cora's door opened and closed softly, and Laura, barefooted, stole to the bed and put an arm about the shaking form of her sister.

"The drunken beast!" sobbed Cora. "It's to disgrace me! That's what he wants. He'd like nothing better than headlines in the papers: 'Ray Vilas arrested at the Madison residence!'"

She choked with anger and mortification. "The neighbors ——"

"They're nearly all away," whispered Laura. "You needn't fear ——"

"Hark!"

The voice stopped singing and began to mumble incoherently; then it rose again in a lamentable outcry:

"Oh, God of the fallen, be Thou merciful to me! Be Thou merciful—merciful—*merciful!* ——"

"*Merciful, merciful, merciful!*" it shrieked over and over, with increasing loudness, and to such nerve-racking effect that Cora, gasping, beat the bedclothes frantically with her hands at each iteration.

The transom over the door became luminous; some one had lighted the gas in the upper hall. Both girls jumped from the bed; they ran to the door and opened it. Their mother, wearing a red wrapper, was standing at the head of the stairs which Mr. Madison, in his nightshirt and slippers, was slowly and heavily descending.

Before he reached the front door the voice outside ceased its dreadful plaint with the abrupt anticlimax of a phonograph stopped in the middle of a record. There was the sound of a struggle and wrestling, a turmoil in the wet shrubbery, branches cracking.

"Let me go, da——" cried the voice, drowned again at half a word, as by a powerful hand upon a screaming mouth.

The old man opened the front door and stepped out, closing it behind him; and the three women looked at each other wanly during a hushed interval like that in a sleeping-car at night when the train stops. Presently he came in again and started up the stairs, heavily and slowly, as he had gone down.

"Richard Lindley stopped him," he said, sighing with the ascent and not looking up. "He heard him as he came along the street, and dressed as quickly as he could and ran up and got him. Richard's taken him away."

He went to his own room, panting, mopping his damp gray hair with his fat wrist and looking at no one.

Cora began to cry again. It was an hour before any of this family had recovered sufficient poise to realize—with the shuddering gratitude of adventurers spared from the abyss—that, under Providence, Hedrick had not wakened!

VI

MUCH light shatters much loveliness; but a pretty girl who looks pretty outdoors on a dazzling summer morning is prettier then than ever. Cora knew it—of course she knew it; she knew exactly how she looked as she left the concrete bridge behind her at the upper end of Corliss Street and turned into a shrub-bordered by-path of the river park. In imagination she stood at the turn of the path just ahead, watching her own approach: she saw herself as a picture—the white-domed parasol, with its cheerful pale-green lining—a background for her white hat, her cornsilk hair, and her delicately flushed face. She saw her pale, live arms through their thin sleeves, and the light grasp of her gloved fingers upon the glistening stick of the parasol; she saw the long, simple lines of her close white dress and their graceful interchanging movements with the alternate advance of her white shoes over the fine gravel path; she saw the sprays of sunshine playing upon her through the changeful branches overhead. Cora never lacked a gallery—she sat there herself.

She refreshed the eyes of a respectable burgess of sixty, a person so colorless that no one, after passing him, could have remembered anything about him except that he wore glasses and some sort of mustache; and to Cora's vision he was as nearly transparent as any man could be, yet she did not miss the almost imperceptible signs of his approval as they met and continued on their opposite ways. She did not glance round, nor did he pause in his slow walk; neither was she clairvoyant—none the less she knew that he turned his head and looked back at her.

The path led away from the drives and more public walks of the park to a low hill, thoughtfully untouched by the gardener and left to the shadowy thickets and good-smelling underbrush of its rich native woodland. And here, by a brown bench, waited a tall gentleman in white.

They touched hands and sat without speaking. For several moments they continued the silence; then turned slowly and looked at each other; then looked slowly and gravely away, as if to an audience in front of them. They knew how to do it; but probably a critic in the first row would have concluded that Cora felt it even more than Valentine Corliss enjoyed it.

"I suppose this is very clandestine," she said after a deep breath. "I don't think I care though."

"I hope you do," he smiled, "so that I could think your coming means more."

"Then I'll care," she said, and looked at him again.

"You dear!" he exclaimed deliberately.

She bit her lip and looked down, but not before he had seen the quick dilation of her ardent eyes.

"I wanted to be out-of-doors," she said. "I'm afraid there's one thing of yours I don't like, Mr. Corliss."

"I'll throw it away then. Tell me."

"Your house. I don't like living in it very much. I'm sorry you *can't* throw it away."

"I'm thinking of doing that very thing," he laughed. "But I'm glad I found the rose in that queer old waste-basket first."

"Not too much like a rose sometimes," she said. "I think this morning I'm a little like some of the old doors up on the third floor; I feel rather unhinged, Mr. Corliss."

"You don't look it, Miss Madison!"

"I didn't sleep very well." She bestowed upon him a glance which transmuted her actual explanation into: "I couldn't sleep for thinking of you." It was perfectly definite; but the acute gentleman laughed genially.

"Go on with you!" he said.

Her eyes sparkled, and she joined laughter with him.

"But it's true: you did keep me awake. Besides I had a serenade."

"Serenade? I had an idea they didn't do that any more over here. I remember the young men going about at night with an orchestra sometimes when I was a boy; but I supposed ——"

"Oh, it wasn't much like that," she interrupted carelessly. "I don't think that sort of thing has been done for years and years. It wasn't an orchestra—just a man singing under my window."

"With a guitar?"

"No." She laughed a little. "Just singing."

"But it rained last night," said Corliss, puzzled.

"Oh, *he* wouldn't mind that!"

"How stupid of me! Of course he wouldn't. Was it Richard Lindley?"

"Never!"

"I see. Yes, that was a bad guess. I'm sure Lindley's just the same steady-going, sober, plodding old horse he was as a boy. His picture doesn't fit a romantic frame—singing under a lady's window in a thunderstorm! Your serenader must have been very young."

"He is," said Cora. "I suppose he's about twenty-three; just a boy—and a very annoying one too!"

Her companion looked at her narrowly.

"By any chance, is he the person your little brother seemed so fond of mentioning, Mr. Vilas?"

Cora gave a genuine start.

"Good Heavens! What makes you think that?" she cried; but she was sufficiently disconcerted to confirm his amused suspicion.

"So it was Mr. Vilas," he said. "He's one of the jilted, of course."

"Oh, jilted!" she exclaimed. "All the wild boys that a girl can't make herself like aren't jilted, are they?"

"I believe I should say—yes," he returned. "Yes, in this instance, just about all of them."

"Is every woman a target for you, Mr. Corliss? I suppose you know that you have a most uncomfortable way of shooting up the landscape." She stirred uneasily and moved away from him to the other end of the bench.

"I didn't miss that time," he laughed.

"Don't you ever miss?"

He leaned quickly toward her and answered in a low voice:

"You can be sure I'm not going to miss anything about *you*."

It was as if his bending near her had been to rouge her and not to speak. But it cannot be said that she disliked his effect upon her; for the deep breath she drew in audibly through her shut teeth was a signal of delight; and then followed one of those fraught silences not uncharacteristic of dialogues with Cora.

Presently she gracefully and uselessly smoothed her hair from the left temple with the backs of her fingers, of course finishing the gesture prettily by tucking in a hair-pin tighter above the nape of her neck. Then with recovered coolness she asked:

"Did you come all the way from Italy just to sell our old house, Mr. Corliss?"

"Perhaps that was part of why I came," he said gayly. "I need a great deal of money, Miss Cora Madison."

"For your villa and your yacht?"

"No; I'm a magician, dear lady ——"

"Yes," she said almost angrily. "Of course you know it!"

"You mock me! No; I'm going to make everybody rich who will trust me. I have a secret, and it's worth a mountain of gold. I've put all I have into it and will put in everything else I can get for myself; but it's going to take a great deal more

than that. And everybody who goes into it will come out on Monte Cristo's island."

"Then I'm sorry papa hasn't anything to put in," she said.

"But he has: his experience in business and his integrity. I want him to be secretary of my company. Will you help me to get him?" he laughed.

"Do you want me to?" she asked with a quick, serious glance straight in his eyes, one which he met admirably.

"I have an extremely definite impression," he said lightly, "that you can make anybody you know do just what you want him to."

"And I have another that you have still another 'extremely definite impression' that takes rank over that," she said, but not with his lightness, for her tone was faintly rueful. "It is that you can make me do just what you want me to."

Mr. Valentine Corliss threw himself back on the bench and laughed aloud. "What a girl!" he cried. Then for a fraction of a second he set his hand over hers—an evanescent touch at which her whole body started and visibly thrilled.

She lifted her gloved hand and looked at it with an odd wonder; her alert emotions, always too ready, flinging their banners to her cheeks again.

"Oh, I don't think it's soiled," he said; a speech which she punished with a look of starry contempt. For an instant she made him afraid that something had gone wrong with his measuring tape; but with a slow movement she set her hand softly against her hot cheek, and he was reassured—it was not his touching her that had offended her, but the allusion to it.

"Thanks," he said very softly.

"Richard Lindley is looking for investments," she said.

"I'm glad to hear he's been so successful," returned Corliss.

"He might like a share in your gold mine."

"Thank Heaven it isn't literally a gold mine!" he exclaimed. "There have been so many crooked ones exploited I don't believe you could get anybody nowadays to come in on a real one. But I think you'd make an excellent partner for an adventurer who had discovered hidden treasure; and I'm that particular kind of adventurer. I think I'll take you in."

"Do you?"

"How would you like to save a man from being ruined?"

"Ruined? You don't mean it literally?"

"Literally!" He laughed gaily. "If I don't 'land' this I'm gone, smashed, finished—quite ended! Don't bother; I'm going to land it! And it's rather a serious compliment I'm paying you, thinking you can help me. I'd like to see a woman—just once in the world—who could manage a thing like this." He became suddenly very grave. "Wouldn't I be at her feet though!"

Her eyes were eager.

"You think I—I *might* be a woman who could?"

"Who knows, Miss Madison? I believe ——" He stopped abruptly; then, in a lowered, graver voice asked: "Doesn't it somehow seem a little queer to you when we call each other 'Miss Madison' and 'Mr. Corliss'?"

"Yes," she answered slowly; "it does."

"Doesn't it seem to you," he went on in the same tone, "that we only Miss and Mister each other in fun? That, though you never saw me until yesterday, we've gone pretty far beyond mere surfaces?"

"Yes," she repeated: "it does."

He let a pause follow, and then said huskily:

"How far are we going?"

"I don't know." She was barely audible; but she turned deliberately, and there took place an eager exchange of looks which continued a long while. At last, and without ending this serious encounter, she whispered:

"How far do *you* think?"

Mr. Corliss did not answer, and a peculiar phenomenon became vaguely evident to the girl facing him: his eyes were still fixed full upon hers, but he was not actually looking at her; nevertheless, and with an extraordinarily acute attention, he was unquestionably looking at something. The direct gaze of pupil and iris did not waver from her: but for the time he was not aware of her; had not even heard her question. Something in the outer field of his vision had suddenly and completely engrossed him—something in that nebulous and hazy background which we see, as we say, with the white of the eye. Cora instinctively turned and looked behind her, down the path.

There was no one in sight except a little girl and the elderly burgess who had glanced over his shoulder at Cora as she entered the park; and he was, in face, mien and attire, so thoroughly the unnoticeable, average man-on-the-street that she did not even recall him as the looker-round of a little while ago.

He was strolling benevolently, the little girl clinging to one of his hands, the other holding an apple; and a composite photograph of a thousand grandfathers might have resulted in this man's picture.

As the man and little girl came slowly up the walk toward the couple on the bench there was a faint tinkle at Cora's feet—her companion's scarf-pin, which had fallen from his tie. He was maladroit about picking it up, trying with thumb and forefinger to seize the pin itself, instead of the more readily grasped design of small pearls at the top, so that he pushed it a little deeper into the gravel; and then occurred a tiny coincidence—the elderly man, passing, let fall the apple from his hand, and it rolled toward the pin just as Corliss managed to secure the latter. For an instant, though, the situation was so absolutely commonplace, so casual, Cora had a wandering consciousness of some mysterious tensity; a feeling like a premonition of a crisis very near at hand. This sensation was the more curious because nothing whatever happened. The man got his apple, joined in the child's laughter and went on.

"What was it you asked me?" said Corliss, lifting his head again and restoring the pin to his tie. He gazed carelessly at the back of the grandsire disappearing beyond a bush at a bend in the path.

"Who was that man?" said Cora with some curiosity.

"That old fellow? I haven't an idea who he is. You see I've been away from here so many years I remember hardly any one. Why?"

"I don't know, unless it was because I had an idea you were thinking of him instead of me. You didn't listen to what I said!"

"That was because I was thinking so intensely of you," he began instantly. "A startlingly vivid thought of you came to me just then. Didn't I look like a man in a trance?"

"What was the thought?"

"It was a picture: I saw you standing under a great, bulging sail, and the water flying by in the moonlight—oh, a moon and a night such as you have never seen!—and a big blue headland looming up against the moon and crowned with lemon groves and vineyards, all sparkling with fireflies; old watch-towers and the roofs of white villas gleaming among olive orchards on the slopes—the sound of mandolins ——"

"*Ah!*" she sighed—the elderly man, his grandchild and his apple well forgotten.

"Do you think it was a prophecy?" he asked.

"What do you think?" she breathed. "That was really what I asked you before."

"I think," he said slowly, "that I'm in danger of forgetting that my hidden treasure is the most important thing in the world."

"In great danger?" Cora's words were not vocal.

He moved close to her; their eyes met again with increased eagerness and held fast; she was trembling visibly and her lips—parted with her tumultuous breathing—were not far from his.

"Isn't any man in great danger," he said, "if he falls in love with you?"

"Well?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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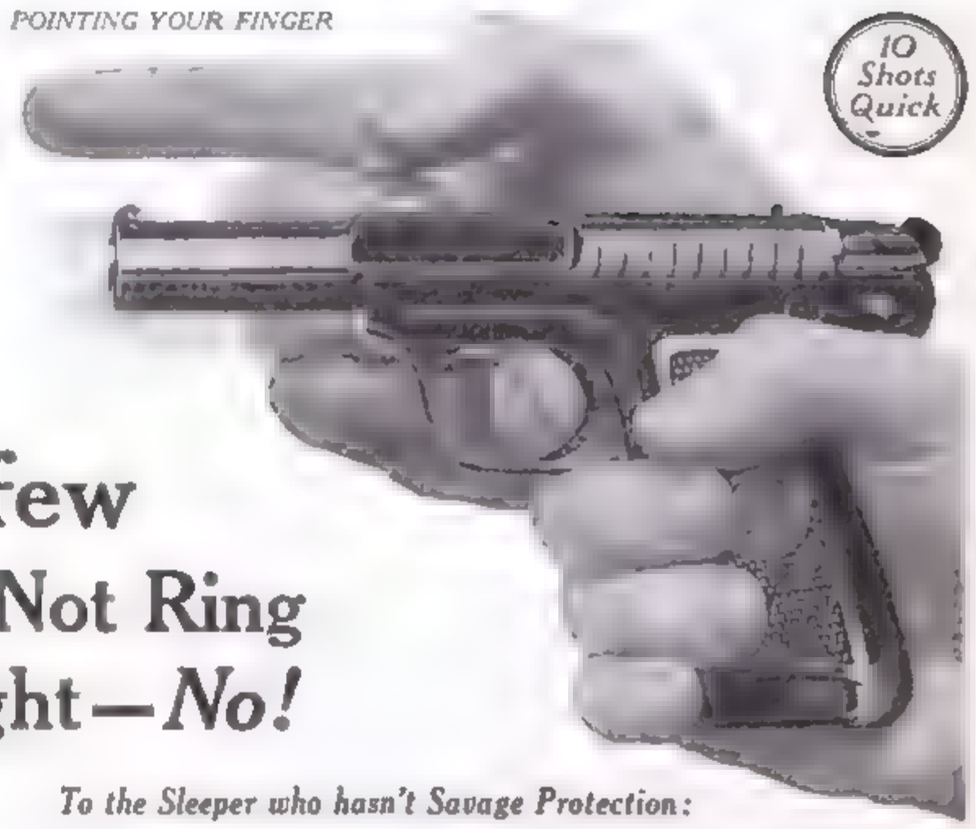

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THE ISLAND OF ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 8)

And, though Bill's pretty well fixed, he can't scrape up enough money all by himself to pull off the big killing single-handed—fifty thousand is what he's aiming to clean up. So he's taking in a few good fellows that know a good thing when they see it and can keep their mouths shut—taking 'em in on condition that they split up their winnings with him, fifty-fifty. I put it to you—could anything be fairer than that? But he don't care how much they make so long as he makes his share—that's Old Bill all over. And that's how I come to be in on it myself and me just a plain business guy; I travel for a living. That's how he come to put that ad in the paper. And that's how you come to get your chance too—you being, as I understand it, a young man that wants to show these here doubting friends of yours that you're wise enough to handle your own coin. Say, Jones," he demanded, "ain't it just a beautiful thing?"

"But isn't it taking an unfair or, as you might put it, a dishonest advantage of these poolrooms?" demurred Mr. Jones doubtfully.

"Jones," countered Mr. Moore with deep conviction, "did you ever stop to think what them poolroom people are? Sharks and crooks, that's what they are—just plain crooks, breaking the law every day of their lives and making thieves and defaulters out of poor young Wall Street clerks and honest workingmen. Why, it's what they deserve! If you're asking me personally I say it's a good thing to take the money away from such low crooks as them folks!"

Seemingly won over from any foolish scruples by the virtuous force of Mr. Moore's argument, the young man sat in study for a moment. Another thought seemed to come to him:

"Your advertisement said something about a positive guaranty against any loss on the part of your prospective associates."

"Spoke like a wise young fellow!" exclaimed Mr Moore, admiration fairly reeking in his voice. "I think the more of you for saying it, and so will Old Bill. That's all been provided for. We're going to let you make a small bet first as a convincer—see?—to prove that everything is on the dead level and that you can't lose. Pretty near Bill's last words to me this morning was on that very subject. 'Chappy,' he says to me—he calls me Chappy sometimes—'Chappy,' he says, 'if this here Mister Jones looks like an all-right guy you take him in; but, before you let him risk a red cent of his own money, you bring him to me and I'll satisfy him.'

"Say, Jones, what do you say to taking a little run up to see Bill right now? You've got the time to spare and so've I. You'll enjoy knowing Bill—why, it's an actual pleasure just to meet that fellow—and he can explain the whole thing to you better than what I've done."

"I think," said Mr. Jones—"I think I'll go. It can't do any harm to look into the matter, anyhow, can it?"

"Harm?" expostulated Mr. Moore as though detesting the bare sound of the word. "It can't do you nothing but good. Jones, there really ain't any limit to the money you ought to make out of this thing. I'm only a piker myself. I wish I had your chance I'd make myself independent and well fixed for life, all right, all right! Say, here, Jones, you don't want to pike along on this. You gotter remember it's just putting your money in and taking it out—doubled three or four times. I've took a liking to you, and if you don't bet a whole wad of money for yourself I'm going to be the sorest guy in Noo York."

So Mr. Jones waited for him while he visited the nearest telephone booth and then they issued forth upon the street. Jones turned as if to go south, but Moore caught him by the elbow, steering him eastward across Broadway and toward Sixth Avenue.

"The racing bureau of the telegraph company ain't downtown," he explained; "it's away uptown up in Harlem. They have to run it under cover just like I was telling you. The L for us."

During the ride northward the general trend of Mr. Moore's conversation betrayed a deep-rooted fear that his newfound friend would not bet enough to take the practical bulk of their evenly earned spoils away from the nefarious poolroom sharks. He repeatedly made mention of sums of money ranging up into the thousands and tens of thousands. Plainly he was of the belief that when Opportunity knocked at the door you should reciprocate by knocking Opportunity in the head.

At One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street they left the Elevated and, walking north a block or two, turned off where there was a side street, lined mainly with Harlem apartment houses of the second grade, there being shops below and living quarters above. At the first crossing to the east the guide stopped dead short on the corner and pointed to a building diagonally opposite. This building looked squatty alongside its neighbors, being but two stories in height. There were To Let signs in the dusty lower windows.

"There she is!" he said. "There's Bill's little old hang-out upstairs there." He paused a moment, mopping his forehead briskly with a yellow-bordered handkerchief, and then took a catercornered course over, with young Mr. Jones at his side.

Seemingly there was small need for excessive caution in approaching the snug retreat of his Cousin Bill, for, as he entered a passageway opening off the street and started up the stairs, Mr. Moore puckered his lips and burst into a brisk strain of whistling. Instantly, from above, Mr. Jones' ears caught the muffled metallic chatter of telegraph instruments, and this sound rose to a brisk clatter of dotting and dashing when Mr. Moore opened a door and ushered Mr. Jones into a long room, where a double row of shirtsleeved men sat facing each other at a table, each plugging away industriously at his brass key. Sheets of yellow flimsy paper strewed the floor like autumn leaves; a big wire cable ran along the ceiling; wires ran down the legs of the table into the floor; and humped down at a rolltop desk in the far corner was a stoutish man, with green blinkers over his eyes and straw sleeve protectors on his arms. At sight of the men he rose and came forward.

"Billy," said Mr. Moore affectionately, "shake hands with my friend, Mister G. S. Jones. Jones, this is my cousin, Bill Malloy. Both you fellows gotter know each other better," added Mr. Moore with jaunty warmth.

And certainly Mr. Malloy was cordiality itself. He was just starting to say something when one of the busy operators called out, "Revised chart for Benning's coming in," and began scratching with a pencil on a pad of paper.

"Excuse me one minute, gents," said Mr. Malloy—"business before pleasure." He gathered up the sheet the operator shoved at him and stepped into a telephone booth set against the wall. As he sat with his mouth at the transmitter, his profile being strongly visible through the glass door, Gramercy Jones was struck by Mr. Malloy's somewhat startling resemblance to a large frog. He had heavy-lidded eyes, a flat nose and a broad lower face that melted imperceptibly into a fat throat. Also he was studded at unexpected spots with prominent growths of a warty nature—there was one wart on his chin and another growing out of his forehead like an aborted little horn.

Fifteen minutes later, having conducted an earnest and uninterrupted period of conversation, Mr. Malloy concluded as follows, meanwhile regarding the younger member of his audience with eyes that glistened greasily:

"Now I guess you understand. Here's the card." He paused to scribble something upon a scrap of blank cardboard. "This ought to get you two fellows in without any trouble. You've just about time to get yourselves a bite of lunch and make it. Get in and make yourselves acquainted and hang round until just before two-thirty. Then chase out and call me up—Chappy's got my number—and I'll have the flash on the first race and I'll be holding it back. I am right back, make your little bet and see what happens. Then, if you're convinced, Mister Jones, we'll frame up the big killing for tomorrow. I guess I can get all my other partners in the deal lined up by then."

As they emerged from the door young Mr. Jones, who chanced to be in the rear, noticed a sudden silence behind him and, sending a quick glance over his shoulder, saw the six operators all staring hard at him. Instantly, though, their six heads went down, their six sets of fingers became busy again, and the brassy click of the Morse code filled the long room.

All the way back downtown, and all through their hurried luncheon, Mr. Moore's mind seemed to harp on certain subjects—namely: the amazing good-heartedness and generosity of his Cousin Bill; the heartless and soulless state of corporations in general and telegraph companies in particular; the absolute public necessity of administering a deserved and drastic lesson to the poolroom sharks; and the utter idiocy of putting up hundreds to win paltry hundreds, when one could put up thousands and win thousands. Mr. Jones, outwardly attentive and agreeably inclined toward these sentiments, was inwardly pondering upon two things—first, that two blood cousins should be so exceedingly unlike in personal appearance; and, second, that all those telegraph operators should have been sending and none of them receiving!

From lunch they repaired afoot to a certain number in West Twenty-seventh Street, Mr. Moore refreshing his memory en route by a glance at the scribbled address furnished him by his cousin. Coming to the place, they found it a loft building, occupied on the lower floor by a dealer in tailors' findings; and they started up the stairs, the third floor being their instructed destination. At the second-floor landing, however, a voice hailed and halted them:

"Where goin', gents?"

A large, authoritative person, having the look about him of a watchman, stood in the shadow of a doorway.

"What do you care?" parried Mr. Moore aggressively.

"Becuz everything up above is shut down."

"You mean ——" began Moore.

"I mean there's nothin' doin' up above."

"Maybe this'll make you change your mind," said Moore confidently, and he showed the watchman his treasured scrap of cardboard. "See whose name is written there—don't you? Does that mean anything to you—huh?" The guardian of the stairs slanted the card the better to read what was on it.

"Sure," he said—"that's all right. Any friends of this gent is welcome any time—but you see, gents, we ain't runnin' today. The police inspector of the district was up yistiddy sayin' things was running too wide open down here, and he give orders for us to close down for a few days. See?"

"That's too bad," said Moore blankly. "Well, come on, Jones—I guess it's up to us to wait."

"Hold a secont, gents," said the watchman. "Course you ain't reg'lar customers, and I may be takin' a chance; still—say, lemme have that there card a minute." Pressing it flat against the wall he superinscribed it with new figures. "S'pose you go up to this here number in Sixty-fourth Street. The lid is on a little looser up there and you'll find a nice, classy, quiet place, fully purtected—and I guess you kin git yourselves a little play."

Mr. Jones spoke of a cab, but Mr. Moore, presumably from motives of frugality, thought a surface car would do as well. So it was on a surface car they rode to Sixty-fourth Street. On the right of them, off the Park a short distance, they came to an old-time brownstone residence, which was exactly like all the other old brownstones flanking it, except that the stormdoors at the top of the stoop were drawn to and the lower windows were closely curtained—a secretive, hooded-looking house.

"This must be the place," said Mr. Moore; and, with Mr. Jones behind him, he went up the flaked stone steps, pushed back the stormdoors, and stood in a small vestibule facing an inner door of glass, closely blinded with dark green draperies. Upon this door Mr. Moore boldly rapped three times with his knuckles. At that, a slit appeared in the curtains and an eye peered through at them—the slit being narrow and the eye being hard and hostile. Followed a short, embarrassing pause. Then the door opened cautiously for a couple of inches only, grating against the chain that held it fast within, and a husky voice inquired:

"Wotcher want?"

Mr. Moore felt for his talismanic scrawl, now smudged and thumbed by much handling, and passed it in through the small opening. It was whisked from him by the

fingers of an unseen hand. There was another delay, but only a momentary one, and then the chain dropped and the door was drawn back just far enough to admit them, one at a time, and instantly was closed and locked behind them. They found themselves standing in a narrow, bare hallway, smelling of disuse and emptiness. Ahead of them a flight of uncarpeted stairs ran up into the body of the house, and on their left was a closed door. The lookout man indicated this door with a flirt of his thumb. Mr. Moore turned the knob and they walked into what had once been the drawing room of a wealthy citizen's home. Yellow brocaded silk panels, now faded and streaked, were still upon its walls, and about its four sides ran a tarnished picture molding.

Hesitating on the threshold, young Mr. Jones glanced about him curiously—this was his first visit to a poolroom. To begin with, the long, narrow room was perhaps a third full of men—mostly youngish appearing men seemingly intent on their own pressing affairs. They hardly glanced his way. The appearance unannounced of two strange newcomers had caused no flurry of interest. Against the opposite wall, facing him, was tacked a long row of large cardboard sheets, cabalistically inscribed with jumblings of names and numbers. There was a blackboard, also, similarly ciphered over with chalkmarks.

A desk telephone, with an attendant, was in one corner; at the back was an improvised buffet, presided over by a plump yellow negro in an apron; a large ornate clock was placed high up on the yellow wall paneling; there were chairs for all and rugs of fair quality upon the floor.

The most prominent object of furnishing, however, was a cashier's small wooden booth, with a wicket and a window in it—and behind it a functionary enthroned on a high stool. He looked in their direction and nodded non-committally. Mr. Jones took particular note of this person; he was indeed a person to attract more than passing attention. He was bald—excessively bald. He had no hair whatsoever upon his head, and none upon his face either—unless you took into account a few white bristles that protruded from his scalp and a few marking where his eyebrows should have been. His face, of a curiously wrinkled, puckered aspect, looked as though it had been hard-boiled in some devastating chemical bath, which had removed all expression from it, along with all capillary adornment.

Nobody had bidden them welcome; but, on the other hand, nobody had barred their way. So, on a nudged hint from Mr. Moore, Jones slid into the nearest vacant chair and Moore took the chair next him. The yellow negro made his way to them, bearing cigars, and offered to bring drinks.

"It's all new to me," whispered Mr. Moore to Mr. Jones. "How 'bout you?"

Plainly the clandestine but fascinating business of the day was just starting. Almost as though their entrance had been his speaking cue, a gentleman—whose attire, though sufficiently striking, did not seem in cut and material to match his evident opulence—presented himself at the cashier's window. Here he planked down an imposing sheaf of currency and in a good carrying voice announced curtly:

"Fifteen hundred on Tuscaloosa to win!"

"Which is it, Mister Drake," inquired the cashier affably—"a tip or a hunch?"

"Never mind that," snapped back Mr. Drake with a trace of hauteur in his tones. "I make the bet and that's enough for you."

"Excuse me, Mister Drake—no offense," said the properly humbled cashier as he scooped in the bills without counting them, and wrote out the ticket.

Behind the dignified but venturesome Drake came one whom the cashier hailed as Mr. Rhinelander; and he invested a like goodly sum upon a certain nag to take the second race on the day's card. Following this, operations grew even more active. There was a general forward movement toward the wicket and much money crossed the narrow shelf. The negro brought one stout gamester a highball, and for a tip received, in full sight of all who cared to witness it, a two-dollar bill. The telephone jangled its bell and the attendant was prompt to answer.

"Mister Gates' bettin' commissioner on the wire," he called out, holding one hand over the transmitter while he addressed his superior. "He wants to know whether you'll take five thousand even on Miss Madden to win the second race."

The cashier hesitated only a bare second. "Tell him we'll accommodate Mister Gates!" he stated.

A moment later the telephone man announced that Mr. Keene was calling up to risk seventy-five hundred upon Outlander in the third race. Well-known names—yes, famous names—passed back and forth; and in the midst of it all the cashier sang out:

"Gents will please hurry—first race oughter be starting in less'n ten minutes now."

Seemingly startled, Mr. Moore touched Mr. Jones' arm and, with half a turn of his head, indicated the clock on the wall. The hands pointed to two-twenty-three.

"Time for us to be getting busy," he whispered out of the southerly corner of his face, and they both rose.

Their departure appeared to beget no more attention than their entry had occasioned. Mr. Moore merely told the guardian of the outer door that he and his friend wished to slip out and call up a friend, and that they would probably return almost immediately—and the lookout accommodatingly took down his chain and let them go.

Diagonally across the road the white-and-blue metal sign of a pay station showed above the door of a cigar store, and they made for it fast. Mr. Jones lingered at the showcase while Mr. Moore darted into the booth and slammed the door behind him. In an almost miraculously short time he was out again, a pencil in one hand, a scrap of paper in the other, and his mismated eyes twitching madly.

"Here she is!" he panted joyously. "The flash came in just as I called up Bill—luck, huh? A rank outsider called Grand Slam wins! Here 'tis!"

He crowded the paper into Jones' hand. On it, hastily penciled, the young man read: Grand Slam—Nobility—Tuscaloosa.

"Now we'll see—we'll see now!" exulted the jubilant Mr. Moore as, side by side, they dusted back across the street. "What d'ye say to risking ten apiece on the test bet? . . . Gimme your ten then—here's mine."

Without demur the lookout man admitted them; the yellow-walled room now resounded with a subdued bustle and buzz of excitement. Moore was at the wicket in a second, with young Jones right behind him.

"We'd like to bet ten apiece on Grand Slam to win the first race!" blurted out the leader.

"Ten what?" inquired the cashier briskly.

"Dollars," said Mr. Moore, showing haste—"ten dollars."

The cashier's boiled face lengthened and the skin wrinkled upon the frontal arch of his skull, betokening, you would say—were you an interpreter of wrinkles—passing annoyance.

"This is our first bet here, you know," explained Mr. Moore apologetically. "We—we're just sort of feeling our way today."

"Oh, well, in that case ——" said the cashier listlessly. He wrote out the tickets. "Here y'are—twenty on Slam, at four to one, to win."

At that precise instant the telephone bell rang and the young man in charge snatched down the receiver and put it to his ear. The room grew tense with the silence of many listening ears as he chanted his tidings:

"They're off at Benny's—Tuscaloosa in the lead! Blue Warrior second! Nobility thoird!" He called them at the quarter, at the half, at the three-quarters, in the stretch and at the finish—"Grand Slam win! Nobility second! Tuscaloosa thoird!"

Behind them young Mr. Drake swore loudly: "Fifteen hundred of my good coin gone—the skate!" A babble of surprise, of chagrin and sportsmanlike lamentation ran back and forth; but, restrained exultation showing in his step, Mr. Moore led a triumphant way to the cashier's window.

They stood alone there—plainly these two were the only customers who would cash in; the poolroom must have won thousands, and the hairless moneychanger at the wicket was in a state of restrained and gentlemanly glee.

To each of them he counted out five ten dollar bills—their original stake of ten dollars each returned and their winnings of forty each multiplied upon it.

"Here you are, gents!" he said, and in high good humor added: "You've got all the luck. But listen!" He addressed them confidentially. "If you come back again we'll always be glad to see you; only next

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The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pa.

time I'll have to ast you to bet a little real money. You can tell this ain't no place for pikers. We're paying high for protection and running an exclusive place, as you might say; and you see for yourself the kind of customers we've got. The best people is playing with us—not the shoestring players. Going? Well, good day, gents; and when you come again I'll have to ast you to go a little stronger. The roof is our limit and no bet's too big for us here."

"Will we go a little stronger next time?" exulted the buoyant Mr. Moore as he and Jones stood outside upon the stoop. "Will we go a little stronger next time? Well, I guess yes!" He laid a caressing hand upon his companion's coatsleeve. "Tomorrow," he said impressively, "I go the limit! Every cent I can raise goes down for the big killing. Gee, if I had your bankroll now! Jonesy, old boy, if you don't take fifty thousand away from these ginks tomorrow I'm going to be the sorest guy on earth. That's how much I think of you! Come on over here—I'm going to open just one little chilly quart in honor of what's coming off!"

. . . . . .

Half an hour later, in the house on Gramercy Square, the experienced ex-Sergeant Furst was speaking:

"Sort of fat headed, you say, and shiny-looking—and he's afflicted with warts? That would be Toad Maloney. Toad always plays the telegraph company manager—managing a lot of dry batteries and dummy instruments. He was a sure-enough operator in his day, though, and a rattling good one—dispatcher for a railroad till they blacklisted him for crooked work. Once in a while a come-on happens along who knows something about telegraphing, and that's where Toad shines; he could talk telegraphing with Edison himself. And the cashier, you say, was bald as an onion? That's Slick Neumeyer's half-brother Issy, better known among close friends as Issy the Egg. Oh, I guessed right, boss, the very first time—it's Slick Neumeyer's mob."

"But it isn't all entirely clear to me yet," said young Gramercy Jones. "This Chappy person certainly was able to get the correct results of that first race at two-thirty or thereabout!"

"Simplest thing in the world," explained his most efficient teacher—"Toad wasn't at that fake office of his when Chappy called him up. He was down at some bulletin board; and he took the result off as they posted it up and then dusted for the 'phone. You see, boss, the clock in that bunk poolroom was set back half an hour. If you'd 'a' looked at your watch you'd 'a' found the time was near three."

"Oh!" said Mr. Gramercy Jones, enlightened. "But another question, please: If the counterfeit poolroom was in Sixty-fourth Street, why did they send me—steer me"—he corrected himself—"why did they take the trouble to steer me to Twenty-seventh Street first?"

"Two reasons," said Mr. Furst—"both good ones. It give them more time to rig up the joint and get the shills there; it takes more supes to frame up a wire store than it does chorus boys for a musical show. And, in the second place, the grafters have found out that by first taking a customer downtown that way it always convinces him somehow that the thing is on the level; the turning-point they call that."

"And what is supposed to happen after this?" pursued the willing pupil. "I have an idea, of course; but it isn't all entirely clear in my mind."

"Well, it goes like this," said Mr. Furst: "Tomorrow you're expected to risk your pile—ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty—as much as they can induce you to put up. And, when the time comes to get the telephone flash from Toad, Chappy makes you do the telephoning—saying that, as you're risking the most, it's only fair for you to get the information—see? Direct. And the second you get the right number Toad will be blow through from the other end that he's just got the flash in and that there ain't a second to lose—you're to place your roll on such and such a geegee. 'Place it all there!' he'll yell to you and then ring off sudden, as though somebody's cut in on him. And you go hiking back, you and Chappy, and you both bet your limit—only you put up your own money and he bets the roll that's been slipped to him beforehand by Slick; and then the race comes in and your horse runs second instead of first—and you're cleaned. Then you two stagger out, you being all stunned-like and broke up, and him pretending to be, and you make for the place where Toad is waiting. He shows up, grinning all over at the prospect of getting his share of the winnings—only there ain't any winnings; and for a minute he acts like he was going crazy and he can't understand why you didn't win. Chappy wants to know why he sent in the name of the wrong horse, and he says he didn't. And then you tell your part of it, and Toad swears that what he told you over the 'phone was to play the horse for place—for second place, d'ye see?—because the winner was a short-price favorite; but the place-winner, the horse that run second, was a long shot and there was more money to be made there. Pretty soon you get to believing that he did say that, and then you think you're the party that's to blame for everything and not him, and you feel worse off than ever."

"But why all this byplay," asked his employer, "when the victim has already been fleeced?"

"Why, don't you see, boss? That part of the frame-up is fixed in case a guy has got any kale left. One of 'em suggests that if he can raise another roll there's still a chance to get it all back. And he, being desperate now, jumps at the chance; and nine times out of ten he scrapes up another wad somewhere—and loses again. This time the flash comes in from the track twisted; and before they can get it corrected he's bet on the wrong horse again. That mob play for the casenote every time."

"But, really now, were there ever any persons so deluded as to make the second venture?"

"A bunch—a big bunch. There was Old Man Weiner, the music-box man, that's got that big place down town. He was a human meal ticket for Slick's mob, Weiner was. He handed them thirty thousand before he rapped—and, at that, I think they had to tell him. And there was the bank teller from up in New Hampshire. He's doing his bit now in state's prison for cleaning out the bank to feed it to Slick and Issy and their bunch. And plenty more if I could think of 'em. But the bank teller was the juiciest melon they ever cut up—until you came along today and filled 'em all full of happy hopes. Boss, I'll bet that right now, in some snug little dump up in the Tenderloin, Slick and Issy and Toad and Chappy Morelli, and the rest of 'em, are setting round a table declaring dividends on you.

"But, at that, they gotter make big money. It takes a chunk of dough to frame a wire store right. There's the protection and the two phony joints to be rigged up, and the rent to pay, and the shills to hire, and the money they pretend to bet—that's all real money you seen 'em handling up there this afternoon."

"But when the victims—the—er—suckers—complain to the police, what then?" Plainly young Mr. Jones wanted all the information available on this topic.

"They don't always holler—not always. That's why these fellows play for city people. City people pose as wise and hate to admit they've been trimmed for easy marks. It's the come-on from the high grass that yells. But what's the use? S'pose he does yell? Ain't he been engaged in a crooked scheme himself, scheming with crooks to rob crooks? He ain't got any standing in court! That's what the high court held here a few years ago when Jerome rounded up Chris Daly's mob and tried to send 'em away. But the last general assembly fixed the law to cover that; and, though it ain't been tested yet, the fellows that work the wire are scared of what might happen.

"And say, boss, you'll excuse me for correcting you, but don't never speak of a come-on as a sucker. That's a sucker word—'sucker' is. It ain't being used on the inside any more. What you call a sucker is a prospect when he starts going, and he's a guy if he goes, and he's a customer after he's went the route. See?"

"All of which being the case," suggested young Mr. Jones, "hadn't we better be embarking upon our own little scheme?"

"In a minute," said Mr. Furst as he reached for his hat and smiled a happy smile which exposed nearly all his gold teeth.

The remainder of the afternoon and the evening of this momentous day sped busily for the amateur conspirators. First, there was a sprint in Mr. Jones' car from Gramercy Square to Park Row at a rate that made more than one peg-post policeman erect a warning arm; and on the heels of this was a private conference in that department of a daily newspaper known as the Morgue, where Mr. Grist, meanwhile building noble headlines in his head, dug through two big manila envelopes labeled respectively Confidence Men, and Wiretappers; and Mr. Jones, beaming pleasantly through his glasses, sorted out the clippings Mr. Grist handed across a desk to him; and Mr. Furst took the clippings and noted down divers names and addresses in a small notebook.

A little later Mr. Furst, having hurried back uptown with the same disregard for existing traffic regulations that had marked his ride down, was in the act of completing certain negotiations of a private and confidential nature with the caretaker of a furnished-room establishment immediately adjoining a certain address in West Sixty-fourth Street, just off the Park—this caretaker being a person of a dour and stolid aspect, who looked as if he knew how to keep things, such as secrets and any money that might come his way. And, money having passed between them, Mr. Furst, wearing blue overalls and the belt kit of a telephone lineman, was presently emerging through a scuttle upon the roof of the furnished-room house in question. Once there, though, he paid no attention to adjacent wires or wiring. He contented himself with crossing on dainty tiptoe to the roof of the house next door. Here he deftly pried loose the glass top of a skylight, afterward propping it carefully ajar with a handy half-brick he culled from a loosened chimneytop.

A little later still, Mr. Furst, having rid himself of his disguise of overalls and belt, and having had further intimate conversation with the above-mentioned caretaker, was coursing busily about the great city of New York in a taxicab, calling now on the West Side and now on the East Side, stopping now at an apartment building, now at a place of business, and again at a private house; and from time to time using the telephone—with utter disregard for expense.

From dusk until well after midnight Mr. Furst was thus busied; and as a result of his activities there was assembled in the old-fashioned reception room of the Jason Jones home fronting Gramercy Park, at ten o'clock the following morning, a strangely assorted company. There was young Mr. Gramercy Jones, acting as host; then there was Mr. Max Furst, acting as spokesman of the occasion; and as guests there were four gentlemen—first, a small, bustling, white-haired man with a white goatee, who looked like a Frenchman and spoke like a German and was in fact a Swiss; second, a large, rawboned, silent man with roan hair, bay eyebrows and a sorrel mustache, who answered briefly when addressed as Mr. Shaunnessy, and who was a contractor doing a general trucking business in the Bronx; third, an old-young man, rather shabbily dressed, with bleak, hopeless eyes, who looked as though he might be an unsuccessful solicitor of life insurance or something of that sort; and fourth and finally, a tall, well-built man still in his early thirties, who, without naming names, had been a wonder as a halfback at Princeton and a horrible failure at business later on—indeed, at first sight, a most strangely mixed company. The conference lasted upwards of an hour, though, and appeared to be generally satisfactory to all present.

For a brief period now it is well that this narration of events should run chronographically. It was one-forty-five P. M. by his own watch when Mr. Gramercy Jones met by appointment Mr. Chappy Morelli, alias Moore, at the news-stand in the lobby of the Hotel Mackinaw. It was one-forty-eight when he whispered in that individual's eager ear words that caused the ostensible Mr. Moore's frame to quiver with a delightful tremor of glad tidings and abiding joy; and it was one minute later when he cautiously exposed to Mr. Moore's glorified and dazzled vision a roll of bills of such seemingly great and goodly proportions that the palpitant Mr. Moore could scarcely believe his own eyes, intimately close together though they were. It was exactly two-fifteen P. M. when, having traveled to their destination on as near an airline as the plan of New York streets would permit, Messrs. Jones and Moore were admitted to the house of the hooded windows in West Sixty-fourth Street, finding there a duplication in all essential respects of the well stage-managed scene of the day before, and presented by the same cast. And it was two-twenty-four by the hands of the doctored clock upon the wall when Moore nudged Mr. Jones' arm as a warning.

From this point on, for some minutes, things continued to occur with such confusing rapidity as to make it impossible to chronicle them with regard to the exact time and proper sequence of their occurrence; but with suddenness and unexpectedness they began occurring just as these two—Moore and Jones—had reached the street door and the lookout man had opened it, and Mr. Moore, being slightly in advance, had put one foot out upon the stoop. From behind, then, Jones gave Moore so violent and quick a shove in the small of the back that he shot down the steps head first, with his limbs spraddled wide, like a flying squirrel; and, practically at the same instant, young Jones so deftly and agilely blocked the half-drawn door with his own body that Mr. Max Furst, leaping nimbly forward from his hiding-place round the corner of the stoop, was safely inside and had taken the lookout's throat in his two sinewy hands before that astounded person could say Jack Robinson. Indeed, the hapless and helpless lookout man could say nothing at all; only his eyes goggled unpleasantly in his head, and from his guttered and protruding tongue dripped inarticulate gurglings.

The brisk scuffling of feet and struggling of bodies marking these events were at once an alarm and a signal. Without measurable lapse of time it was followed by an apprehensive scurrying on the part of the men within the parlor and by infinitely quicker action on the part of a smaller group of four men who for some minutes past had been waiting in the house, at the stair-landing of the floor above, in their stockinged feet, and all somewhat disheveled by climbing over a roof and through a skylight and down a scuttle and two dusty flights of stairs. Now, in a compact human waterfall, they cascaded down the steps; and as Mr. Jones flung the parlor door open for them hospitably they charged in full tilt upon Slick Neumeyer's astonished band of kindred spirits, and at that one dazed shillaber fell over a chair and yelled the dread word:

"Bulls!"

Had there been time, Issy Neumeyer could have offered convincing argument to show that a police invasion was the remotest of possibilities; but alack! there was no time. And of all the race of thieves who rarely fight, but run away to live to thieve some other day, your soft-bodied confidence man is first in flight, and fleetest too. Scared stiff, taken by surprise, huddled together, sprawling apart, the whole crowd of them broke toward the rear, having in mind only the providentially rigged getaway that led through a mystic maze of back yards and out upon the next street by way of a subsidized barroom. It was, considering all things, a fair enough start; but, as in any other race, there are winners and there are losers—there must be, to make of it a race.

For example, there was Issy, surnamed the Egg. A fatal two seconds he tarried in his cashier's booth, striving with clutching hands to salvage the real money of make-believe bets; and with a glad whooroo of recognition Mr. Shaunnessy—he of the general trucking business in the Bronx—was upon him, overturning him and his booth together, then plucking the ill-fated Issy forth from its wreckage like a periwinkle from a shattered shell, and hammering him with a large and horny fist upon his face and his onion-bare head. The shabby, small man who looked like an insurance solicitor had forethoughtedly brought along a sawed-off billiard cue for a weapon, and he wielded it to wondrous effect upon the limbs and bodies of the rearmost of the jammed fugitives; and at every blow got back something in return for the shipwreck of his business and all the other woes that his answering of the want ad signed "Confidence" had brought upon him. The former halfback of Princeton, also in his day a luckless trafficker in Slick Neumeyer's spurious wares, likewise bethought him of his lost ten thousand; and, wading mightily into the mass, by the simple expedient of knocking them together he well-nigh split the skulls of two squirming crooks. As for Mr. Weiner, music-box manufacturer of Union Square, he became a small, unshod Switzer-American berserker and went stark mad for vengeance. But young Gramercy Jones leaned against the wall and enjoyed it to his uttermost.

The sight of an overdressed person with skinned knees and eyes that seemed to look in all directions at once, running away at top speed, meanwhile wearing an expression of intense chagrin and shock upon his face, had attracted the attention of the policeman on the beat; and as he swung round the corner out of Central Park West the sounds of battle that filtered through walls and windows brought him pelting hotfoot up the stoop of the house. Mr. Furst, still retaining a firm grip of one hand upon the breathing facilities of the writhing doorman, answered his imperative rap upon the door.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded the policeman, shoving forward as if to enter.

"It's Slick Neumeyer's little wire store being rough-housed and otherwise put on the blink by a few old customers of the firm," said Mr. Furst calmly—"and you can come in if you want to; but if you do you've gotter make a report, and then the main squeeze will be asting you and the captain of your station house how it comes that a wire joint is running full blast in this precinct. If you'll take a tip from me—I'm Furst, that used to be first-grade sergeant at headquarters—you'll run right along, bo."

For a moment only the policeman pondered. Then he turned back down the steps and somewhat roughly dispersed a small group of passers-by who had stopped and were peering up at the curtained windows. Now Mr. Furst faced his prisoner toward the rear, and with the words "On your way, scout!" kicked him along the hallway about fifteen feet as a start. Then, putting his hands into his pockets, he strolled into the parlor in time for the final scene.

The last of the trapped and beleaguered wiretappers had torn himself free and fled; and little Mr. Weiner now held the center of the picture. His white goatee was bristling, his crest of hair stood erect like a fretful kingfisher's, and he uttered a rattling warcry not unlike the call of that same belligerent bird. Mr. Weiner had a chair-leg for a tool and with it he was destroying fixtures and furnishings. He maimed the telephone with one blow and the lunch counter with two; and as he smashed and splintered he chanted certain words in Weberfieldian English:

Bang! Biff! "Yah, dey blayed me for a zucker!" Biff! "Und dey mate me loose my money on a horse callt Fadeavay!" Bang! "But who didt de fading avay today? Dey didt!" Bing! Bang!

"They shure did!" said Mr. Shaunnessy, rubbing the barked knuckles of his right hand on his leg, while in his left he held aloft a captured bankroll. "And in so doin' they left behind six hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Not to mention the forty they handed me yesterday," said Gramercy Jones—"making in all six hundred and ninety!" concluded young Mr. Jones happily.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Irvin S. Cobb. The second will appear in an early issue.

Nothing to Laugh At

A FEW years ago a purely self-made person, who had acquired a million or so in other lines of endeavor, took a part of his fortune and with it built a theater on Broadway. The theater was pretty far uptown, as New York then measured uptown, and at the outset business was not what the new owner expected.

At the end of his second week as proprietor-manager he was standing at the door one evening just before the performance began, talking to Paul West, the song-writer. Along came a leading dramatic critic and he stopped for a minute's chat with the two others.

"Say, Harry," asked the owner, "what's the reason that I ain't making no money outer this here proposition? Here I put up a nice clean house and hire a good company and yet the crowds ain't coming!"

"Well," diagnosed the critic, "I'll tell you, Jake; this is a new place and you mustn't be in too big a hurry. Remember how long it took some of these other houses to get established. You'll have to build up your own clientèle."

He passed on and West went inside to see the show. When he came out at the end of the first act Jake was waiting for him and drew him aside.

"Paul," he demanded, "what was the name of that there thing Harry told me I'd have to build up here?"

"A clientèle," said West.

"Sure, I thought I had it right," said the owner; "and now what I wanter know is why them guys down at the building department gave me the laugh a while ago when I asked for a permit to build one."

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Good Things Coming in *The* COUNTRY GENTLEMAN for 1913

YOU will be interested in the forthcoming harvest of good things to appear in *The Country Gentleman* during the months of the new year. The following announcements include a few of the helpful and inspiring features that are waiting for the press.

ON FARM EFFICIENCY

Permanent Fertility the Basis of Farm Financing: By B. F. Harris, the progressive Illinois farmer-banker, who has been the mainspring of the bankers' growing interest in agriculture.

Fitting the Crop to the Land: By J. Russell Smith, the economist-farmer, who gives the secret of the Eastern Shore and its remarkable success in growing fruits, truck and livestock on sandy lands in a series of four strong articles.

The Meat Producers' Future: The growing competition of the Argentine. By Herbert W. Mumford, the Illinois Experiment Station authority on the world's meat supply.

More Meat from the South: A solution for the fever tick problem. By John L. Mathews, who has studied this industry in the South.

The South's Opportunity in Horse Breeding: By R. S. Curtis, of the North Carolina Experiment Station.

BETTER RURAL LIVING

Good Health in the Farm Home: By Roger J. Perkins, M.D., who will discuss in convincing terms the menace to the farmer's health in poor sanitation, bad diet and improper clothing.

Reviving the Rural School: By William A. McKeever, the Kansas authority on the rural school proposition.

The Country Beautiful: Rural civic improvement and all that it means in the increasing of land values and the improvement of country living. By Frank A. Waugh, Professor of Landscape Gardening, Massachusetts Agricultural College.

There are other plans, but these will give a suggestion at least of the strong program we have planned for the winter & spring

NEW DEPARTMENTS THAT WILL AID

Financing the Farm: Authoritative answers to the problems in farm organization and management, heretofore a neglected subject in agriculture. Authorities will answer inquiries in terms that can be applied for immediate help.

The New Idea: What Science is doing for the farmers. A wide analysis of the results of experiment and investigation by scientists connected with experiment stations. The fundamental ideas reduced to clear, workable principles.

The Little Garden: A page for the man or woman who tills the soil for pleasure rather than profit, and who is interested in the beauty of the home as much as the products of the garden.

FOR THE COUNTRY WOMAN

Personal Talks on Personal Problems: Intimate advice from a mature and experienced farm woman on the personal problems of the farm home and the family.

Good Country Cooking: Palatable recipes and ways to make foods nourishing and attractive, contributed by housewives of demonstrated ability.

Home Decoration: Ways of getting the most in appearance and comfort from inexpensive materials.

Fashions and Home Sewing: A department of designs and instructions on clothes suited to the hard wear which every garment must bear in the country.

The numerous, practical departments on the Garden, the Poultry Yard, the Dairy, the Stock Farm, the Apiary, the Orchard and the Crops will appear in greater variety and strength than heretofore.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Motz Non-Skid Cushion Tire, save under excessive speed, is amply *resilient* and *easy-riding*.

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A Record

Owners and makers of electric pleasure cars were first to recognize the superiority of these tires. During the first two years this class of autoists completely absorbed our output.

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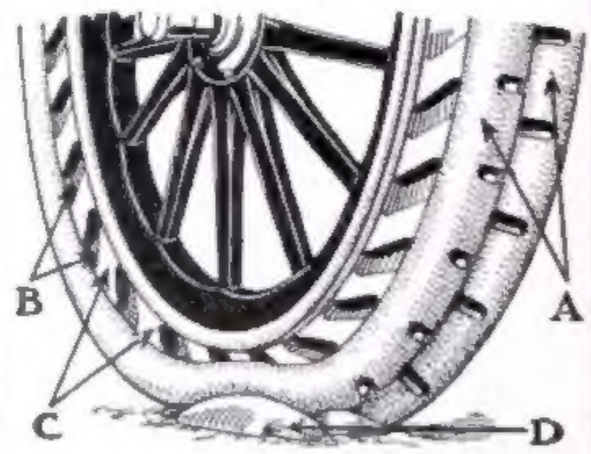

How Resiliency Is Attained

Unlike the ordinary *cushion* or *solid* tire, the Motz Non-Skid Cushion Tire is *shock-absorbing*—amply *resilient* and *easy-riding* except under excessive speed.

This has been accomplished by means of high-grade, *secret-processed* rubber and ingenious *double-treads*, *undercut sides* and *slantwise bridges*, *which are patented*.

See the double, notched treads (A in picture), which prevent skidding and distribute the weight to the sides. The sides are undercut (see B), which allows free action of slantwise bridges (see C). These bridges are elastic. They give and yield like air. Note D in the picture, showing shock-absorbing qualities when tire runs over a stone.

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Akron, Ohio

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*My automobile is a*_____ *model.*

*Size and style of rims*_____

*Name*_____

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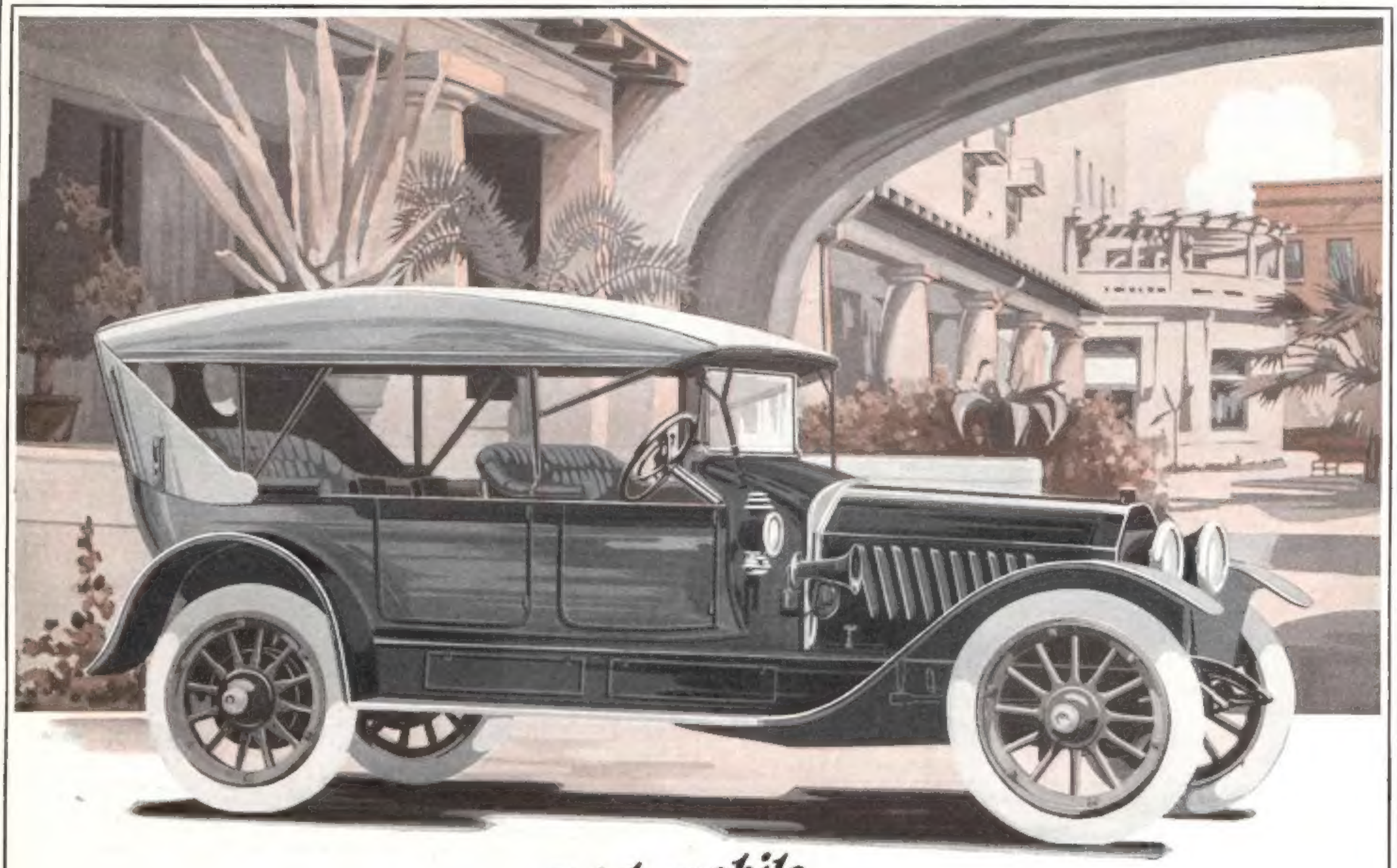

Oldsmobile 15TH Year

THE Oldsmobile Six has been well described as "*a new car with old traditions.*"

New, because it represents the very latest and the very best in advanced improvements and refinements of body design, chassis and equipment; old, in the Oldsmobile traditions for rugged strength and confidence inspiring ability—traditions of fifteen years standing.... We believe this combination is practically unique among manufacturers of high-grade, six-cylinder cars—and worth the critical analysis of every purchaser.

Power and flexibility is a dominant feature,—slow traveling on direct drive, with smooth and especially rapid acceleration. Thus the car is a delight to handle, in traffic or on the open road.

While lighter in actuality as well as appearance, the car will "hold the road" and resist skidding on account of its balance and low center of gravity.

The long low body lines, wide doors and sloping hood are of entirely new design. The equipment, briefly specified below, is more luxurious than ever. The new and lower prices for the Oldsmobile are based on increased factory developments and economies, and the car, in appearance and performance, is one of the most successful "sixes" on the market.

The Delco self starter, lighting and ignition system, the best known positive device, is regularly used. The eighty ampere hour storage battery has sufficient energy to drive the car on electric source only. A power driven air pump for tire inflation is attached to the motor.

Seven Passenger $3350 **Five Passenger $3200** **Four Passenger $3200**

Complete equipment, —Delco self starter, lighting and ignition system, cape top and boot, rain vision wind shield, Warner speedometer and clock, Truffault-Hartford shock absorbers, Klaxon combination warning signal, extra tire rim, demountable rims, power air pump, coat rack, complete outfit of tools, 135 inch wheel base, 36 x 4½ tires, 60 inch springs, luxurious upholstery 12 inches deep.

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